

DRAMATIC NOTES

A CHRONICLE OF THE LONDON STAGE

1883 - 1886.

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Dramatic Notes

AN

ILLUSTRATED YEAR-BOOK

OF

THE STAGE

BY

AUSTIN BRERETON

FIFTH AND SIXTH ISSUES

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The non-appearance last year of DRAMATIC NOTES was due to the fact that the artist who had arranged to draw the various sketches failed to complete his task. It has now been found possible to obtain, without the assistance of the draughtsman, portraits of the principal performers who have appeared on the London stage during the years 1883 and 1884. These character sketches will, it is hoped, prove interesting to the playgoer of the present, and valuable to the student of the stage in the future. With the double number here presented, DRAMATIC NOTES completes its sixth yearly record of all important new plays produced, and all memorable revivals, in London. Henceforward, the publication will be issued early in each year.

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Dramatic Notes.

1883.

JANUARY.

Caste at the Haymarket.—*The Comedy of Errors* at the Strand.—*Olivette* at the Avenue.

THE most important of the three revivals which were the chief events on the London stage in January, 1883, was that of the late T. W. Robertson's comedy, *Caste*, which took place on the 20th, at the Haymarket Theatre. It may be noted that this piece was first presented at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Saturday, April 6, 1867. The play is too well known for a reference to the plot to be necessary here. In the Haymarket revival, Mr. Bancroft resumed his original character of Captain Hawtree, a part in which he is inimitable, and Mrs. Bancroft was again the sprightly Polly Eccles. Mr. Conway acted with considerable care as George D'Alroy, but his performance lacked the requisite earnestness. A welcome surprise came to the many admirers of that excellent actress, Mrs. Stirling, who essayed, for the first time in her career, the rôle of the Marquise de Saint-Maur. Her acting was one of the most perfect impersonations that has been



MRS. STIRLING.
(*Caste.*)

witnessed on the stage. The Marquise, as played by her, became a gentle old lady, who demanded respect and affection by her winning manner, instead of the arrogant person who had been presented in former representations of the play. Mr. David James appeared for the first time as Eccles, in which character he had to stand the inevitable comparison with the lamented George Honey. Although his impersonation was admirable in most respects, Mr. James gave, to my thinking, a little too much comedy to the character of the besotted father. Esther was acted by Miss Gerard, who was particularly successful in rendering the pathos of the part. Mr. John Hare's original character of Sam Gerridge was taken by Mr. C. Brookfield, who was not well suited. The final performance of *Caste* under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft was given on April 13, when Mr. Hare resumed, for the occasion, the part of Gerridge.

M. Audran's opera, *Olivette*, was reproduced at the Avenue Theatre on January 13. It was first brought out at the Strand Theatre on September 18, 1880, when it immediately secured a success. It may be remembered that in the original cast of *Olivette* were Miss Florence St. John, Miss Violet Cameron, Miss Emily Duncan, Mr. Knight Aston, and Mr. H. Ashley. In the revival, Miss St. John and Mr. Ashley resumed their old parts of Olivette and the Duc des Ifs respectively; M. Marius appeared as Captain de Merrimac, Mr. H. Bracy sang capitally as Valentine, and Miss Minnie Byron was the Bathilde.

An interesting revival took place at the Strand Theatre on the 18th of this month, when Mr. John S. Clarke introduced a new acting version of Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*. This ingenious farce was cleverly packed into the smallest possible compass, and, as a consequence, laughter followed it from one end to the other. The editing and rearrangement of the play were done with reverent hands; and by a skilful arrangement of scene the audience were enabled to see both the interior and exterior of the house of Antipholus of Ephesus, and Mr. Lewis Wingfield, availing himself of all the poetical license to which he was entitled, made the stage brilliant with colour and interesting with design. The necessary curtailment no doubt robbed the play of much of its real significance. It became a farce pure and simple. There was, therefore, but scant opportunity for Mr. Clarke to display more than his accustomed brightness, his inimitable quaintness of utterance, and his consummate drollery. His companion in humour was Mr. Harry Paulton, who did his utmost to divest himself of his

nature. But he did not really resemble Mr. Clarke in face, voice, or manner. The one was nervous and spasmodic, the other solemn and dry. But, after all, precise physical resemblance is almost impossible to obtain on the stage. Better no real likeness between the Dromios than no *Comedy of Errors*. Mr. F. Charles made a capital and spirited Antipholus of Ephesus, his double being Mr. G. L. Gordon. A most interesting reappearance was that of Miss H. Lindley, who played Adriana in that refined and graceful tone that is so very welcome. Many playgoers will remember Miss Lindley in the Buckstone and Sothern days at the Haymarket.

II.

MARCH.

Blue Beard.—The Royal General Theatrical Fund.—*Storm Beaten*.—*A Great Catch*.
—*The Rector*.—*Cymbia*.—*Lurette*.—*Bondage*.—Death of Edward Saker.

Passing over the month of February, during which no theatrical event of special note took place, we come to the first production of March. This was at the Gaiety Theatre, on the 12th, when a new three-act burlesque drama, written by Mr. F. C. Burnand, was brought out. The new burlesque, entitled *Blue Beard*; or, the *Hazard of the Dye*, proved a remarkable advance on pieces of its class. There was some attempt at real fun in it, and the dialogue contained considerable literary merit. Mr. Burnand made his Blue Beard a dashing young fellow, who keeps the famous blue tuft of hair by means of dyeing it. When the blue



MISS KATE VAUGHAN.

chamber is entered nothing is discovered beyond hair-dyes and other preparations for retaining the necessary blue in the family. The heroine is Lili, a simple country maiden transformed into a grand lady with silks and satins, which she heartily despises. In Petipois we have the reprobate father, and Anne is Lili's sister. Needless to say that Blue Beard was impersonated by Miss Farren, who is to be commended for making a success out of a part which was rather heavy for her. Miss Kate Vaughan was very charming as Lili, and Mr. Edward Terry excruciatingly funny as Petipois. Miss Constance Gilchrist as Anne was pleasing, and she danced gracefully. Mr. Henley gave an imitation of a popular actor, and Miss Phyllis Broughton, the Sisters Watson, Mr. F. Wyatt, and Mr. Harry Monkhouse were excellent in other small parts. The music for the burlesque was arranged and composed with great taste by Herr Meyer Lütz. The dresses, designed by Mr. A. Chasemore, were pretty.

On the following afternoon, March 13, the annual benefit of the Royal General Theatrical Fund took place at Drury Lane Theatre. The programme contained the names of the most prominent actors and actresses then in London. The entertainment commenced with the play scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which Mr. G. W. Anson distinguished himself as Pyramus, the remainder of the cast being as follows: the Duke, Mr. Alfred Nelson; Lysander, Mr. Philip Day; Demetrius, Mr. R. C. Lyons; Quince, Mr. John Maclean; Flute, Mr. Arthur Goodrich; Snug, Mr. Percy Bell; Snout, Mr. Sam Wilkinson; Starveling, Mr. Harry Monkhouse; and Hippolyta, Miss Bertha Adams. Then came the fourth scene from the third act of *King John*, with Miss Geneviève Ward as Constance, Mr. P. Beck as Philip, Mr. E. W. Bletchley as Cardinal Pandulph, and Mr. H. Knight as the Dauphin. This was followed by a recitation of George R. Sims's poem, "The Lifeboat," by Mr. James Fernandez, and the first act of *The Silver King*, played by Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Eastlake, and the Princess's Theatre company. A selection from the Drury Lane pantomime introduced Messrs. Harry Jackson, Harry Nicholls, Herbert Campbell, Fred. Storey, John d'Auban, and Charles Lauri, jun., the Sisters Mario, the Sisters Watson, Miss Robina, and the children of the National School of Dancing. The fourth act of Mr. W. G. Wills's play, *Charles I.*, was next presented, with Mr. Henry Irving as the King, Miss Ellen Terry as the Queen, Mr. Tyars as Oliver Cromwell, Mr. Howe as the

Marquis of Huntley, and the Misses K. Browne and K. Harwood as the children. In *Mr. Guffin's Elopement*, Mr. Toole appeared as Guffin. A scene from the Gaiety burlesque of *Little Doctor Faust* served to introduce Mr. Edward Terry, Miss E. Farren, and Miss Kate Vaughan. The entertainment concluded with a doll's quadrille by Mdlle. Rosa and her company.

The Adelphi Theatre witnessed, on the 14th, the production of a new and original drama, in a prologue and five acts, written by Robert Buchanan, called *Storm Beaten*. This play was apparently designed to depict the folly of individual hatred. Its rugged, picturesque story served the author for the foundation of his powerful novel, "God and the Man," published at the close of the year 1881. The argument of the drama is this: From time out of mind a feud has existed between the Christiansons and the Orchardsons. The two families hated each other with an undisguised and uncontrollable passion. The Christiansons are strong of limb but of poor means, whilst the Orchardsons are of a gentler race and are rich in worldly goods; so that when Christian Christianson and Richard Orchardson both fall in love with Priscilla Sefton, the sweet daughter of a worthy preacher, the family hatred is increased a hundredfold. But the peace and quietude of the village home of the Christiansons is further disturbed by Squire Orchardson's heir, Richard, who has betrayed Kate Christianson. Dame Christianson dies of grief at her daughter's shame, and Christian resolves to have the life of the seducer, Richard. Priscilla and her father leave England on board ship, and are followed by Richard, who takes a passage in the same vessel. But Christian also sails in



MISS EWERETTA LAWRENCE.
(*Storm Beaten.*)

the same boat, as a seaman, and, his identity being discovered by a violent attack upon Richard, he is cast into irons. The vessel becomes ice-bound, and Christianson is obliged to give assistance to his fellows. Taking advantage of a blinding snowstorm, he seizes Richard and carries him away from the vessel with the intention of killing him. Christian is the cause, as he thinks, of Richard's death, but he has had his revenge, and returns to join the ship. But the vessel is out of sight, and he is left alone on the island! Yet not alone, for Richard has miraculously escaped from death. Then ensues the most powerful scene in the play. The two men meet face to face. Sick almost to death, Richard implores Christian to kill him and end his misery. But Christian spares his life. He is eventually rescued, and returning to England, he finds his sister well and hearty, and Priscilla, who has loved him from the first, is ready to become his wife. This story is told with considerable ingenuity, and some of the scenes are remarkably strong. But the play loses through repetition. Scene after scene is given again and again. Thus, in the first act Kate implores Richard to marry her; in the second act she repeats her request; and in the third act she again makes the same appeal to the heartless scoundrel. Then Christian is for ever vowed vengeance against the Orchardsons. An oath is always on his lips, and at every turn he implores heaven to aid him in his pursuit of revenge. The fourth act is entirely devoted to a scene in which Richard and Christian are left on the island, but it is so strange and repulsive that it fails entirely in arousing any interest. But the worst fault of the play, and that which completely ruins its purport, is the fatal mistake made by the dramatist in bringing Richard to life and allowing him to return to England and be received with open arms. The woman whom he had basely deceived is overjoyed at his sight, and the repentant scoundrel apparently renews his first love and forgets all about Priscilla Sefton. In his novel, Mr. Buchanan judiciously allowed Richard to die on the ocean island, and it is a mystery that he should make an error in the drama that he has avoided in the book. In a novel one can do and say things which are not advantageous on the stage. It is difficult to understand the curious arrangement adopted by Mr. Buchanan for concluding his play. The dialogue of the drama is very stilted and preachy, and some of the scenes would be none the worse for a little compression. However, despite its faults — and they are many—*Storm Beaten* proved suc-

cessful. The most onerous task of the acting fell to Mr. Charles Warner, who played Christian. He acted with much force and passion. In the scene on the island he was particularly impressive. Miss Amy Roselle played Kate with a genuine touch of pathos, and Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, in the small part of a crack-brained shepherd, gave an exceedingly clever character sketch. Priscilla was represented by Miss Eweretta Lawrence, whose personation of the gentle girl was certainly very charming. Her earnest and thoughtful performance gave evidence of genuine talent and a fitness for the stage, although the young actress obviously showed signs of inexperience. Mr. J. H. Barnes played Richard Orchardson in a manly style. The excellent scenery was painted by Mr. W. Beverley, and the quaint costumes were designed by Mr. E. W. Godwin.

On the afternoon of the 17th, a new comedy, written by Mr. Hamilton Aïdé, entitled *A Great Catch*, was presented at the Olympic Theatre. The idea of the piece was good, but the subject matter was of insufficient interest for modern comedy. The dialogue was cultured and terse, and some of the characters were skilfully depicted. The motive of the play is this: In her early days the Hon. Mrs. Henry de Motteville has loved the youthful confidential clerk of a rich stockbroker. But the young fellow embezzles a large sum of money and leaves the country. This act reduces the girl he loves to poverty and is the cause of her father's death; but the girl earns a livelihood by teaching, and eventually marries into the family of a peer. Her husband dies, and she becomes soured with trouble. When she finds that her niece is to be married against her will to a wealthy colonist, Sir Martin Ingoldsby, she determines to prevent the marriage. She then discovers that Sir Martin is her old lover, the man who had killed her father through grief. She now determines to be revenged upon him, but on finding that he is penitent, and has done much good in the endeavour to expiate his crime, she forgives him. It will be seen that there is little sympathy in such a character as this, hence the comedy failed. Mrs. de Motteville was acted with power and precision by Miss Geneviève Ward, and Mr. W. H. Vernon has seldom played so well as in the character of Sir Martin Ingoldsby. Miss Lucy Buckstone was interesting as an ingenuous girl, and Mr. Beerbohm-Tree made a hit as the representative of a type of the aristocratic swell of to-day.

In Mr. A. W. Pinero's play, *The Rector*, produced at the Court Theatre on March 24, the principal result gained by the

author was the delusion of his audience. He deluded the spectators into a sympathy entirely false; he tricked them into wasting their thoughts and feelings, and led them through a network of improbabilities from which he released them by a petty device. It is an undeniable fact that, in a certain sense, Mr. Pinero's play is well constructed, and some of the dialogue is clever. But no amount of ingenuity avails when the foundation of a piece is so much at fault as that of *The Rector*. The play was termed "a story of four friends," and was in four acts, the first of which takes place in the principal inn at Upton-Faulding. Here, after an uninteresting preamble by the local tradespeople, we learn, from the statement of Dr. Oliver Full-james, that that gentleman, together with the rector, the Rev. Humphrey Sharland, Captain Jesmond Ryle, and another, had agreed to meet together on the first of each December. The meeting of the four friends is broken this year by the absence of one of them, who has committed suicide because his mistress refused to be his wife. The meeting takes place at the local inn, whither also an old Irish gentleman, Connor Hennessy, and his daughter, Hope, come to obtain shelter for the night. The rector kindly invites the old gentleman and his daughter to stay at the rectory, and just as the party are leaving the inn the news comes that Captain Ryle has unexpectedly driven off. When the curtain next rises, six months having elapsed, the rector and Hope are married. Then an ignorant butler, who cannot so much as read, discovers in the pocket of a coat which had been given to him by the rector, a letter which should have been read by Mr. Sharland before his marriage. The letter is unopened, and it is handed to the inquisitive Mr. Hockaday to read. Hockaday, having learned the contents of the note, instructs the butler to deliver it to his master immediately. When the rector receives the note he finds that it is a request from his wife that he will never ask her about her past life. In the third act the rector listens to a deputation of impertinent tradespeople, who cast imputations upon Hope's character, and, the first of December having come round again, it brings together once more the three remaining friends. Captain Ryle tells the rector about the death of their other friend, and recognises in the portrait of Hope the mistress of the poor suicide. This proves a severe blow to Mr. Sharland, who tells his wife that they must part on the morrow. In the next act it is proved that the misjudged Hope is quite innocent of all crime, and that the recognition of her portrait was nothing more than a tempo-

rary delusion on the part of Captain Ryle. An audience does not like to be juggled with to this extent, and consequently *The Rector* failed to secure popular interest. Mr. Pinero's comparisons are rather curious. For instance, poor Hope, mistrusted by everyone, explains that when people shake hands with her their grasp is "flat and chilly, like *cabbage leaves*." Mr. Pinero has also a fault of repeating certain expressions over and over again till they grow quite wearisome. The piece was admirably acted at the Court Theatre. The Rector was played quietly and with good effect by Mr. John Clayton, and Miss Marion Terry was interesting and pathetic as Hope. The Connor Hennessy of Mr. Arthur Cecil was quite one of the best things which that actor has yet done. The Hockaday of Mr. Mackintosh was an elaborate study, exaggerated by actor and author alike. A character sketch of value was that of Saul Mash, the butler, played by Mr. Philip Day. Miss Kate Rorke acted the small part of a servant with charming freshness and ingenuousness, and Mr. H. Kemble and Mr. A. Elwood were of excellent service. The play was capitally mounted, the scene of the second act being a charming landscape, that of the last two acts representing the interior of the rector's study, a solid and handsome stage-picture.

On the same evening two new comic operas were brought out at the Strand and Avenue theatres. That produced at the former house was written by Mr. Harry Paulton, and composed by "Florian Pascal." It was entitled *Cymbia ; or, The Magic Thimble*, and claimed to be original. The idea of the piece is simple enough. The possessor of a thimble has the gift of fulfilling his or her every wish, and with such a powerful aid as this it may easily be seen that opportunity for fun may be provided without limit. But, truth to say, the story of the piece is not interesting. The King of Little Britain is reduced to a state of poverty, and, in order to replenish his empty coffers, he arranges the marriage of three of his four sons with three wealthy princesses. The fourth son, Carrow, forms an acquaintance with Cymbia, a shepherdess, and the possessor of the magic thimble; her presence at the castle so annoys the princesses that she is driven away. Carrow, having obtained the magic thimble, recalls Cymbia. The princesses become annoyed, and leave the castle without being married. Then Cymbia and the princesses are discovered in an enchanted glade, whence they can only escape by the help of their lovers. But as a man seems to be a woman when he comes to the enchanted spot,

this is a little difficult. At length the lovers are joined, and the piece comes to what is generally considered a happy ending. The music of the opera is noisy rather than tuneful or strikingly original.

M. Offenbach's last opera, *Lurette*, has at least the advantage of being fresh and melodious. It is bright and sparkling, and the slender story is neatly told by the adapters. The lyrics are by Mr. Henry S. Leigh, a guarantee of their gracefulness, the English version being done by Mr. Frank Desprez and Mr. Alfred Murray. The story is this. In a novel scene representing a bateau-lavoir, a washerwoman's boat, on the Seine, we find the chief laundress, Marcelline, surrounded by her attractive companions. Work is interrupted by the arrival of a party of soldiers, who make the excuse that they have come in search of their colonel's shirt-frill. A washerman, Cornichon, is very unhappy in not being loved by the beauty of the laundry, Lurette, and then, in an interview between the flighty Duc de Marly and his aunt, La Chanoinesse, we find that the aunt intends to disinherit her nephew unless he be married within two days. The Duke commissions his valet, Malicorne, who has been jilted by the pretty laundress, to find him a wife, intending to leave the lady immediately after the marriage ceremony. Malicorne chooses Lurette, and the second act takes us to the Duke's château, where the marriage ceremony is performed. The Duke leaves his castle, and instructs Malicorne to tell Lurette that she will never see him again. Lurette declines all offers of peace, and sets up, just opposite the gates of her husband's château, a laundry bearing the sign "Duchesse de Marly, blanchisseur." Now, it so happens that Lurette had saved the Duke's life, and on De Marly's discovery of this fact he relents, and returns to his wife. Miss Florence St. John impersonated Lurette quite admirably. She was eminently successful in the rendering of such vocal pieces as the ballad, "Pardon, pray," and the romance, "Would I could die." Mr. Bracy was excellent as the Duke, his singing being excellent. Miss Lottie Venne, as Marcelline, shared the fun of the piece with Mons. Marius, as Malicorne, and the Cornichon of Mr. T. P. Haynes was humorous.

The Opéra Comique opened its doors on the 31st of this month, under the management of Miss Hilda Hilton, who brought out a new four-act play, called *Bondage*, adapted by two anonymous writers from an obscure French piece written by one Pierre d'Alry. The play set forth a social problem of

some interest, but it was not effectively constructed or even well acted. The central figure of the drama is that of a governess, who finds herself established in a house whose inmates are very fond of her. She loves her little pupil, she is well liked by the child's mother, and she is loved by an honourable man. But in the master of the house, who poses as a virtuous financier, she recognises the man to whom she had been married some years previously, and who had cruelly deserted her. For fear of disgracing the little child whom she loves so well, she does not denounce the man who had ruined her, and she brings herself into disgrace and suspicion. But at last the hand of the law reaches the bigamist, who shoots himself, leaving the governess free to marry the man she loves, and leaving, also, the illegitimate child and the mother to brood over their sorrow. The play depended entirely for its success upon the interpretation of the two principal characters. Unfortunately, Miss Hilda Hilton failed to elicit any sympathy whatever for the part of the unhappy governess. Mr. Charles Kelly did not stir himself at all in the effort to give strength and vigour to the character of the bigamist. Mr. George Alexander, as the lover, acted in a good, natural manner. A fairly clever character sketch was given by Mr. Wm. Farren, jun., and some excellent comedy acting came from Miss Agnes Thomas.

It is with sincere regret that I have to record in these pages the death of a talented actor, a clever manager, and an amiable gentleman in the person of Mr. Edward Saker, who succumbed to a severe illness on March 29. The deceased, who was a son of Mr. W. Saker, an actor of considerable note in his day, was born in London in 1831. He was placed with a firm of architects, but at an early age he joined the theatrical profession, entering into the service of his brother-in-law, Mr. Robert H. Wyndham, of Edinburgh. Mr. Saker fulfilled the position of treasurer there for nearly five years. He made his first appearance on the stage in the burlesque of *Medea*. In 1865 he went to Liverpool, establishing himself in that city as a comedian of great merit. In December, 1867, he became manager of the Liverpool Alexandra Theatre, and retained that position until the time of his death. Had Mr. Saker turned his attention solely to acting he would, I doubt not, have achieved a good position on the stage, for he had at command an unlimited amount of drollery and facial expression. But as a manager he made his mark, and the Liverpool public is indebted to him for some

revivals of much splendour and perfection. He revived, with great success, *A Winter's Tale*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *The Comedy of Errors*. With Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Saker, before he went into management, gave an entertainment, under the name of the "So-Amuse-Twins," which was an exceedingly clever and humorous production. Mr. Saker's Shakespearian clowns were wonderful examples of the comedian's ability. The theatre over which he presided so long is being carried on under the successful management of his accomplished widow.

III.

APRIL.

Vice-Versâ.—Lady Clare.—School at the Haymarket.—Rachel.—The Merry Duchess.

At the Gaiety Theatre, on Monday afternoon, April 9, the initial performance took place of a dramatised version of Mr. F. Anstey's popular novel "Vice-Versâ." The story is pleasant enough to read, but it is unsatisfactory as a play. Mr. Bultitude, a rich city merchant, is the possessor of a certain magic stone, called the Garuda stone. In the words of the author, "Whosoe'er this stone possesses, With one wish Garuda blesses; Grants him once—and once alone—Whatsoever he would own." Mr. Bultitude's son, Dick, is on the point of being sent back to school, his Christmas holidays having expired, when he finds the Garuda stone. His father gets the charm, and wishes that he could change places with Dick, when lo! thunder is heard, the room is darkened for a moment, and Mr. Bultitude becomes Dick, and Dick possesses the spirit of his father! Dick wishes that the cab-driver would carry off his parent, and sure enough in comes "cabby," and off Mr. Bultitude goes with him. The father, having the manners of an elderly man but the appearance of his son, gets into much trouble at school. Affairs become very complicated, as both Mr. Bultitude and Dick have had their wish. But a release is provided by Dulcie, the schoolmaster's daughter, to whom the magic stone is handed. She wishes that father and son were themselves again, and her wish is fulfilled. The adaptation of this exaggerated story was rather cleverly done by Mr. Edward Rose. It had previously been acted in the country. It was produced at the Gaiety for the benefit of Mr. W. H. Griffiths. Mr. Edward Rose played with much humour as Dick, and Mr. C. H. Hawtrey was

humorous as Mr. Bultitude. A capital character sketch was given by Mr. W. F. Hawtrey as a schoolmaster, and Miss Laura Linden was a bright and natural representative of the little girl, Dulcie. The piece was placed in the regular bill of the Opéra Comique in the autumn of 1884, when it had a short but fairly successful run.

Lady Clare, announced as a "New drama of modern society," by Robert Buchanan, proved an unacknowledged and inefficient version of a story by Georges Ohnet, entitled "Le Maître de Forges." It contained the germs of a charming and dramatic play, but it was very indifferently constructed. The dialogue was neither forcible nor polished, and scenes from other plays were continually and forcibly suggested. The story is this: The first of the five acts into which the play is divided takes place at the house of Lady Clare Brookfield. Lady Clare is in love with Lord Ambermere, and her affection is returned. She is also loved by a wealthy manufacturer, John Middleton, who asks her to be his wife. She refuses his suit, but on hearing that Lord Ambermere is

ruined, and that, in order to retrieve his fortunes, he is about to marry a rich American girl, and, also to recoup her own shattered fortune, Lady Clare agrees to marry Mr. Middleton. In the second act we hear that the heroine is married, but still, not loving her husband, she resolves to fly from him. Middleton will not allow her to thus desert him, and he and his wife determine to live together, husband and wife in name only. The third act takes place at Dieppe. Lord Ambermere has followed Lady Clare thither, and, through an opportunity provided by his wife, who is jealous of his old love, he makes an



MISS ADA CAVENDISH.
(*Lady Clare.*)

avowal of his passion for her. He is interrupted by the arrival of Middleton, and the two men quarrel. A duel is therefore arranged. The fourth act shows in its first scene how Lady Clare discovers that her husband is going to fight Lord Ambermere. The second scene of this act takes place in a forest. The two men arrive, and just as they fire Lady Clare rushes on and falls apparently lifeless. The last act depicts the recovery of Lady Clare, who has only been shot in the shoulder by the bullet intended for her husband. At last she has learnt to love her husband, and she recognises the value of his noble nature. She is debating in her mind as to the expediency of telling him that she loves him, when the intrepid, shameless Lord Ambermere enters and again protests his love. He is vain enough to think that in her endeavour to stop the duel Lady Clare had been concerned in his safety instead of that of her husband. But for once he is mistaken, and the lady turns upon him and tells him that she loves her husband. Middleton has heard her repulse the scoundrel, and he orders Lord Ambermere off the premises. The villain slinks away, and at length husband and wife are united. It must be confessed that there is some interest in such a story as this, but Mr. Buchanan's play was too weak and undramatic, and he was too much at fault in the drawing of his female characters for the play to succeed. He made his heroine unnecessarily guilty, and he provided her with a singularly mercenary mother—a character played with her accustomed art by Miss Carlotta Leclercq. Then in the American girl he displayed a very heartless, jealous type of woman. These characters, or rather similar ones, are no doubt common enough in the world, but they are not the most edifying pictures of womankind. Lady Clare was portrayed with admirable finish and artistic feeling by Miss Ada Cavendish, but the actress had very little chance for the display of her well-known ability. Her delivery of the one strong speech in the play—that in the last act, where Lady Clare renounces her lover—was marked by much fire and passion. John Middleton was played by Mr. Alfred Bucklaw, who was earnest, but not strong enough for the character.

On April 14, the late T. W. Robertson's comedy, *School* (first acted at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Saturday, January 16, 1869,) was revived for a few farewell performances at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft resumed their original and well-known characters of Jack Poyntz and Naomi Tighe. Miss Gerard was a very charming repre-

sentative of Bella, Mr. Conway made a manly Lord Beaufoy, and Mr. Alfred Bishop showed much artistic ability as Beau Farintosh. Mr. C. Brookfield gave a clever sketch of the impossible Mr. Krux, Mr. F. Everill was excellent as Dr. Sutcliffe, and Miss Erskine was adequate as Mrs. Sutcliffe.

On the same evening, a new drama called *Rachel*, written by Mr. Sydney Grundy, was acted at the Olympic Theatre. The prologue is adapted from *La Volcuse des Enfants*, an old melodrama of MM. Eugène Grange and Lambert Thiboust. It takes place in a garret in Westminster, and shows how a mother, seeking revenge upon her husband's brother, sells her own child to the man whom she hates. The gentleman's baby daughter has died, and he obtains possession, unknowingly, of course, of his own niece. The remainder of the play shows how he brings up the girl as his own daughter, in order that he may retain his interest in the fortune which otherwise would be diverted from him. I make no pretence of detailing the plot, as such a proceeding would be useless. The real mother, who has been arrested and imprisoned for complicity to steal, being released from gaol after a period of fifteen years, becomes companion to her daughter, and succeeds in overthrowing a scoundrel who wishes to marry the girl in place of the man she loves. The struggle is carried on through the three acts in a rather wordy warfare. It resembles too much the cross-examination of a prisoner, and becomes at length strained and monotonous. I cannot even be urged in favour of the play that it provided



MISS KATE SANTLEY.
(*The Merry Duchess.*)

Miss Geneviève Ward with a suitable part. The principal character is more pathetic than vigorous, and pathos does not become Miss Ward so well as a strong, determined character. The best part in the drama was undoubtedly that of a polished scoundrel, played with excellent effect by Mr. Hermann Vezin. Mr. W. H. Vernon was ill-suited as a repentant villain.

On the 23rd, the newly-decorated Royalty Theatre opened its doors, under the management of Miss Kate Santley, with a new comic opera, in two acts, written by Mr. George R. Sims,

composed by Frederic Clay, and entitled *The Merry Duchess*. To me, the piece was a little disappointing, resembling, as it did, a noisy burlesque rather than a comic opera. But it may be stated that it developed into a considerable success. Nevertheless, I hold that this piece is very far short of fulfilling the conditions of comic opera. The scene of the first of the two acts is laid in a country place, whither the Duchess of Epsom Downs and her favourite jockey, Freddy Bowman, bring a horse called "Damozel," which is intended to run on the morrow for the Leger. Should the horse



MISS KATE MUNROE.
(*The Merry Duchess*.)

win, the Duchess and Freddy, who love each other, are to be married. On the other hand, should the horse lose, the Duchess is to marry an idiotic nobleman called Lord Johnnie. It is the object of Brabazon Sikes and his wife, Rowena, to make the horse lose, and to effect this purpose the couple assume various disguises. The opera is protracted by many extremely stupid devices, and, needless to say, the horse, "Damozel," wins, and the Duchess and Freddy are free to marry each other. The first act is unduly long, but it is exceeded in dulness and vulgarity by the boisterous nature of the second and concluding act, to

describe which would be useless. For the rest it may be said that Miss Kate Santley was provided, in the character of Rowena, with the opportunity of dressing magnificently—an opportunity of which she made the most. Miss Kate Munroe had but a poor part as the Duchess, but she was, like Miss Santley, gorgeously arrayed in costly dresses. Mr. H. Ashley was humorous as Brabazon Sikes, and Mr. H. Hallam's voice was heard to much advantage in a song in the first act. A chorus sung by boys in this act proved popular.

IV.

MAY.

Fédora.—Confusion.—Stage-Dora.

It is pleasing to be able to record the double success achieved at the Haymarket Theatre on May 5. First of all, there came a success for the cleverest of modern dramatists, and, secondly, an unexpected but complete success for a lady who was then comparatively new to the stage. To M. Sardou should be given the chief credit of these brilliant results, for this most skilful of playwrights has never so completely succeeded in juggling an audience to its own satisfaction as in the present instance. *Fédora* is a play of the head, not of the heart. It is composed with the utmost cleverness, but it does not aim at touching the emotions of the spectator for a single moment. To say that the play is clever is to give it the highest praise of which it is deserving. An incomparable skill in stage-effect is the master-key to all M. Sardou's theatrical successes. The latest play which we have seen here from the pen of the great French dramatist, is no exception to the rule. The admirable construction of the piece and its entire lack of human feeling may be best understood by an examination of the work. The first of the four short acts takes us to the gorgeous establishment in St. Petersburg of Wladimir Garishkine, the son of the Russian Minister of Police. In a conversation neatly set forth between the valet, Désiré, and a Jew jeweller, Tchileff, we learn that the spendthrift, Wladimir, is about to repair his shattered fortunes by a marriage with a wealthy lady, who turns out to be the Princess Fédora Romazoff. The curtain has hardly been raised a few minutes before the Jew is hustled away at the approach of the Princess Fédora, who has not seen her betrothed during the evening. These are the fearful days of the Nihilists, and Fédora is anxious for the safety of Wladimir. So she swoops

down upon the servants and starts hurried inquiries about Garishkine. With a keen perception rather resembling the cuteness of a detective than the love of a woman, she sets the whole house astir by her frantic inquiries. This excitement is hushed for a moment by the arrival of Wladimir, who has been discovered shot and wounded almost to death. He is carried to his room (placed in the centre and at the back of the stage). Through the folding doors the dull red draperies of the bedroom are seen. All is bustle and excitement; surgeons and police agents, servants and priests, mingle with each other in the confusion, and in the minuteness of detail the craft of M. Sardou is distinctly visible. It is apparent that Wladimir is dying, and Fédora wishes to be at his bedside. But she must wait whilst the surgeons operate upon the unfortunate man. The folding doors are closed, and Fédora assists Gretch, the police agent, in his inquiries. It appears that a note had been brought for Wladimir by a woman on this same evening. The note had been placed in a drawer, where it must be yet. But, no, the letter has gone. Who, then, has taken it? The servants are eagerly questioned as to the visitors, and it appears that the only person who could have abstracted the letter is a gentleman whose name is conveniently unknown to the valet. But at last the page-boy, Dmitri, recognises the man: it was Loris Ipanoff who must have taken the letter whilst the boy was attending to the fire. Ipanoff resides in the house opposite. The police agents immediately go in search of him. Fédora stands panting at the window, watching the shadows opposite, thirsting for revenge on the man whom she believes to have decoyed and murdered Wladimir for a political reason. But the serious look of the doctor returning from the room beyond turns Fédora to her betrothed. She rushes to him, but alas! she is too late; a terrified shriek proclaims that he is dead. This scene of terrible nervousness and anxiety was acted on the first night in an excellent manner by all concerned, and the force and energy displayed by Mrs. Bernard-Beere showed that, could the actress but sustain the arduous *rôle* in a similar manner throughout the play, no ordinary success was in store for her. As a break to all the excitement of the first part of the drama, the second act is at first rather bright, and the excellent comedy of Mrs. Bancroft appeared to give relief to the extraordinary tension of the nerves demanded by the play. But comedy quickly gives place to more serious work. The scene is now laid in Paris, two months after the murder of Wladimir Garishkine. Fédora has one aim, one purpose in life—revenge; revenge for

the murder of the man she loved; revenge upon the man whom she believes to be the murderer: revenge on Loris Ipanoff. Loris is in Paris, and Féadora has dexterously entrapped him into loving her, in the hope of being able to worm his secret from him. And she so far succeeds that Ipanoff confesses that he killed Wladimir. But Féadora, with marvellous cunning, so far controls her feelings that she induces Ipanoff to promise to come to her hotel presently—at one in the morning, and by a private way—and give her the full particulars of the murder. And so he leaves Féadora for the moment, she cursing him, and now feeling that revenge is within her grasp. The third act passes in the private apartments of Féadora, who instructs the police agent, Gretch, how to proceed when capturing Ipanoff. The police are to wait outside, and when Loris Ipanoff leaves Féadora they are to take him prisoner, gag him, and secure him on board a yacht which is waiting by the adjoining quay. From the yacht, Ipanoff is to be transferred to a Russian gunboat, and taken in that vessel to St. Petersburg, where he will be executed for his supposed Nihilistic crimes. Féadora gets rid of Gretch just in time for her to meet Ipanoff, who comes to his death, as is intended. Loris proceeds

with his story, and presently startles Féadora by his confession of the murder. He did kill Wladimir Garishkine, not for any political reason, but because Wladimir had seduced his wife. This is indeed terrible news for Féadora, and its truth is asserted beyond all doubt by the production of certain letters which Ipanoff had secured. Féadora is tortured beyond expression by finding that the man whom she had intended to kill is so innocent. Loris is about to leave her, when she suddenly



MRS. BERNARD-BEERE.
(*Fédora*).

remembers that if he goes outside her house he will certainly be killed. But the knowledge that he is free from the crime of which she suspected him guilty makes her turn from hate to love, and by way of saving him she persuades him to remain with her until daylight. In the last act we find that Loris and Féadora are married, and have just returned from their wedding trip. But some fearful tidings await the luckless Princess. Through her agency, Ipanoff's brother has been arrested in Russia and has died in prison ; and, moreover, his mother has died through the shock. A friend of Ipanoff's has discovered that the cause of all this trouble is a woman, and he is on his way to tell Loris who she is ; he will, in fact, be with Loris in a few minutes. No time, then, is to be lost, and Féadora passionately pleads the cause of this unhappy woman to her husband, who is not long in arriving at the truth. Horrified by the discovery, he tries to strangle Fedora, but she is too quick for him and dies by her own act by means of poison. Thus ends this clever play, which absolutely depicts nothing else but a woman's inordinate thirst for revenge. It is so constructed that the spectator is carried through without time to think or reason about it. Look, for instance, how the whole play depends upon unlikely circumstances. Take from it one of the theatrical bricks, so to speak, and the whole fabric would come tumbling down. It is not at all likely that a man receiving a suspicious letter from a woman would leave it in an open drawer for common observation, nor is it likely that one man would be able to enter the house of the son of the Russian Minister of Police and calmly abstract a document which he wanted without being noticed. Again, why should Ipanoff suddenly quit the country, and so bring suspicion upon himself, when one word of explanation from him would have sufficed to prove his innocence, even had he not possessed the conclusive documentary evidence of Wladimir's guilt, which he afterwards produced ? But in spite of these grave defects, from an artistic point of view, the play achieved a magnificent success at the Haymarket. The acting of Mrs. Bernard-Beere as Féadora must have been a welcome surprise, even to the lady's most ardent admirers. Dressed, it is almost needless to say, in excellent taste, with her commanding figure and resonant voice, Mrs. Bernard-Beere displayed more force and intensity than she had previously exhibited. Having had so rare a model to study from as Mdme. Sara Bernhardt, Mrs. Bernard-Beere had evidently studied to the best advantage the original Féadora.

It was no small achievement to follow successfully in the character that was written for and created by so great an artist as Sara Bernhardt. The English actress may be congratulated upon the result of her perseverance and ability. At times, it must be confessed, Mrs. Bernard-Beere seemed to have but little real sympathy with the part; there were lacking that electricity, that nervous intensity, that profound depth of light and shade which characterize a great artist. But, taken altogether, the performance was admirable. With the exception of *Fédora*, the characters in the play are of little importance. Certainly there is opportunity for forcible and expressive acting in the character of Loris Ipanoff, but Mr. Charles Coghlan seemed as though he merely repeated his words. He made little or no attempt at acting; he was throughout persistently dull and uninteresting. Of Mrs. Bancroft it has already been said that her playing was popular with the audience, although I am of opinion that her part was made too prominent. Mr. Bancroft played De Siriex. To say that the play was superbly mounted is to give the decorative embellishments but scant praise.

The 17th of this month witnessed the production, for the first time in London, of Mr. Joseph Derrick's farcical piece, *Confusion*. It was then played in the afternoon, as a trial performance, and secured an immediate success at the Vaudeville Theatre, where, on July 16, it was placed in the regular bill and subsequently was acted over four hundred and fifty times. The cause of this success is not far to seek. The story is neatly set forth, the acts are short and crisp, and the dialogue, though not brilliant, is to the point. The plot possesses that flavour of suggestiveness which we generally expect only in pieces of the Palais-Royal type, and which gives to some minds a pungency and source of enjoyment which, to them at least, is refreshing. The first of the three acts takes place in the morning at the house of Mortimer Mumbleford, and in this room the rest of the action passes. Mumbleford and his wife have some guests in the persons of Christopher Blizzard, uncle to Mrs. Mumbleford, and Miss Lucretia Trickleby, an elderly spinster. There are besides a couple of young lovers, Rupert Sunberry and Violet, who enter into the dramatic scheme. Mrs. Mumbleford has set her heart upon the possession of a pug dog. Her husband objects strongly to the animal, but Blizzard thinks that Mumbleford will relent when he sees the dog. He therefore makes arrangements to obtain the animal, and on receipt of a telegram about it he starts for London, in order to bring it

secretly into the house. Now Mumbleford's two servants, James and Maria, are married, unknown to their employer, and have a child, which at the moment is lying ill in London. Maria receives a telegram announcing that the child is in a critical position, and she begs leave to go away for a few hours, her object being to bring the child back to her motherly care. Blizzard has proposed marriage to Miss Trickleby, and consequently when that lady picks up a portion of the telegram addressed to Maria, she thinks that the allusion to the baby refers to Blizzard, and instantly votes the unoffending gentleman a heartless profligate. The second and third acts pass in the afternoon and evening of the same day. Blizzard returns with the pug, and Maria comes back with the baby. The dog and the baby are placed in different cabinets, and Mumbleford, on reading a letter to him from his wife, referring to the dog, opens the wrong cabinet, and thinks that the letter refers to the baby. It may easily be imagined that with such materials plenty of opportunity for fun is evoked, and that the piece comes to a fitting conclusion. Of course the author can lay no claim for serious work, but as a simple farce his play possessed the elements of success. Fortunately, the piece had the merit of being well acted on its trial performance. Mr. Philip Day, as the perplexed and suspecting husband, was excellent. Miss Sophie Larkin as Miss Trickleby gave some good comedy, and Mr. Charles Groves was humorous and unconventional as the innocent uncle. Mr. Fred Thorne was rich in the command of facial expression as James, and he was ably assisted by Miss Kate Lee, who acted with a saucy humour that was just suited to the character. But Miss Kate Bishop was too sentimental and affected as Mrs. Mumbleford.

The occasion of the success of *Fédora* at the Haymarket was quickly seized by Mr. F. C. Burnand for a capital little skit on M. Sardou's work. This was entitled *Stage-Dora; or Who Killed Cock Robin?* and produced at Toole's Theatre on May 26, when it secured an emphatic success. The most successful impersonation in the burlesque was given by Miss Marie Linden, who succeeded, unintentionally, in hitting off to perfection the extravagances of Mdme. Sara Bernhardt's style. Mr. Toole, made up so as to resemble in a marvellous manner the appearance of Mr. Coghlan as Loris Ipanoff, was distinctly humorous, his hits about "reserve force" being very happy. Mr. E. D. Ward gave a clever caricature of Mr. Bancroft.

V.

JUNE.

The Queen's Favourite.—*Rank and Riches.*—*Silver Guilt.*—*Barbe-Bleue* at the Avenue.

Very little need be said about *The Queen's Favourite*, produced on June 2 at the Olympic Theatre. It is an adaptation by Mr. Sydney Grundy of *Le Verre d'Eau* of Eugène Scribe, originally brought out at the Théâtre Français in 1840. It is difficult to see the dramatic value of the piece, yet it has afforded the basis for more than one previous adaptation. In October, 1841, it served as the foundation for *The Maid of Honour*, a drama produced at the Adelphi, with Mr. and Mrs. Yates in the principal characters, and, in November, 1862, Mr. John Oxenford adapted the play for the Princess's Theatre under the title of *The Triple Alliance*. It must be confessed that the interest in *The Queen's Favourite* is the slightest that is possible. The struggles between the Duchess of Marlborough and Viscount Bolingbroke for the favouritism of Queen Anne are not engrossing in their interest, and the portrayal of a character such as that presented by Miss Geneviève Ward is far from pleasing. Miss Ward seems to delight in representing almost impossibly hard-hearted heroines, and however satisfactory to herself it may be to do so, the effect upon the spectator is not precisely enchanting. Mr. W. H. Vernon as Viscount Bolingbroke was not noticeable for anything but too much spirit.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's new drama, *Rank and Riches*, produced at the Adelphi on June 9, had not a single redeeming feature. It failed signally and deservedly, running only a week. This work is one of those marvels of dramatic composition which make the spectator wonder how a man of reputation could come to sign his name to such rubbish, and how a manager possessing the slightest experience could be found to give it a trial. The absurdities of the piece may be best pointed out by very briefly noting the principal incidents of the so-called play. The first of the four acts opens in the hall of Lord Laverock's house, where Cecil Cassilis, a lawyer's clerk, comes on business with my lord. He has rendered some trifling assistance to the lord's daughter, Lady Calista, who, although she is betrothed to the Duke of Heathcote, falls straightway in love with the good-looking clerk. And Lady Calista's maid, Alice Rycroft, also goes off in a frenzy of passion at the sight of the young man. Mr. Dominie, "an Italian refugee" with a broken French accent, who is "a bird-doctor" (?), makes some mysterious

remarks, and gives Lady Calista some papers referring to Mr. Cassilis, with the result that the lady visits a low public-house, drinks a Republican toast, and gives as her name that of Joyce Woodburn, her former maid. The second act takes us to the pier at Lightcliff, where Lady Calista and Alice Rycroft once more make an onslaught on the affections of Cecil Cassilis, and where Mr. Dominie, the Italian "bird-doctor" aforesaid, makes some more mysterious observations. In the third act, Joyce Woodburn is accused of having been in bad company, whereupon Lady Calista undertakes to prove that it was herself and not the unfortunate Joyce who visited the public-house, and she appeals for confirmation of the statement to Alice Rycroft, who had accompanied her on her visit, but the maid refuses to support the statement of her mistress. Affairs become further involved in the last act, but it turns out that Mr. Dominie is mysteriously connected with Lord Laverock's family, and he exerts his influence to bring about the union of Lady Calista and Cecil Cassilis. Added to this chaos of nonsense it also transpires that Alice Rycroft is out of her senses, and has been confined in a lunatic asylum. Such are the ridiculous materials with which Mr. Wilkie Collins essayed to attract the attention of play-goers.

The same evening also witnessed the first performance of a new burlesque at the Strand Theatre, written by Mr. W. Warham, which was thus noticed in *The Stage* :—"The popularity of a play is never better established than when it is burlesqued, but those who expect to see in *Silver Guilt* a burlesque of *The Silver King* will be disappointed. It is a burlesque rather of the manner of the actors at the Princess's Theatre, than the travesty of a play. Indeed, *Silver Guilt* is composed of scenes from the three dramas which Mr. Wilson Barrett has produced at the house in Oxford Street. Thus the first two scenes of the burlesque are taken from the first act of *The Silver King*, and another scene parodies the hut scene in the fourth act of Messrs. Jones and Herman's play, whilst the "Borough scene" from *The Lights o' London* is also dragged in. Then the character of the principal girl is at one time that of Gerty Heckett from *The Romany Ryc*, and at another that of the heroine of *The Silver King*. The burlesque does not evince much cleverness on the part of the author, but it is fairly good, and it will, in all probability, become successful. Disguised under the name of Hackney Wick, Mr. Edward Righton endeavours to cause amusement by caricaturing Mr. Wilson Barrett as Wilfrid

Denver. The impersonation, however, cannot be regarded as successful, for there are limits even to burlesque. Mr. Righton copies and exaggerates, but he is offensive instead of humorous. On the other hand, nothing so good of its kind as the Gerty Heckett of Miss Laura Linden has been seen for many a day. All the peculiarities of Miss Eastlake's style have been caught exactly, and are hit off by Miss Linden with a delicate touch and a graceful sense of humour that are truly excellent. It is a piece of right hearty burlesque, thoroughly successful, and with no offence in it. It may not be a very difficult task or an altogether enviable one, this burlesquing a popular artist, but Miss Linden had it to do, and she may be congratulated on her success. It is interesting to note that only a fortnight previously Miss Marie Linden made a hit by her burlesque of *Fédora* at Toole's Theatre, and it is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that two sisters should have made such immediate and such distinct successes in the same branch of their calling. Next to Miss Laura Linden in point of success comes Mr. Robert Brough, who, in no unkindly spirit, gives a clever imitation of Mr. George Barrett as Daniel Jaikes. Miss Edith Bruce as Captain Horseley Down is fairly pleasing, but does not attempt any caricature of Mr. E. S. Willard; and Miss T. Hastings is successful in a small part. Henry Corkett, the cockney, played so capitally by Mr. Charles Coote at the Princess's Theatre, is rendered moderately well by Miss Nellie Lyons, and the detective of Mr. Walter Speakman is cleverly imitated by Mr. E. Hamilton Bell. The poster of the penitent Wilfred Denver is successfully reproduced, with, of course, a living figure. The scenery, by Mr. Bruce Smith, is not remarkable for the beauty of its painting, but the mechanical changes are well done. The music, composed and arranged by Mr. Max Schroeter, is bright and pleasing."

Lurette was replaced at the Avenue Theatre on June 16 with a revival of Offenbach's well-known opera-bouffe, *Barbe-Bleue*.* This piece, originally produced at the Variétés, Paris, in 1866, was played soon after at the Standard Theatre, then at the Gaiety, and afterwards at the Princess's. In the rôle of Boulotte, Miss Florence St. John appeared for the first time, and challenged comparison with Schneider, the original representative of the character, and with her successors in England, of which the best remembered are Miss Julia Matthews, Miss Emily

* *Barbe-Bleue* was successfully revived at the Comedy Theatre, with Miss St. John again as Boulotte, on January 16, 1885.

Soldene, and Miss Patti Laverne. It may be said that never before has so charming a Boulotte as Miss Florence St. John been seen on the stage. The coarseness of the character was considerably subdued by her skilful treatment, but Miss St. John made her greatest success in the third act, where there is scope for acting less farcical. Her singing was, as usual, excellent. M. Marius was quaint as Popolani, Mr. H. Bracy sang well as Barbe-Bleue, and Mr. Arthur Williams was humorous as Prince Sapphire. Miss Lottie Venne was bright as Fleurette, Miss Maria Davis trustworthy as Queen Clementina, Mr. T. G. Warren was Count Oscar, and Mr. J. J. Dallas the King Bobeche.

VI.

JULY.

Virginia and Paul.—M.P. at Toole's.—Mr. Irving's Farewell prior to his departure for America.

Virginia and Paul, a new and original comic opera in two acts, written by H. P. Stephens, and composed by Edward Solomon, was acted at the Gaiety Theatre on July 16. It was not considered a very brilliant work. Mr. H. P. Stephens was decidedly perplexing in his treatment of the story, and Mr. Edward Solomon overshot the mark in the superabundance of his music, there being no less than thirty numbers in the piece. The prime mover and evil-worker of the opera is one Nicholas de Ville, a species of modern Mephistopheles. Through the aid of some magic rings, he succeeds in changing the loves of two young couples, thus causing Paul to fall in love with the Lady Magnolia, while Virginia exhibits a great tenderness for a railway guard. In the second act, the plot becomes so complicated, that only with great difficulty is it rendered at all intelligible; but of course the magic rings are returned, and the lovers become reunited, whilst the modern Mephistopheles meets with the just reward of all evil-doers. As already stated, the story of the piece is very perplexing, but Mr. Stephens has furnished an otherwise smart and brightly-written book. The music, although there is too much of it, is tuneful enough, the most successful bits being Virginia's song about the wedding-day, a pleasing chorus of "younger sons," and a song in which Virginia satirises professional beauties. Very considerable interest was evinced in the appearance on

the English stage of Miss Lillian Russell, who acted Virginia. The lady's *début* proved in every way successful. Miss Russell is possessed of an excellent stage presence, and has, moreover, a voice of good quality and remarkable volume and power, though occasionally limited in its range. She sings capitally and in tune, and does not over-emphasize her acting. Mr. Arnold Bredon was well fitted in the tenor part, and Miss Harriett Coveney was diverting as Mrs. Cowslip. Mr. Arthur Williams was exceedingly humorous as the ex-railway guard.

The late T. W. Robertson's comedy, *M. P.*, was revived at Toole's Theatre on the 26th. It may be noted that the play was first acted at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, on April 23, 1870. Dunscombe Dunscombe was then played by Mr. Hare, Mr. George Addison was the vulgar Isaac Skoome, Mr. Charles Coghlan acted Chudleigh Dunscombe, Mr. Bancroft was Talbot Piers, Miss Carlotta Addison appeared as Ruth Daybrook, and Mrs. Bancroft was Cecilia Dunscombe. The comedy was, in many respects, excellently acted in the revival under notice. A more charming representative of Ruth Daybrook than Miss Gerard could hardly be imagined. The lover, Chudleigh Dunscombe, was admirably played by Mr. E. D. Ward, and Miss Cora Stuart came well out of the ordeal of following Mrs. Bancroft in the part of Cecilia Dunscombe.

The most interesting event of the month was the farewell benefit on the 28th, of Mr. Henry Irving, prior to his departure for America. During the season, *Much Ado about Nothing* had completed a run of two hundred and twelve nights at the Lyceum Theatre, and Mr. Irving had appeared as Mathias,



MISS CORA STUART.
(*M. P.*)

Duboscq and Lesurques, Robert Macaire, Hamlet, Shylock, Charles I., Eugene Aram, and Louis XI. The scene on the occasion of his temporary farewell from the London public is not likely to be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness it. Long before noon the crowds had begun to assemble at the theatre doors, and many hundreds of people were turned away disappointed in not even being able to get within the walls of the theatre. Mr. Wills's drama of *Eugene Aram* was the first item in the programme, Mr. Irving of course playing

the conscience-stricken schoolmaster, and Miss Ellen Terry once more acting Ruth Meadows. After *Eugene Aram*, Mr. Herbert Reeves sang "Com è Gentil," and gave, as an encore, "The Jolly Young Waterman." Mr. J. L. Toole, who had travelled specially from the continent in order to be present on this night, gave his laughable sketch, *Trying a Magistrate*; and Mr. Sims Reeves sang with wonderful power and effect "The Death of Nelson," and "Then You'll Remember Me." The curtain was then raised on Mrs. Cowley's comedy, *The Belle's Stratagem*, Miss



MR. HENRY IRVING.
(*The Bells.*)

Terry acting Letitia Hardy with all her old grace and charm, and Mr. Irving appearing as Doricourt. The piece was compressed, for this occasion, into two acts. The curtain had hardly fallen upon the comedy ere the audience, animated as if by one feeling, gave vent to their excitement in loud shouts for "Irving." Wreaths and bouquets were showered in immense numbers upon the stage, and the tableau curtains divided showing Mr. Irving in his costume of Dori-court, without the wig, very pale, and evidently much moved

with sorrow at parting from his friends. Almost the entire audience rose to their feet, and cheered the favourite actor who was about to leave them for so long. No such spectacle has been witnessed in a theatre by the present generation of play-goers. At last, when the cheers had subsided and the excitement had momentarily stopped, Mr. Irving advanced and gave, with much emotion, a brief farewell speech, in which he alluded to his forthcoming American tour. His first visit to the United States (1883-84) proved, as other records show, brilliantly successful, and the first portion of his second tour of the American continent (1884-85) has resulted in even a greater triumph than that accorded to him on his first visit. It is but just to add that Mr. Irving's success in America, as elsewhere, has been considerably aided by the indescribable charm of the acting of Miss Ellen Terry.*

VII.

AUGUST.

Freedom.

As usual, the only important dramatic event of this month was the Drury Lane melodrama. This was acted for the first time on the 4th, under the title of *Freedom*, being written by Messrs. G. F. Rowe and Augustus Harris. The play had nothing to recommend it save the opportunity it afforded for elaborate scenic display. Its construction and characterization are of a hackneyed description, while the dialogue is poor and often vulgar. But these productions are generally regarded more as panoramas than plays, and as such are acceptable to a certain class of theatre-goers. The opening scene of the piece was highly interesting and picturesque, the stage being alive with a well-ordered crowd, representing with remarkable fidelity the strange figures and contrasts to be seen in the bazaar of an Egyptian city. Araf Bey, a prominent character, obviously intended to resemble a well-known personage, is in love with Constance Loring, for whom he proposes to her father, a banker. He is refused, and learns that Constance is about to marry Ernest Gascoigne, commander of H.M.S. *Arrow*. now on her way to Egypt. Gascoigne shortly arrives, bearing

* For complete and reliable accounts of Mr. Irving's present tour in America my readers may be referred to the articles which have appeared each week in *The Stage*, and, month by month, in *The Theatre*.

prisoner a slave trader, Sadyk, who is really in the pay of, and secretly trading for, Araf, together with a cargo of slaves. Araf causes Sadyk to be set free, and is about to take possession of the slaves, when Gascoigne, with bombastic speeches, orders his men to resist, and the act closes on the tableau of a handful of English sailors successfully defying a number of Egyptians. The second act opens with a front scene, wherein a plot of Araf to seize Constance is arranged. Scene two represents the English Consulate. A ballet was here introduced which, though improbable and irrelevant, was artistically dressed, well danced, and generally effective. Gascoigne is about to be married to Constance, but the wedding is interrupted by a rising of the Egyptians against the English. During the skirmish, which has been instigated by Araf, Constance is abducted and her father shot. The Egyptians battering in the gates of the Consulate are opposed and slaughtered in great number by the before-mentioned handful of sailors. In the second scene Constance is discovered in Araf's palace; she is visited by Suleima, a woman of passionate jealousy and wife to Araf. Suleima charges Constance to undo the fatal spells she has wound round Araf's heart; but, finding that her presence in the palace is against her will and due to the villainy of Araf, promises to aid her escape. Araf enters, forces Suleima to go, makes advances to Constance, is repulsed by, and threatens her. At this moment Gascoigne opportunely enters from a window, but his advent is of no practical result, for after he has defied Araf—by the way, Gascoigne is made to be in a chronic state of defiance throughout the play—he is seized, bound, and left alone. The prospects of Constance and Gascoigne seem black indeed, when Suleima sets them both free by a passage leading down to the Nile. They have barely made their exit when Araf returns, discovers their escape, and seeks to wrest the key of the door by which they have gone from Suleima, who, however, succeeds in flinging it through the window. Mad with jealousy, she stabs Araf dead, and then falls in an agony of remorse upon his body. The scene is then changed to the exterior of the palace on the rocks by which flows the Nile. Constance and Gascoigne are seen clambering down the rocks pursued by the minions of Araf, aided by the slave trader, Sadyk. Gascoigne is captured, but Constance, aided by friends, escapes by plunging into the water, and swimming away. In the succeeding and last act, the encampment in the desert of slaves, under the

command of Sadyk, is shown. Here we find the unfortunate Gascoigne, who is being tortured to the verge of insanity by Sadyk. He cries for water, the slaves are forbidden to give him any, but a child disobeys the order. Gascoigne, being considerably refreshed by the draught the child brings him, jumps up and, with characteristic injudiciousness, defies Sadyk, who is about to reward his temerity by killing him and the child too, when H.M.S. *Arrow* steams up alongside. Sadyk is seized by man-of-war's men, and all ends happily. There is an old-fashioned underplot carried on by Lady Betty Piper, a vulgar and impossible old woman, her daughter Amaranthe, with whom Andrew Jackson Slingsby—a typical stage Yankee—is in love, and their servant, a typical stage Dutchman. Mr. Harris's rendering of Gascoigne was throughout highly energetic and declamatory, finding, as usual, great favour with his audience. In the last act, where, ragged, cadaverous, and worn out by cruelty, he grovels and gasps for water, he played with artistic power and skill, marred only by the sudden and impossible change from the last stage of exhaustion to vigour and defiance referred to above. Mr. Harris was made up after the manner of Lord Charles Beresford. Araf Bey was acted by Mr. Fernandez with the utmost finish; while preserving an appearance of urbanity almost to gentleness, he succeeded in making evident the requisite cruelty and ferocity of the part. Mr. Henry George made up and played the slaver, Sadyk, admirably. The character of the Yankee Slingsby is very sketchy, and it gained no life from Mr. Rowe's rendering, which was without individuality or decision. Mr. Harry Jackson was very funny as the Dutch servant. Hassan, the Sheik of the Eunuchs, was played by Mr. H. Nicholls with no particular characteristic but a Whitechapel dialect. Miss Sophie Eyre, as Suleima, displayed remarkable talent and power. Miss Bromley, as Constance, succeeded in playing with the grace and refinement of a lady and the force of a melodramatic heroine, no very easy task to accomplish. Miss Victor's rendering of Lady Betty was very clever, but rather pronounced. Miss Fanny Enson was a pretty and pleasing Amaranthe. Miss Lydia Foote, as a slave mother whose child is stolen from her, had little opportunity for the display of her powers.

VIII.

SEPTEMBER.

Miss Mary Anderson appears at the Lyceum in *Ingomar*.—*The Glass of Fashion*.—*The Millionaire*.

The following account of Miss Anderson's first appearance in this country (Lyceum Theatre, September 1, 1883) appeared in *The Theatre* :—"The play in which Miss Mary Anderson has

chosen to make her first appearance in England is one with regard to which opinions will be many and varied. *Ingomar* has been pronounced as not only uninteresting in detail but wearisome in sentiment—for the age in which we live is so supremely matter-of-fact and practical that we appear to have neither the time nor inclination to permit our minds to wander back to the olden days of courtliness and chivalry. But if the love which is gentle yet courageous on the side of the woman—strong yet tender on that of the man—is to be imitated and admired, then must the loves of Parthenia and Ingomar be regarded as



MISS MARY ANDERSON.
(*Ingomar*.)

something more than a beautiful but bygone romance. The character of the Greek maiden is both firmly and decisively drawn. Impulsive in her love as in her hate, she possesses the power of arresting our sympathies and admiration from the moment when, leaning against her mother's knee, she strives to penetrate into the mysteries of love, to that in which she is closely enfolded in her lover's arms. The question inevitably arises—Does Miss Anderson succeed in delineating the Parthenia we see in our mind's eye? Is the art of the

actress lost sight of in the part she essays to portray? The answer in regard to the main point may be given without delay. Miss Anderson, as she first appears before us, with fillet-bound head and clinging robes, is a fair type of a classic maid. Her movements are lithe, and at times extremely graceful, notably in the third act, when Ingomar rescues her from the violence of her captors and bears her away in his arms. Her voice is often peculiarly sweet, but ever and anon there comes a something in its expression that jars upon us—a false ring, which seems to increase even as the dramatic situations grow and intensify by numerous and fast-coming troubles. Thus it is, when in the first act Parthenia supplicates on bended knee for the release of her aged father, her voice touches no answering chord in our hearts; the piteous entreaty of her words fails somehow to move us, and so an impression of insincerity is created, which continues throughout the entire play. However finished, in a certain sense, the art of the actress may be, it cannot be said to be concealed from us for a single instant, not even in that most exquisite scene with Ingomar in the second act, when, seated at the foot of a shady tree, half forgetting her sorrowful captivity in the childish pleasure of weaving a garland from the many-coloured flowers which strew her lap, Parthenia suddenly becomes aware that the eyes of her Master are fixed upon her with a strangely earnest glance, as the request comes from his lips to hear what love is. A little song of the bygone days comes to her remembrance, and she softly sings to him how ‘love is as two souls that have one single thought—two hearts that beat as one.’ The words bring back to her the dreams and longings of her girlhood—and she is only aroused by the impatient wish of Ingomar to hear something more of this love, which to him seems so strange and wonderful. Imperfectly as we have described this scene, we think it must be acknowledged that its simple charm and beauty may be absolutely ruined and dispelled by self-consciousness on the part of the actress, or by that seeking after effect—which is as unnatural as it is useless—when the heart does not live in the words which the lips utter. This is a truth which neither reasoning nor power of persuasion can withstand. Personal beauty is a matter of individual taste—a part may be conceived in a thousand different ways; it matters little as to whether they coincide with our opinions, so long as we see that the mind and soul of the actor and actress are in their work. This does not appear to be the case with

Miss Anderson. Perfect she may be both in gesture and elocution, but she undoubtedly lacks that inexplicable impulsiveness which is the life and being of all true acting. Mr. Barnes, as Ingomar, plays throughout with earnest determination, though the contrast between his barbarous and civilised state of existence lacks the requisite force and power, owing to the over-refinement with which he primarily invests the savage chieftain. The remaining parts are acceptably performed—but, before closing, we must not forget to mention the pathetic song, entitled ‘Charity,’ so charmingly sung by Master Sargood. The curtain rises whilst the boy is singing, but long after it has fallen and the play is over does the sweet plaintive air linger in our memory.” It may be interesting to note that *Ingomar*—the version by Maria Lovell, wife of the author of *The Wife’s Secret*, of *Der Sohn der Wildness*, by Baron von Münch-Bellinghausen—was the first real literary and dramatic success made by Mr. James Anderson during his ill-fated management of Drury Lane Theatre in the seasons of 1850 and 1851. Mr. James Anderson created Ingomar, and his Parthenia was Miss Vandenhoff. The critics of that time were very severe with Mr. Anderson for not producing new and original literary work at the “National Theatre,” and almost quarrelled with him for reviving Shakespeare, Sheridan Knowles, Bulwer-Lytton and Schiller. This was not the only work of the Baron Bellinghausen, who wrote under the name of Friedrich Halm. He translated Shakespeare’s *Cymbeline* into German, and was the author of several successful dramatic works. One of the most popular translations of *The Son of the Wilderness* is by William Henry Charlton, and this earned the hearty approval of the author.

The Glass of Fashion, a strong and sterling comedy, was first acted at the Grand Theatre, Glasgow, on March 26 of this year. It was then announced as the work of Messrs. George R. Sims and Sydney Grundy. But on its production at the Globe, on September 8, for reasons upon which it is unnecessary to enter, the name of Mr. Sydney Grundy alone appeared upon the bills. It attacked with biting satire two prevailing abuses—the passion for gambling in some circles of “high life,” and the mingled sycophancy and scandalmongering of the lower class of so-called “society journals.” In the first act Colonel Trevanion returns from active service, in which he has greatly distinguished himself, to find his wife, Nina, plunged in the vortex of society, and (though he does not know it) greatly

embarrassed by a large debt contracted at the gaming-table. He finds himself spoken of in *The Glass of Fashion* as "the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Trevanion," and learns that his wife has promised to sit to a Polish artist, Prince Borowski, for her portrait, to be published in the same journal. Its editor, Mr. Jenkins, pays a visit to Mr. John Macadam, the guardian of Mrs. Trevanion and her sister Peg O'Reilly, at whose house the first act passes. Mr. Macadam, a wealthy brewer, is to figure among the celebrities "at home" in the *Glass*; and in the course of his interview with him, Jenkins persuades him (unknown to all his friends, and even to his wife) to become the proprietor of the paper, and so "have society at his feet." Colonel Trevanion, as the act closes, refuses to allow his wife's portrait to appear in the *Glass*, and treats Borowski, whose ill-repute is already known to him, with marked coldness. The second act passes at Colonel Trevanion's house. Nina confesses to her husband that she is in need of money, and names the amount (£500), without confessing the source of her embarrassment. Trevanion says that he cannot possibly raise such a sum, upon which Nina demands to know what has become of her own fortune, which she has left entirely in his hands. Trevanion's inability to answer the question arouses suspicions in her mind, and when Borowski (who has evil designs upon her, and who is in reality her importunate creditor) appears with hypocritical expressions of sympathy and offers of aid, she is only too inclined to listen to him. The scene of the third act is Borowski's studio. Hither he has enticed Nina on the plea of proceeding with her portrait, but determined to compromise her by every means in his power. She learns too late the true nature of his friendship; but his designs are ultimately foiled by the coolness and presence of mind of her sister, Peg O'Reilly, and the act closes with an ingeniously constructed scene (compared, without much reason, to the screen scene in *The School for Scandal*), in which it is made to appear as if the scandalous paragraphs in the *Glass* as to a certain lady's visit to Borowski's studio referred in reality to the wife of Macadam, the new proprietor of that organ. We return in the fourth act to Trevanion's house, to learn the reason of his embarrassment when Nina questioned him as to her fortune. The fact is that she has no right to any fortune at all, her father and mother having been unmarried at the date of her birth, so that Peggy, the younger daughter, is the legitimate heiress. This Trevanion communicates to Peggy in a most delicately-written scene; but for the

rest, the *dénouement* is brought about in a rather clumsy and ineffective fashion. Suffice it to say that Borowski is proved to be a blackleg and impostor, Nina's suspicions of Trevanian give place to gratitude for his disinterested love; and Macadam, threatened with libel-suits by every one (including his own wife), and finding that he is more likely to have the treadmill than society "at his feet," washes his hands of *The Glass of Fashion* and all that concerns it. Miss Lingard made an admirable Nina, and Mr. Lethbridge, as Colonel Trevanian, was manly and avoided priggishness. Mr. Beerbohm-Tree's make-up and acting in the part of Prince Borowski were alike remarkable; and Mr. J. L. Shine made his first real hit on the London stage as John Macadam, a part which he played with genuine humour, yet without exaggeration. Miss Lottie Venne was a naïve and charming Peg O'Reilly; and Miss Carlotta Leclercq as Lady Coombe (Mr. Macadam's wife) contributed greatly to the success of the comedy, which had a run of more than a hundred nights. It is noteworthy that the last criticism written by the late Dutton Cook was a somewhat severe notice of this play.

The Millionaire, a play in four acts, founded by Mr. G. W. Godfrey on Mr. Edmund Yates's novel, "Kissing the Rod," was produced at the Court Theatre on the 27th of this month. It has not yet been placed on record how far Mr. Yates assisted Mr. Godfrey, or, indeed, how far he was even asked to assist him. The law, as most people know, on the question of copyright is in a very curious state. Any dramatist may go to a novel and steal its contents if he be so disposed. The novelist has no remedy at law. Mr. Godfrey was not likely to have done any such thing, but still there are few traces of active and intelligent collaboration in *The Millionaire*. Mr. Godfrey has not used Mr. Yates's plot as effectively as it might have been used; he has rather made the plot as a peg on which to hang his ready, but occasionally coarse, and suggestive witticisms. The Millionaire is a middle-aged bachelor, one Robert Streightly, who is grinding away his present existence as a bill-broker in Bullion Court, in the City. He is sad at heart, and has many visitors. First, Yeldham, a sincere and disinterested friend; next, Gordon Frere, the typical modern sensualist, a youth with the craft of an "artful dodger" and the plausibility of the man of fashion, who is as impudent as he is immoral; lastly, Miss Katharine Guyon, a young lady who comes to consult Streightly about an unpaid bill of her father's,

behaves in a thoroughly insolent fashion, and is beloved accordingly by the susceptible bill-broker. For Miss Katharine Guyon, the heroine of the romance, it is impossible to feel any sympathy whatever. She is a thoroughly unloveable young person. She bestows her affections on a rowdy young scamp, gambler, and incipient knave, because, forsooth, he dances well and is clean-looking ; she heartily despises her father, as well she may, as he has the vices of an Eccles and a Costigan, veneered over with a sham society polish ; and she cannot enter a bill-broker's office in the City without acting like a female snob. This is the woman that Robert Streightly loves at first sight. Well may Hester Gould, a poor dependant, who secretly loves the bill-brokering Robert, tremble for the consequences. The consequences are diplomatically arranged by "the padded man who wears the stays"—old Guyon, and by Lady Hen-marsh, a friend of the family. Gordon Frere, the plaster idol of Katharine's dreams, is smuggled out of the way, her ardent love-letter is artfully concealed, not without the contrivance of the melancholy millionaire, and Katharine is induced to believe that her lover is false, and her bill-broker is true. They marry, and they are very nearly being happy ever afterwards. They bill and coo, and give one another kisses and bracelets, when the jealous Hester Gould, who has also become a spinster millionaire, discovers the secreted letter, and determines to break the heart of the married Katharine. She does really fiendish things, this Hester Gould, all for the love of the red-eyed and often weeping Robert Streightly. She first helps to ruin the poor wretch, by recalling some money she has lent to him, and next, she gives his wife the letter that her husband has concealed years ago. This is too much for Katharine. She forgets the kisses and the bracelets, curses her apostate love, and rushes away into space. Without one moment's hesitation she leaves her husband, as if he had been a dog, because he concealed the fact that a selfish young scoundrel wanted to marry her years ago, an implied compliment of which many women would be proud. Crash follows on crash. The domestic peace of the millionaire is broken, and he is a ruined man in addition ; but, when on the point of death in some Hampstead lodgings, his wife finds him out, leaves the convent where she has been hiding, and proposes to behave better for the future. The novel ends with the death of the ex-millionaire in his wife's arms ; the play naturally concludes with some idea of ultimate comfort. But when all is said and done, the only woman in the

cast with whom we can sympathise is Hester Gould. She is a flesh and blood woman. She hates well and loves well, and she is worth a dozen of the Katharine Guyons and Lady Henmarshes in this artificial society. The means she may employ are shifty, but the end is good. The woman has a heart, and she shows it. By a lucky chance, the character was admirably acted by Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree, who amply vindicated the fame of her reputation as an amateur actress—Miss Helen Maude. Hester Gould is a female Iago, and the part was played with deep subtlety and resource. There is one scene, in which Hester gives her friend a Judas kiss when preparing to hand her over to the executioner despair, which is a masterpiece in its way. Mdlle. Bartet, when she played Zicka in Sardou's *Dora (Diplomacy)*, did nothing better than this. In attitude, in expression, and in design, Mrs. Tree did not present us with a shadowy outline, but with a character. Mr. John Clayton was over-lachrymose and morbid, as the deceived, but loving husband. He has had a surfeit of modern Othellos, and he should shake himself free from them. He is always having his heart wrung by a wicked woman, now as a portly rector, and now as a fat financier. Let him take up some other character, and leave maudlin sentiment alone: it is getting wearisome. Nor could Miss Marion Terry do very much more as Kate Guyon than cling, and writhe, and wear lovely gowns. She is an unsympathetic heroine, because she is worldly, illogical, and cruel. She loves a semi-swindler, she marries a love-sick bore, and she runs away like a spoiled child when she discovers a secret that has been suppressed, but has not done her very much harm after all. The sentiment of this play is tedious and insufficient. The comedy, though coarse, is more successful. Old Guyon is an unscrupulous rascal, but he is amusing. Like Costigan and Eccles his humour covers a multitude of sins. Mr. Arthur Cecil gave us Sir Harcourt Courtley in still another dress, the same lisp, the same jauntiness, the same affectation. It was just the same old painted buck and beau that he has given us a score of times, and he always amuses his audience. Mrs. John Wood played Lady Henmarsh, alias Mrs. John Wood, to perfection. There is no actress on the stage more popular or half so amusing. She has only to open her mouth in order to get a roar of laughter. And there are other comic, or rather rude characters in the play. Miss H. Lindley represented a lady of fashion, who tells Lady Henmarsh (Mrs. Wood) that her husband never saw anyone so natural as Lady Henmarsh serving out beer

behind a counter at a fancy fair. Whereupon Lady Henmarsh retorts that her husband ought to know. All this is so very rude and so vastly amusing, is it not? The audience thought so, and that is the great point. Mr. Mackintosh was ill suited in a character part—a Jew solicitor, nervously sketched. He was loud, shifty, and unsettled in the part, and made very little out of it. Mr. Gilbert Trent was useful in a subordinate character, and, of course, at this theatre the play was mounted with discretion and good taste. The music by M. Carl Armbrüster is one of the most pleasant features of a long evening at the Court in stalls out of which it is impossible to move when wedged into the centre. Not, indeed, that the Court stalls are worse than other stalls; they are not nearly so bad as those at the Lyceum. All theatrical stalls want reforming.

IX.

OCTOBER.

La Vie.—*In the Ranks*.—*Ariel*.—*A Sailor and his Lass*.—*Young Folks' Ways*.—
The Lady of Lyons at the Lyceum.—*Falka*.

The first theatrical event in October was the production, at the Avenue Theatre, on the 3rd of the month, of *La Vie*, an operatic burlesque in three acts, adapted by Mr. H. B. Farnie from the libretto of MM. Meilhac and Halévy, with music by Offenbach. The piece was originally acted at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, on the 17th of the previous month. In adapting *La Vie Parisienne* for the English stage, Mr. Farnie took very considerable liberties with the charge confided to him, but fault cannot be found with him for altering the plot, which was, of course, a primary necessity, the motive of the French original turning on a subject which in England we are content to leave to the divorce court. This element has been entirely eliminated, and the whole action of the play is transferred bodily to London. Urbain, the guide of the Grand Hotel, is in the present version converted into Joe Tarradiddle, tout to the Griffin Hotel, who is awaiting at Charing-cross Station the arrival of an Austrian baron and his daughter Christine—the Swedish baron and his wife of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's version. The Hon. Tom Splinterbarre is also waiting at the station, for what purpose is not too clear; and there is likewise one Lord Silverspoone. The Hon. Tom confesses that he is in love, *pour le bon motif*, with Christine, whom he rescued from the tusks of a boar while

hunting near Vienna, but has not seen since. The baron and his daughter duly arrive, the Hon. Tom changes clothes with the hotel tout, and conducts the new arrivals to his own chambers, under the pretence of taking them to the "Griffin" Hotel. The first act terminates with the departure of the false tout and his charges, and the second shows them duly installed in his chambers, under the illusion that they are staying at the Griffin Hotel. This act follows the original with tolerable fidelity, dilemma upon dilemma being woven around the Hon. Tom, who is only saved from dire disaster by his friend Lord Silverspoone, who comes to the rescue when the baron insists upon being introduced into fashionable English society, and by way of a beginning desires to be taken to a ball at the Home Office. Briefly, the misguided Austrian and his charming daughter are introduced at the Hon. Tom's chambers to a number of fictitious personages of high degree, who are impersonated by the servants, before they are taken to the mansion belonging to Lady Catherine Wynerne, who is an old school-fellow of Christine's. The naturalness of the incident speaks for itself. A mock ball and diplomatic reception are given at Lady Catherine's house during her absence, at which the baron is fooled to the top of his bent, the servants of the combined establishments impersonating the various distinguished guests who are present at the two gatherings. These festivities were taken advantage of to utilise the talent for mimicry of Mr. Herbert Standing, who gave some excellent imitations. The fun during the third act is really very continuous, while the stage arrangements are excellent. The unexpected appearance upon the scene of the lady of the house puts an end to the merriment, and also serves the purpose of clearing up certain doubts which had existed between the lovers, while it opens the eyes of the baron as to the nature of the company in which he finds himself. Explanations naturally follow, and Christine finds that the Hon. Tom Splinterbarre was her deliverer from the tusks of the Austrian boar, and she is thus spared the humiliating disillusion of believing that the man who rescued her, and whom, with more or less probability, she has hitherto taken to be Joe Tarradiddle, is not by any means what her youthful fancy had painted. The burden of the piece rested upon the shoulders of Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Herbert Standing, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mdlle. Camille D'Arville, and Miss La Rue. How much drollery Mr. Brough managed to introduce into the part of the Austrian baron, who is continually noting

in a pocket-book the odd things he meets with in London, need hardly be said. Mr. Standing sang several good songs, and acted throughout with unflagging spirit. Mr. Roberts's style is somewhat broader than that of most burlesque actors, but there was real humour in his impersonation of the hotel tout transformed for a time into the Hon. Tom Splinterbarre. Mdlle. Camille D'Arville managed her voice with much dexterity, and looked very charming in her handsome dresses.

In the Ranks, a new and original drama, in five acts, by Messrs. George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt, produced at the Adelphi on the 6th of this month, enjoyed a run of nearly five hundred consecutive nights on the Adelphi stage, a fact which sufficiently attests its great hold on the populace. It would not be difficult to determine which portion of this effective, concise, and clever play belongs to Mr. Sims and which to Mr. Pettitt. The dialogue bristles with the epigram of the one, and the construction tells of the readiness of the other. It would appear as if Mr. Sims were opening out a new era in melodrama, and giving to it a power of rapid and close characterisation that is invaluable when a serious tale has to be enlightened by touches and sparkles of comedy. This same comedy is often done with a dull and heavy hand, but Mr. Sims, with a touch of his pen, is able to create a flesh and blood creature extremely interesting to his audience. But the best thing he is doing is to use all his influence against that bane of all art, a one-part piece monopolised wholly and solely by an individual. The actor or actress only thinks that play a good one in which their own part is very prominent, and the rest are nowhere. They do not understand balance or harmony. Mr. Sims, however, is the best friend of the subordinate artist, who is enabled to come into prominence, though the time he occupies on the stage may be a very few moments indeed. In this Mr. Sims is unlike any other modern dramatist but Sardou. If my readers can recall that excellent melodrama by Sardou called *Patrie*, they will remember the power of the smaller parts, such as the old woman who is examined by the Duke of Alva's soldiery for betraying and burning the soldiery entrusted to her care, and the bell-ringer Jonas, who, sooner than desert his cause, gives a wrong signal on the tocsin, and meets with death as his reward. Mr. Sims also sees the value of small touches of individual character, and he has been even happier with them here than in the *Lights o' London* or the morbid *Romany Rye*. The consequence is that he never fatigues his audience, and that his plays are nicely chequered

with light and shade. It was whispered before *In the Ranks* was produced that those engaged in it did not like the play at all. This was the best possible sign, for it showed that the parts were evenly balanced and nicely distributed. The skill of Mr. Sims in assorting his dialogue has been so great that no one has appeared to notice that Mr. Pettitt has here reproduced very much the same plot that he used in *Taken from Life*, and the similarity is heightened by the fact that Mr. Warner and Mr. Beveridge are placed in the same relative positions one towards the other. The play opens at Dingley Farm, a charming rural retreat, where Mr. Herrick lives with his two charming daughters, Ruth and Barbara. For Ruth's hand there are two claimants, Ned Drayton, the virtuous hero, and Gideon Blake, the vicious villain. Ned is a mystery. No one knows much about him, his birth, or parentage, and he knows still less himself until he is enlightened by Colonel Wynter, his testy old guardian. Ned, who is on the eve of his marriage with Ruth, the farmer's daughter, is informed by the colonel that he is the son of a convict, who has been adopted by the old soldier out of love for Ned's dead mother. But the colonel's interest in the lad instantly vanishes when he hears that his *protégé* intends to make a love marriage. He then and there cuts him off with the traditional shilling, and goes off arm in arm with his rival, Gideon Blake. An accident puts Ned into Blake's power. A companion convict returns from Australia and persuades the harassed Ned that he is Ned's father, instead of Ned's father's friend. They agree to meet at night in Dingley Wood, which, as ill luck will have it, is to be the scene of a poaching fray. Colonel Wynter, who comes through the wood at night, is shot by the convict, and the blame is shuffled on to the shoulders of Ned, who is perfectly innocent of the crime. But, innocent or not, the influence of his enemy, Gideon Blake, is enough to get him sent to gaol and convicted of a minor charge in connection with the poaching, and the brutal Blake actually has the poor fellow arrested when coming out of the church with the newly-made bride upon his arm. Ned goes to prison, and his wife waits for his release. When he has worked out his sentence he, certainly somewhat selfishly, enlists as a soldier, and is once more parted from the woman he loves. The drama now is instinct with action and excitement. Gideon Blake still pursues his inveterate enemy, ruins his reputation in the regiment, tempts him into gross acts of insubordination and violence, hocuses his wife, and goes even beyond the tether of melodramatic license, when,

luckily for every one concerned, Colonel Wynter turns up, not dead at all, but just the witness required to confound Blake, and to restore the wretched Ned to the arms of his long-suffering wife. "Mr. Charles Warner," it was written of the first performance of this drama, "is the modern typical hero of Adelphi romance. He is long-suffering, virtuous, and muscular. For some time past he has been apt to over-accentuate his sorrows, and his excess has become tedious; but he has profited by good advice, and plays better as the leading spirit of this play than he has done for some time. His comedy in the opening scenes is fresh and excellent, but Mr. Warner's great value is in the earnestness and determination with which he seems to carry the play on his shoulders to success. He works well, and he sets a good example on the stage. Mr. John Ryder is, of course, Colonel Wynter, and he has seldom acted so well or with so much vigour. His nervous strength is remarkable for so old a man, and he woke up the play whenever he appeared on the scene. Miss Isabel Bateman is certainly a great acquisition to the Adelphi stage. Though young she has had plenty of experience, and the result of it is here shown. All that she does is true; she is always in earnest. She keeps her superabundant emotion well in hand, and when she is required to act she does it with a will. There is one scene demanding vigour and power from the actress. Ruth is supposed to have been drugged, and is endeavouring to recover from the stupor in order to save her husband's life. The acting here is in the first class of melodramatic art. The young lady strains every nerve, but is never excessive. She has the whole thing well in hand, and she secured the good-will and enthusiasm of good judges of art. Nervous effort and physical prostration were well contrasted, and Miss Isabel Bateman held her audience. Mr. J. D. Beveridge seems destined to play villains of the same type. He enjoys the sport, and sardonically grins when his vigour has secured for him the execration of an audience. But the play will be best remembered by the comic interest supplied by Mr. E. W. Garden and Mrs. Leigh. Mr. Garden comes to the front rank of comic artists by the performance of Joe Buzzard, a 'cute rustic with a faithful heart, who sticks to Ned in and out of the ranks. It is an able bit of comedy as it came from Mr. Sims, and it loses nothing in the hands of Mr. Garden, who is that rare thing, a low comedian who is an artist. He gets his laughs legitimately, and does not depend upon catch words or 'wheezes.' Joe Buzzard is indeed a personation, and Mr.

Garden made the best hit in the play. Minor characters fell to Mr. W. Herbert, a smart, gentlemanly-looking young officer; to Mr. Shore, the old farmer; and to pretty Miss Mary Rorke, the sister of unhappy Ruth Herrick. The scenery by Mr. Walter Hann, Mr. Thomas W. Hall, and Mr. Bruce Smith, is very remarkable, and considerably assisted the success. It is beautiful in design, and wonderfully constructed so as to roll or fold up when necessary, and never to delay the play. A new departure has been found in scenery, and it is certain that the scenic artists deserve much of the credit of the success of *In the Ranks.*"

Ariel is the title of a "new burlesque fairy drama," in three acts, written by Mr. F. C. Burnand, and presented at the Gaiety on the 8th of this month. The following notice of the burlesque appeared at the time:—"It must be a thankless and unprofitable task to write burlesques, or fairy dramas, or extravaganzas, or whatever they may be called, for the edification of the idiotic young gentlemen who crowd to the Gaiety stalls in order to adore Miss E. Farren and simper over the innocence of Miss Connie Gilchrist. Mr. Burnand, when he writes for his own audience, is full of fun; he is as jolly and ready an author as can be found; but the 'masher' does not want the strength of Mr. Burnand's comic fist, he merely wants to be gently tapped on the cheek and to be kept awake. *Ariel* is as tasteless as a mild cigarette; it is about as insipid as a lemon squash. It is as pale as the faces of the frequenters of the Gaiety stalls; it is as white as their immaculate shirt-collars. It drags and draws its slow length along, is sometimes pretty and often dull, and it is applauded to the echo because Miss Farren wears three jets of electric light in her hair, and when the entertainment is getting insufferably wearisome she jumps upon a pedestal and stands against a background of electric-lighted pinion or angel's wing. We have all seen the design on certain metal paper-cutters, an angel standing on a ball or globe with stiff uplifted wings. Turn this into a favourite actress with plenty of electric light, and you have a pretty effect, but for the 'mashers' to split their half-crown gloves over so ordinary a theatrical *coup*, and to argue from it that they had seen the very best thing ever presented to the public, strikes the disinterested spectator with surprise. This last-named individual may, therefore, be permitted to register his opinion in opposition to the roaring and screaming of the young gentlemen who, like babies, are content so long as the idolised Miss Farren turns herself into a *tableau*.

vivant. First of all, he finds the Gaiety company terribly deprived of its best strength. Mr. Edward Terry, a very host in himself, is permitted to be absent from the scene when he is the one essential. The Gaiety cannot afford to dispense with the only strong comic actor on its staff. Without Mr. Terry a Gaiety burlesque lacks the salt to season it. Mr. Royce is, of course, still on the sick list, and the graceful lady who de-vulgarised the scene whenever she was on it (we allude, of course, to Miss Kate Vaughan) has been driven away to fresh fields and pastures new. This being the case, the whole weight of the Gaiety entertainment is thrown upon Miss Farren, who has played at this theatre without cessation since its opening fifteen or sixteen years ago, and was on the boards some time before that. Now Miss Farren, with all her agility, good-nature, and cleverness, cannot do impossibilities ; she wants assistance, and should not be permitted to dispense with it. One-part dramas are bad enough, but one-part burlesques are unendurable, particularly when the art of the actress is fatigued by constantly appearing in the same guise. Were it not for the name borrowed from Shakespeare's *Tempest*, no one would have known that there was any connection between the burlesque and the poet's enchanting creation. There was certainly nothing even distantly Shakespearian in Miss Farren. She was herself, and nothing more—the same Nelly Farren that she has been times out of number, with scanty clothing, *décolleté* dresses, and a big hat ; she might have been Aladdin as much as Ariel. She sang her songs as cleverly as ever, without any voice ; she danced, and skipped, and tripped, and was Nelly Farrenish ; but it may be doubted if her talent unsupported is enough to make the success of a burlesque, notwithstanding the picturesque scenes in which she appears, and the electric light that invariably accompanies her. Mr. John Dallas appears as Alonzo, who is supposed to be followed by perpetual ill-luck, a circumstance scarcely recorded in Shakespeare. This gentleman, like so many others, is provided with a song far too long in point of words, but with an occasional gleam of humour here and there. Miss Phyllis Broughton is the Ferdinand, an æsthetic youth, and consequently a very silly one ; but Miss Broughton is more at home when she is dancing than when she is talking. Her Miranda is Miss C. Gilchrist, gorgeously attired, but her skirts and stockings and crinolette are in this instance more pronounced than her intellectuality. But she is a very strong favourite at the Gaiety for all that, and it may be doubted if

Mrs. Siddons or Rachel ever received more applause. Where the burlesque wants strengthening in humour is the Prospero, who, in Mr. Terry's hands, would have been a very quaint figure. Mr. Monkhouse is humorous, but a trifle ponderous for the chief comic part. Mr. Elton is the Caliban, but no humour comes out of it at all. He dances admirably, but his comedy power is not very pronounced. Messrs. Squire, Henley, and Wyatt are usefully employed in minor characters, though scarcely a gleam of fun comes from any of them, whether they sing or speak; and, perhaps, talking of singing, the only bright feature in this singularly flat production was the bright, clear, and resonant voice of Miss Taylor, who sets her sister artists an excellent example when called upon to sing. Mr. Burnand's libretto has not been published, but his words did not make the audience particularly hilarious, nor is the music selected for the songs particularly happy, except when Herr Meyer Lütz composes a song, or the charming plantation melody of Mr. Brandon Thomas is a welcome change from music-hall ditties. The dresses, of course, are smart and effective, the scenery is unusually good for the Gaiety, and the shipwreck well arranged; but there is plenty of room for more introduced fun, as at present the success is made by the dressing of the stage and the electric light which is destined to perform a very important part in theatrical representation."

A Sailor and His Lass, a new drama in five acts, by Messrs. Robert Buchanan and Augustus Harris, was brought out at Drury Lane on the 15th. This is an effective, but not, on the whole, a skilful specimen of the play panoramic or ultra-sensational that is constructed altogether on faulty principles. A drama to be worth anything should be so designed as to allow its scenery and sensation to spring naturally and effectively out of the given story. Mr. Augustus Harris thinks otherwise, and is evidently firmly convinced that for Drury Lane all that is wanted is a story written up to given scenes and sensational effects. I am aware that this plan has succeeded before, in the teeth of critical opinion; but the faultiness of the system is clearly shown when Mr. Harris comes to work with a gentleman who may be a very good novelist, but has never yet shown any capability as a dramatic writer. Mr. Paul Meritt and Mr. Henry Pettitt were both trained under Mr. George Conquest, and know how to carpenter a play for the stage—they have studied dramatic construction as an art. Mr. Robert Buchanan knows little, or next to nothing, about the stage, and can only

be guided on such matters by Mr. Harris, who is himself comparatively young and inexperienced. *A Sailor and His Lass* looks to the critical spectator as if the two authors had hunted out every possible dramatic device, situation and sensation, and had determined to weld the fragments together with a curious amalgam. No matter how discordant were the component parts, the dramatists made up their minds to hammer them together. The result is not satisfactory. Dynamite explosions, drinking dens in Ratcliffe Highway, scuttling of ships, shipwrecks, stories of stowaways, rescues from watery graves, trials at the Old Bailey, condemned cells, and realistic executions do not go well together. They do not harmonize or commingle, and the audience leaves the theatre in anything but a peaceful or satisfied frame of mind. Time was when one sensation scene, as it was called, was sufficient for any play. *The Colleen Bawn* and *Arrah-na-Pogue* were beautiful works that did not wholly depend on the Water Cave scene or the Ivy Tower. They were good plays independent of sensation. So to a great degree is *The Silver King*. Sensation assists it, but does not make it. In this instance, Mr. Harris, in his endeavour to catch the vulgar applause, too directly jeopardised his chance of success. He out-Heroded Herod, and ran the risk of offending some of his staunchest patrons. The political and social dialogues were certainly not in the best taste, for, granted that we do not agree with political agitators of the Joseph Arch type, who set the agricultural labourers by the ears, they are vastly different from manufacturers of dynamite and black-hearted assassins. It is to be regretted also that public taste is so degraded as to relish for its amusement scenes so painful and revolting as are supposed to take place between the condemnation and execution of a criminal at Newgate. This is morbid stuff at the best, but as here presented it is earnestly to be reprehended. The hero of the play is one Harry Hastings, who, by his unassisted actions, burlesques melodrama. His deeds are too preposterous even for this exaggerated picture of life's romance. The lass of the sailor in question is Mary Morton, the daughter of a discontented old farmer, whose second daughter has been ruined by an unknown scoundrel. The scoundrel in question is Richard Kingston, who is the head of a league of dynamiters at war with society in general but very much satisfied with themselves. The sailor and the dynamite chief both love Mary Morton, but this fact is known alone to the girl. Suddenly the repentant Esther Morton comes down to the farm, but is spurned by her

father because she will not reveal the name of her seducer. The gallant Harry therefore interferes, and bears her away to London, in order to ship her off to a new country. When his back is turned, Kingston poisons old Morton's mind and makes him believe that the seducer of both his children is the young squire who is pestering him for rent. In a fit of drunkenness the old farmer stabs the young squire, and Kingston undertakes to say that Harry Hastings has committed the crime if only Mary Morton is given to him. This, as will be seen, is an improbable and ill-considered situation. There is no reason on earth why Harry should be accused of such a crime, and no probability that Mary will ever believe it if the accusation is made. The scene changes to London and we naturally suppose that some steps will be taken to bring Harry to justice. Nothing of the sort. The second act is occupied in getting Harry off to sea with his future sister-in-law, and with complicated arrangements for inducing a gang of dynamiters to ship as sailors in order to mutiny on Harry's vessel. When the ship has sailed with Harry, his adopted sister, her illegitimate baby, and the dynamite crew, for some extraordinary and unexplained reason a street in London is blown down by old Morton, the farmer, at the instigation of Kingston. No one can tell why or wherefore the explosion takes place, or can understand why Mary Morton is supposed to have perished in the explosion. A more mysterious and unnecessary sensation scene was never placed on the stage. In the third act the dynamiters turn to their work, mutiny, and would have scuttled the ship had it not been for a stowaway, whose life Harry had saved. As it is, the brig becomes a total wreck, and Harry, his sister and the baby, are only saved by a miracle from a watery grave. The whole act is one of excitement and not of interest. The ship is a hideous property, that excites ridicule rather than astonishment. The lighthouse is an old effect, and so is the imminent death on the wrecked spars. Change it into a raft, and it has been better done quite recently. When the shipwrecked Harry returns to win his beloved Mary, he finds to his astonishment that he is arrested on the charge of murder, committed before he sailed, and concerning which he could prove the most complete *alibi* ever heard in a court of law. But he is tried at the Old Bailey, condemned to death on perjured evidence, and given over to the hangman. We have the usual distressing details, the condemned cell, the intimation from the governor that the last moments have arrived, the parting interview, with its shrieks

and sobs, the arrival of the sheriffs, the procession to the scaffold with chaplain and pinioned man, the hoisting of the black flag, when, of course, at the last moment a reprieve arrives, owing to the tardy confession of old Morton that he, and not Harry, was the actual murderer. The evident plagiarism from *Black-Eyed Susan* is no improvement on the original, and it is needless to add that artists of greater strength and expression than Mr. Harris and Miss Harriet Jay are required to make these Newgate scenes effective. They broke down when they should have been strongest, and had it not been for the acting of Mr. Fernandez, when old Morton confesses, it would have gone hard with the play on the first night. Mr. Augustus Harris worked hard, and with gallant determination, but he overtaxed his strength, and overrated his experience as an actor, when he attempted the character of Harry Hastings. Mr. Fernandez had tiresome and uphill work until he came to the confession of the old dotard, when he aroused the audience to enthusiasm. This was the only bit of powerful acting that the evening's amusement afforded. Without it the drama would have been dramatically dull. But another actor helped to save the play with Mr. Fernandez. This was Mr. Harry Jackson, who played a quaint old cabman with true humour and evident relish. The audience at once took to Mr. Jackson's cabman, and he was the life and soul of the evening. He was the most popular character in the cast. Mr. Henry George played exceedingly well as the villain, with nice judgment and occasional power, and Mr. Harry Nichols took another comic character—a member of a secret society against his will—in his well-known style. He made a good contrast to the more racy humour of Mr. Jackson. Miss Sophie Eyre bore off the prize amongst the female characters by a picturesque and impressive performance of the repentant daughter, and Miss Harriet Jay, if she had had more experience, would probably have done well with the character of Mary Morton. Miss Clara Jecks was quite admirable as the little stowaway. Messrs. Grieve, Emden, and Perkins were chiefly concerned in the scenic department, but neither practically nor materially did the scenery come up to much that has been seen recently at Drury Lane and at other theatres.

On October 20, a new and original comedy in four acts, by Mrs. Burnett and Mr. W. H. Gillette, entitled *Young Folks' Ways*, was acted at the St. James's. It was originally performed in the United States as *Esmeralda*. "Why *Young Folks'*

"Ways?" remarked many of the audience in the theatre managed by Mr. Hare and Mr. Kendal, when the curtain fell on the first representation of a not very interesting work. *Old Folks' Ways* would have been a far more appropriate title for a play that deals far more with the querulousness of the old than with the impulsiveness and impetuosity of the young. Old Rogers and his shrewish companion occupy far more of the attention of the audience than the simple Esmeralda and the despondent Dave Hardy. There seems to be an uncanny fate attendant on the dramatisation of novels or stories for the stage. That which looks well and reads well in print has a different complexion behind the footlights, and much that is supposed to be dramatic is discovered to be uncommonly dull. The faults of Mrs. Burnett's dramatised story are so transparent and its defects so radical that one wonders they should altogether have escaped the notice of such intelligent judges of stage work as Mr. Hare and Mr. Kendal. It scarcely needed the eye of a connoisseur to see that the whole dramatic fabric broke down after the first act, and nothing but good acting could save a story so hopelessly mismanaged. The work in question is a disappointing play. It begins well, dawdles in the middle, and ends badly. Founded on a good idea, the story is arranged with so little skill that the audience droops under its influence, instead of being animated by its interest. Briefly told the tale is simply this:—A henpecked old settler is living on a bankrupt farm in North Carolina with his termagant wife and tender daughter, when an American speculative agent comes on the scene to buy up the place and make a profit on it, owing to a supposed discovery of valuable minerals under the soil. The old man is sorry to part with the place because he is attached to it: Esmeralda, the girl, loves her home because there she has found her young lover, Dave Hardy, to whom she is engaged; but Mrs. Rogers, or "mother," as she is called by her nervous husband, is sick at heart and discontented, and will exchange all sentiment for a life in Paris, and the prospect of a rich marriage for Esmeralda. So the property is sold at a very fair value, Dave Hardy is sent to the rightabout, the old man whimpers, the pretty girl weeps, and the Rogers family is transported bodily to Paris. In the gay city, Esmeralda attracts the attention of a cheery English family, the Desmonds, who learn that her mother is forcing her to marry against her will, and that her lover, Dave Hardy, is breaking his heart over the girl's inconstancy. Mainly through the instrumentality of the Desmonds,

the course of true love is made to run smooth again, and when it is found that Dave Hardy is a millionaire, and that the minerals have been discovered under his estate, the obstinacy of Mother Rogers is conquered, and there is no longer any reason to delay Esmeralda's marriage with the man of her choice. This thin and unsatisfactory story is padded out with comedy of a commonplace order, but, thanks to admirable acting, the radical weakness of the framework was, in a measure, concealed. The return of Mr. Hare to the stage was naturally a moment of great interest, and for the first half-hour it was thought that he had secured in old Rogers a character after his own heart. He introduced the old man admirably, with many delicate touches, all his artistic instinct, and an under-current of sly humour. But the character dies out of the story, and the actor cannot supply an interest that does not exist. When old Rogers has left North Carolina his individuality is lost. He is merely a simple-minded old man, pottering about fashionable balls and salons of Paris. The same misfortune attends the Mrs. Rogers, played by Mrs. Hermann Vezin with such admirable art in the opening scenes. Nothing could well have been better than the style in which Mrs. Vezin opened this play; it made one regret that such an actress is so seldom seen. But Mrs. Vezin could do nothing with the vulgar, ill-dressed woman, flaunting about Paris, and seeking a husband for her ungenial daughter. The play had been degraded from comedy to farce, and the tone of the opening was inconsistent with the scenes that followed it. Never was such disappointment felt as at the Rogerses of the last act, when contrasted with the fine and sensitive character-sketches of the commencement. In this dramatic dilemma Mr. and Mrs. Kendal came to the front, and, repeating the characters they so ably sustained in *Impulse*, delighted their audience once more with the flirtations of a bright cheery woman with a well-dressed and amusing man. The audience forgot the play and were prepared to be amused with the Kendals, who, like the Bancrofts, can fill up the dull moments of any play with their attractive personality. Mrs. Kendal and Mrs. Bancroft are popular in the highest sense of the word, because they are such charming companions. They talk to the audience, and the audience enjoys their society. To make matters worse for this play the young lovers were not so strong as they might have been. Miss Webster, the grandchild of Benjamin Webster of happy memory, has evident talent, but she is still a novice, and

under no circumstances should have been overweighted with the burden of the character of Esmeralda. It was not fair to the actress, nor to the public. It is a charming character, but the beauty of it was greatly lost on the audience. Mr. George Alexander again was strangely out of tune. Usually interesting, he here became commonplace. His heart did not appear to be in his work, and the brave backwoodsman of Carolina became a maudlin and over-sentimental lover.

On the 27th, Bulwer Lytton's play, *The Lady of Lyons*, was revived at the Lyceum, with Miss Anderson as Pauline. The present generation does not care much for *The Lady of Lyons*, with its strained sentiment and theatrical tinsel. The national horror of "gush" naturally resents the tawdriness of Lytton's muse; but, for all that, the drama holds the stage as an effective play, and the character of Pauline has never been considered beneath the consideration of our leading actresses. Playgoers are rapidly dwindling away who can remember the grace, the charm, the refinement, the ideality of the original Pauline—Miss Helen Faucit—then in the prime of her youth and beauty. But, for all that, there have been Paulines since the days of Helen Faucit who, by their art and sensitiveness, have made us forget the unreality of most of Lytton's work. Mention need only be made of Kate Terry, Ellen Terry, Adelaide Neilson, and Mrs. Kendal, to show that the stage has not been deluged with artificial Paulines. The Pauline of Mrs. Kendal is a striking proof to the contrary, this being certainly one of the finest and most emotional performances that this clever lady has given to the stage.* But Miss Anderson went back to a school of acting long since discarded as both unnatural and old-fashioned. She came upon Mr. Irving's stage, the head-quarters of natural acting and imaginative art, to show what a certain kind of acting was like a quarter of a century ago. This was not Miss Anderson's fault, except that she has not had force of character to think for herself instead of being thought for by others. She has every requisite and qualification for the stage: a handsome face, a winning figure, a magnificent voice, a plasticity and pliability of form, an expressive countenance—nearly everything, in fact, that nature can give to an actress.

* I recently embraced the opportunity—afforded me by the excellence of the train-service on the London and North-Western Railway, and the convenience of the carriages on that line, which enable the passenger to read and write at his ease—of seeing Mrs. Langtry act Pauline at Liverpool. I was forcibly struck by Mrs. Langtry's thorough grasp of the character, and her ability in depicting with equal success the pride of the earlier scenes and the tenderness and emotion of the later passages.

But she has apparently fallen for tuition into the hands of those who are opposed to natural acting. She has been taught by the believers in the "bow-wow" and declamatory school. Her instructor was evidently the "good old school of actor," who took the stage in a stride, placed himself in front of every picture because he was the star, never said a word with his back turned to the audience, and was fully fortified with stage tricks and dodges. Hitherto, in recent times, the "good old school" has been gradually considered a "bad old school," but Miss Mary Anderson and Mr. Barnes^{*} revived its traditions. They were seldom, if ever, Pauline and Claude Melnotte, but always Miss Anderson, actress, and Mr. Barnes, actor. A very good actress and a very excellent actor, no doubt, but if the motto *ars est celare artem* means anything, then decidedly faulty in their method. For they never, Miss Anderson especially, concealed their art. They showed it at every turn; they were eternally acting. If effects are to be secured, and points are to be made, Miss Anderson certainly makes them superbly well, but many who admire the art of Aimée Desclée, Sara Bernhardt, and Ellen Terry would like to see Miss Anderson's many gifts and advantages shaken from the trammels of an obsolete convention. Her success, however, is very great, so great and so unanimous that it makes one doubt the sincerity of the educated people who have for years upheld natural acting in this country. Do they really understand anything about acting, or are they merely led away by a pretty face? If Mary Anderson is right, then Sara Bernhardt, Mrs. Kendal, Desclée, the Terrys, Neilson, and the rest of them must be wrong, and yet



MISS MARY ANDERSON.
(*The Lady of Lyons.*)

there is as much applause and appreciation for the one as for the other. Mr. J. H. Barnes made a gallant Claude Melnotte, and certainly won all the applause at the end of the fourth act by his turbulent but determined exit. He went in for it, body and bones, and he brought down the house. It was a strong and vigorous, but never a very refined or thoughtful performance, but it was a popular one. Mr. W. Farren had been engaged for the small character of Colonel Damas, and naturally played it well and with spirit; and Mrs. Arthur Stirling was as admirable and effective as ever as Madame Deschapelles. But perhaps the best played and the truest of the minor characters was the Widow Melnotte of Mrs. Billington, as touching as it was true. Mr. W. H. Stephens played Mons. Deschapelles "by request," whatever that may mean, and, of course, played it like a good old actor, but Mr. Frank Archer was ill suited as Beauséant. It is a hateful character, but Mr. Archer was ill at ease. The Gaspard of Mr. Anderson struck me as being very good indeed, and deserving of more praise than it generally received.

The last production of this month was M. F. Chassaigne's comic opera, *Falka*, brought out at the Comedy Theatre on the 29th. Mr. H. B. Farnie never did such wonders with a distasteful and highly improper French opera book than when he turned *Falka* into an entertainment that is absolutely innocuous, and could be well presented before an audience of school-girls. Indeed, he has done more, for he has translated this novelty from the gloom of Parisian distrust into the happy sunshine of English success. It requires a very experienced eye and a keen scent to detect many traces of that curious indelicacy in which French librettists almost invariably indulge. It must always be remembered, however, that they do not write for the kind of audience that happily attends an English theatre. The Parisian playhouses at which these spicy operas are produced are, as a rule, shunned by what are called respectable people, and are generally patronised by the elegant half-world, the fast young men of Paris, and the tainted peaches in the social fruit basket. Such a subject as that of *Falka*, with its delicate and refined suggestiveness, would naturally be palatable to such as have little sense and less decency. The notion of a young man dressed up in women's clothes entering a girls' convent school, and the figure of a fat and bibulous lay brother appointed the guardian of maiden morality, are quite enough to tickle the palates of an ordinary Parisian opera-bouffe audience. We can

guess how such situations would be enlarged upon and winked at. But Mr. Farnie has been honourably successful in suppressing any desire to laugh at immorality or religion in this latest operatic venture. The incident of the entrance into the girls' school is only vaguely alluded to, and the guardian servitor in the hands of Mr. Penley became a thoroughly amusing character of the unctuous school of the late Mr. J. B. Buckstone. Discarding all idea of lingering on impropriety, Mr. Farnie has been at great trouble to enlarge upon the picturesque features of the story and to work its comic vein. There is little need to elaborately trace the complicated threads of romance that twine and intertwine, to describe how a brigand queen is in love with the erratic son of the governor of an imaginary province, or to say how the silly nephew is supplanted in the affections of his pragmatical uncle by a smart young lady who boldly takes his place and represents him. It will be more to the purpose to describe how these characters acquitted themselves. It is a story without a hero; unless, indeed,

Falka, the scheming school-girl, can be called one. Falka is necessarily the life and soul of the action; and when Falka is represented by Miss Violet Cameron, the patrons and *habitues* of the theatre are well satisfied. Whether in her pretty convent habit of light blue and white, or in the rich uniform of a Hungarian Hussar, this lady wins universal favour. Her charm is pronounced and her vivacity unquestionable. Her voice was never in better order, nor her spirits more buoyant. A new romance, specially written for Miss Cameron



MISS VIOLET CAMERON.
(*Falka.*)

by the composer, called "At evening," was particularly successful and heartily encored on the first night—and, indeed, much of the cordiality of the reception given to the opera was due to this pretty and popular actress. The comic interest was fairly divided between Mr. Ashley, Mr. Paulton, and Mr. Penley, and it may be safely said that none of them have ever played better. No three actors are less alike in style, and the consequence is that they never clash. Mr. Ashley is gaily comic. He has all the volatile qualities of a light comedian. His faculty for exciting the humorous qualities of an audience is very great, and he was never so funny or so artistic with his comedy than as Tancred, the wandering nephew. Mr. Paulton, on the other hand, is excellently dry and sententious, and, if I mistake not, had himself written up his part of Folbach, the military governor, in the vein of his own super-excellent lectures. Mr. Paulton was never too tedious. Mr. Penley's face is quite enough to make any audience roar. He is a mass of comicality, quaint, expressive, but never vulgar. The part of Lay Brother Pelican is small, but it could not have been better played. Three appearances were made of great promise. They were—Mr. W. H. Hamilton, an excellent burlesque actor; Miss Wadman, well known as a clever actress and a charming singer; and Miss Louise Henschel. Add to these Mr. Louis Kelleher, who appears in the new rôle of a bashful boy, and it will be seen that the opera was admirably cast and played with great comic force. The music, by M. F. Chassaigne, may not be very original, but it is everywhere melodious and striking. The audience carries away many a tune, and that is always a good sign, and hums it for many an hour afterwards. No need to say how gorgeously the opera was dressed, for that is a speciality at the Comedy, where *Falka* enjoyed a long and successful run.

X.

NOVEMBER.

Gillette.—Lords and Commons.

In November, 1882, a forced success was made at the Bouffes Parisiens, in Paris, with a new opera by M. Audran, the composer of the tuneful *Olivette* and the lovely *Mascotte*. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*—the good Homer sometimes nods; and the most candid friend in the world would never be bold enough to state that *Gillette de Narbonne* could compare in any way with

its predecessors. If Frenchmen knew more about Shakespeare than they do, they would have discovered that MM. Chivot and Duru, the French authors from whom Mr. H. Savile Clarke adapted *Gillette*, had taken their story almost deliberately from that almost unknown and seldom-acted play, *All's Well that Ends Well*; or, rather, that the Frenchmen and Shakespeare had both borrowed from Boccaccio a story full of curious intrigue. It is a pretty story if handled delicately, and Mr. Savile Clarke, at any rate, managed to purge from it all its grossness and suggestiveness. The story, after all, is very simple. Gillette, a handsome street singer, has attracted the attention of a certain dissolute Count Raymond of Provence, who has made desperate love to her. This wandering minstrel has meanwhile sent an extraordinary elixir to the King René of Naples, the Count's liege lord, and has extracted from him a promise that, if he is cured of his grievous malady, he will grant Gillette any favour she chooses to ask him. The elixir works a wonderful cure, and Gillette, in accordance with the kingly promise, modestly asks to be united to Count Raymond. But the dissolute soldier will have none of her, and insults her in the open court. So Gillette has recourse to strategy. She follows her beloved Raymond to the wars, ferrets out all his intrigues, and bribes one of his mistresses to let her take her place at a stolen interview. She thus acquires possession of the ring that is to bind Count Raymond to his future bride, and just as in the last act of *The Merchant of Venice*, this new Portia wins over her lord by the possession of the jewel that he had previously given to some one else. No one but a French librettist would have dwelt upon the nasty features of such a story, but, as may be guessed, the intrigue between Count Raymond and his wife was made the most of by MM. Chivot and Duru. Mr. Savile Clarke dealt skilfully with the risky portion of his story, and fairly preserved the poetical features of the romance. As ill-luck would have it, however, a greater preponderance of round pegs in square holes has seldom been seen in a modern comic opera than on the 19th of this month, when *Gilllette* was produced at the Royalty. Everything had been attended to in the opera save the selection of singers and actors. The opera was beautifully mounted, gorgeously adorned, and magnificently decorated, but no scenery, no dresses, no satins, or silks, or brocades, can make up for a play badly cast and an opera indifferently rehearsed. The curtain had scarcely ascended five minutes before a Mr. J. Willes, hitherto unknown to fame, provoked the

serious impatience of the audience. It might have been nervousness, or stage fright, or possibly it might have been inability to act or to comprehend a comic character, but Mr. J. Willes will go down to posterity as perhaps the most uncomic actor ever entrusted with a funny part. He steadily refused to see a joke in anything, and so preached and mumbled that he was eventually chaffed to desperation and utterly unnerved. His companion, Mr. C. Cowlrick, was not much better; and the hero of the love story, Mr. Walter Browne, did not mend matters. Count Raymond was also paralysed with nervousness, and acted solely by shaking his head in a very extraordinary fashion that tickled an audience that had been evidently bored. Mr. Willes and Mr. Walter Browne may no doubt be excellent artists, but they failed to do themselves justice on the first night of the new opera. Miss Maud Taylor was similarly affected with stage fright, but she managed to recover her spirits, but never once had command over her voice. Her singing could scarcely be commended for its sweetness on this unfortunate occasion. It remained, therefore, for such experienced artists as Miss Kate Santley, Miss Kate Munroe, and the ever-popular Mr. W. J. Hill, to pull through characters that were severely handicapped by the incompetency that surrounded them. Miss Santley was, of course, the *Gillette*, and she did her utmost to bring the character into prominence by clever work. Her vulgarest songs—particularly a ridiculous one about a certain Timothy—were encored the loudest, and were rewarded with baskets and bouquets of flowers; but there were certain passages in the opera when Miss Santley never sang so well or looked so well as she did in *Gillette*. Miss Kate Munroe was charmingly attired in Liberty silks and Burnett stuffs, and looked a pretty picture as the erratic wife of an obese old tutor, but she wanted voice to do justice to Audran's music. Who, indeed, could the obese tutor be but Mr. W. J. Hill, whose physical peculiarities are turned to good account by the gentlemen who write plays for him. Griffard is not a good or even a funny part, but Mr. W. J. Hill managed to wrench a laugh out of it at odd times. The strangest circumstance about the opera is that the prettiest numbers in it did not come out of *Gillette de Narbonne* at all. The opening chorus was from Audran's opera, *Les Pommes d'Or*, and the chorus that commenced the third act—the very prettiest thing in the evening's entertainment—was by an English composer, Mr. Walter Slaughter, whose charming music was enthusiastically encored. The

incidental dance music was by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, and it was done full justice to by Miss Ada Wilson, who was called back after every dance. The adaptor of the French libretto, Mr. Savile Clarke, was called on the first night, but he naturally declined to answer to the summons. There is no reason, indeed, why any author should ever appear before the curtain unless he has written an original play, and even then it is not a very dignified proceeding. Authors are usually called from curiosity, and not from compliment, and Mr. Savile Clarke set a very good example by staying away. *Gillette* was speedily withdrawn from the Royalty stage.

The second, and only other production in November, was Mr. A. W. Pinero's four-act comedy, *Lords and Commons*, played at the Haymarket on the 24th. Concerning this piece, an authority on dramatic matters published the following review : "We candidly own that we do not greatly admire the covert sneer and the implied sarcasm with which Mr. Pinero explains the process of his play. We will quote his own words. 'The author begs to refer the critics and the public to "Mannen af Börs," a Swedish romance, by Maria Sophia Schwartz, the perusal of which suggested the argument of his play.' The old feud about *The Squire* is evidently rankling in Mr. Pinero's constitution. He has no one to blame but himself. Had he candidly avowed his obligation to Mr. Hardy there would have been no difficulty whatever. All the critics had to do was to supply Mr. Pinero's omission, and to do what he might very well have done himself. To refer the critics and the public to an obscure Swedish romance, which may or may not exist, smacks a little of gratuitous impertinence. The critics do not want to know where Mr. Pinero gets his ideas. It is for them to find out. What they want Mr. Pinero to do is to say candidly whether it is original work or not. At present he involves them in a dilemma, for he begins with saying his play is original, and goes on to tell us what originated it. As to the Swedish romance of an unknown authoress, no one cares a brass farthing about it, and no one is likely to see it or ask for it. Whilst on the subject of obligation or suggestion, as the author is just now so particularly virtuous he might have added his indebtedness to the *Caste* and *School* of Tom Robertson ; to *New Men and Old Acres*, by Dubourg and Tom Taylor ; to *Lady Clancarty*, by Tom Taylor ; to *Les Fourchambault (The Crisis)* ; to *Par Droit de Conquête* and to ever so many other plays, which had probably just as much to do with *Lords and Commons* as any

romance by Miss Maria Schwartz. No one can well doubt the originality of the play in essence and in style, for it is in the well-known Pinero manner—antagonistic to all dramatic formula, and not conspicuous in good taste. More intensely disagreeable people never filled the character shoes of a play. With scarcely an exception, they are cruel, vain, selfish, frivolous, and contradictory. They have scarcely a redeeming quality. Instead of looking beyond what is sordid and mean in life and idealising a bit, Mr. Pinero hunts and ferrets out the ugliest features of humanity. He belongs to the modern sneering school, and believes that whatever is, is wrong. His aristocrats are snobs, his women are revengeful, his men are weak. Mean, sordid natures seem to inspire everybody, and the conversation is one perpetual wrangle about birth and breeding, no single character showing that he or she has profited by the one or exhibited the other. It is bad enough to see human nature distorted and good feeling ridiculed off the stage, without going to the theatre in order to find a renewal of the same faithlessness and distrust of all that is upright and honest, all that is true and pure. Mrs. Devenish is a lady with a tremendous grievance. Fourteen years ago, when a mere child, she was protected by an amiable old peer, and led to believe that she was his daughter. At her father's special request she was induced to marry her boy-lover, young Lord Caryl, and she did so affectionately enough at her parent's bed-side. Directly the breath was out of the old man's body Lord Caryl discovered that his child-wife was illegitimate, so, like the fine young gentleman that he is, he coolly rides away, and leaves his wife to her own devices. A Caryl is too much of a gentleman to support the girl he loves and has married because, forsooth, she is not born in wedlock! This irritates the girl, who somehow or other goes to America, acquires an enormous fortune, and comes back to England as Mrs. Devenish to buy Caryl Court over its owner's head, to humiliate the proud family, and to insult her impudent young husband, who does not care whether she is alive or dead. She is certainly a very exasperating woman. She tears down the family pictures and puts up daubs in their place, she sinks shafts in the front garden, and she offers young Lord Caryl, her husband, the post of foreman to her works, the very works which are enriching her at his expense. But, as it turns out, she is playing a very dangerous game. She comes to hate and she remains to love. She starts with humiliation, she ends with affection. Gradually she falls more

and more in love with her own husband, until at last she ensnares him, and with touching earnestness declares who she really is. This simple tale filters, or rather trickles, through a rich valley of characterisation. Everyone is a special character, and more or less a bad person. Old Lady Caryl, who ought to know better, is offensive and overbearing. Lady Nell is a pert, offensive minx, who gives her opinion with consistent effrontery. Tom Jervoise, an ex-aristocrat, who has lived some years in California, is a perfect savage. Lord Percy Lewiscourt is a pragmatical nuisance. Mr. Smee, the butler, is an asthmatic old bore, and perhaps Miss Maplebeck, the American girl, played by Mrs. Bancroft, is the only cheerful member of this doleful society. But then, as we observed before, the part is played by Mrs. Bancroft." Mrs. Bernard-Beere as Mrs. Devenish, Mr. Forbes-Robertson as Lord Caryl, Mrs. Bancroft as Miss Maplebeck, Mrs. Stirling as the Countess of Caryl, and Miss Calhoun as Lady Nell, all acted admirably, but the play did not succeed in London. When brought out in New York, it did not make a striking hit.

XI.

DECEMBER.

The Spider's Web.—*The Golden Ring.*—*Claudian.*—*Pygmalion and Galatea* at the Lyceum.—*The Rocket.*

From time out of mind, the scheming lawyer, the villainous squire, the unfortunate young man, the impudent servant, and the virtuous, but wilful, daughter have been familiar figures in the history of the domestic drama. When treated effectively, these characters enlist the sympathies of the spectator, and form acceptable personages in plays of a type not altogether out of reach of human understanding. But when the villains of the play out-Herod Herod in their wickedness, and when the other personages of the drama are conveniently and palpably brainless, then you must have, as Mr. Gilbert puts it, either "a house on fire, a sinking steamer, a railway accident, or a dance in a casino"—at least one if not all of these sensational effects—in order to make your play a success. Unfortunately for Mr. Henry Pettitt, *The Spider's Web*, produced at the Olympic Theatre, on December 1st, is a very dull play, indifferently constructed. The characters are, with one exception, uninteresting and unreasonably stupid, and the most exciting theatrical effect in his play

is a cowardly and unsuccessful attempt at assassination. It may not be amiss to examine one or two of the characters in the drama. First of all, there is a good and impecunious young man, who is deeply attached to the amiable daughter of a wealthy "cockney farmer" (whatever that may mean!). The young lover is seemingly very earnest in his love for the girl. He proposes to her, and is rejected. The unscrupulous lawyer then steps in and informs John Staunton, the virtuous young man, that he is not the penniless outcast, which he supposes himself to be, but the real squire of the village, and heir to great riches. Immediately on hearing the news of this sudden and unexpected accession to wealth, the entire character of Staunton changes as rapidly as does the scene in a panorama. Hitherto so humble and tender-hearted, he becomes arrogant, and almost frantic in his desire to trample upon his fellows. During the first act the sympathy is entirely with this character, but it is suddenly transferred to the former squire, a dull and unromantic gentleman, who is as chicken-hearted as he is common-place, and to whom the heroine has given her hand and heart. The "cockney farmer" has discovered that the lawyer has been cheating him, and is in the act of setting out for London in order to prosecute Mr. Septimus Wragby, when that gentleman shoots at him from behind a hedge, and wounds him in the shoulder. Of course the innocent man is accused of the attempted murder, and this leads to the most curious scene in the play. The wounded man, believing himself to be on the point of death, begs his daughter not to marry "the man who has murdered her father," which, considering that he is still as lusty and vigorous as ever, is a somewhat curious request. Upon the girl declining to make any such rash promise, she is cast off by her father in the most highly-approved melo-dramatic fashion. The wicked lawyer then enters the room and steals some documents, which are necessary for his safety, and, in an outburst of passion and exultation perfectly unwarranted, gloats over the body of his victim, and proclaims that he it was who fired the shot. Thereupon, up springs the wounded, but still active "cockney farmer," and one would think there was an end to the machinations of the lawyer. Not a bit of it; he appears in the next act, gathers together his papers and stolen money, and is about to quit England and live a new life elsewhere, when he is interrupted, first by one person and then the other, kills his accomplice, Staunton, and, for the sake of ending the play, is finally handed over to justice. The only sympa-

thetic character in the drama is the heroine, a part that was naturally and very ably acted by Miss Alma Murray. It should be noted that *The Spider's Web* was originally performed at the Grand Theatre, Glasgow, on May 28, of this year. It was withdrawn from the boards of the theatre in Wych Street after six representations.

The re-built Alhambra Theatre was opened on the 3rd with a new and original fairy spectacular opera, in three acts, entitled *The Golden Ring*. The author and composer of this piece are, in the opinion of a writer in one of the monthly magazines, "Happy in their allegiance to one another. Mr. George R. Sims has written an attractive piece, satisfying, if not brilliant, and to his well-chosen words Mr. Frederic Clay has provided some of the most delightful music that has been heard on the light opera stage for a considerable time. Though not, as a rule, what is known as 'catching,' it is nevertheless full of melody, and is ever pleasing to the ear. The story of an Alhambra piece is generally vague and difficult to determine, and the present instance is no exception to the rule. So far as one can judge, the chief personages in the piece are a good and an evil man, each being assisted in his plans by a fairy, and both aspiring to win the affection of a beautiful princess. The good fairy is the slave of a golden ring which she gives to the mortal she designs to protect, and the constant changing of the ring from one person to another is the backbone of the play. The most noteworthy incident of the first act is a pastoral ballet, which is as pretty as anything of its kind in the opera. In this act we are introduced to the principal characters, including Mr. J. G. Taylor as the King and Miss Sallie Turner as the Queen. The King departs on a voyage round the world 'for the benefit of his health,' leaving his kingdom, his Queen, and the beautiful princess to be guarded by the young knight, Florian. In this act Mdlle. Louie should be seen for her capital dancing of a sailor's hornpipe. One of the most important scenes of the second act is a representation of a portion of the Fisheries Exhibition, in which Mr. Taylor disports himself as a 'masher' of a most pronounced type. Here also a chorus, attired as fisher-girls of various nationalities, sing to the prettiest music in the opera. This chorus was enthusiastically encored on the first night, and is certain to become popular. The most notable incident of this act is, however, a storm ballet, and a sudden change of the dark scene to light and sparkle, and the singularly graceful dancing of the favourite Mdlle. Pertoldi, who is ably

supported by Miss T. Elliot and Mdlles. Sismondi and Louie. In the third and last act, to quote the words with which Mr. Sims has prefaced his book, ‘all is hurried forward for the marriage ceremony, and many strange things happen which it would spoil the dramatic interest of the opera to reveal. It will suffice to say that all eventually ends happily, and the union of Florian and Blanche is celebrated with all the lavish magnificence which the resources of the Alhambra have placed at the disposal of the author and composer.’ The precise meaning of

this ‘ambiguous giving out’ may not be rightly interpreted, but surely enough the concluding scene of *The Golden Ring* is startling in its show of splendour. The stage presents a double staircase at the back, down which descends a small army of brilliantly dressed girls, who group themselves on the stage, and, led by Mdlle. Consuello de la Bruyère, go through a series of effective dances and poses. The dresses in this scene are truly magnificent, and have been designed, as have all the other costumes in the piece, by M. Wilhelm. The fun of the piece finds ample expression in the inimitable humour of Mr. J. G.



MISS MARION HOOD.
(*The Golden Ring.*)

Taylor as the King, and Miss Sallie Turner, who plays the Queen with a solidity of manner entirely her own and most mirth-provoking. The lover is represented by Mr. F. Gaillard, who may look the part well enough, but his singing and expression are weak and faulty, and his accent certainly mars what otherwise might be good in his impersonation. The honours of the piece undoubtedly fall to Miss Marion Hood, who possesses a voice of remarkable sweetness and expression, and her enunciation is always distinct. Aided by a charming

presence, she not only sings her part well, but she acts it also. Miss Constance Loseby, a great favourite, is again at hand to sing with all her old power ; and Miss Adelaide Newton proves herself the possessor of a voice of considerable strength, and acts with much ability. Miss Irene Verona gives a bright sparkling rendering of a small part, and Miss Eily Beaumont delivers her one song, ‘Naiads and Nymphs,’ very prettily and effectively. Miss Alice Hamilton is vivacious in a small character.”

Claudian, the new play produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett on the 6th, was a change indeed from modern drama to a tragedy dating back to the fourth century. But the courage of the actor-manager was rewarded, for the play became popular, and the populace greatly admired Mr. Barrett as the representative of the title-rôle. I must freely confess that, to me at least, the play appears to lack human interest. Its main idea is, no doubt, beautiful enough for anything but a play. It is altogether too vague, too indistinct, too abstract. The prologue is as fine a first act as could be imagined—full of interest, human feeling, and passion. It also forms the most perfect scenic picture in the drama. But after the fall of the curtain on the prologue, the interest fails at once, for the leading character becomes a shadow, a metaphysical study, a living ghost, a walking spectre—anything but a human being. The remaining characters are for the most part mere sketches, once seen and then forgotten. Indeed, it must be confessed that the dramatic element is almost entirely wanting. Instead of being clearly defined and boldly exhibited, the characters are but faintly suggested, and the interest swerves from one to the other with persistent and irritating frequency. *Claudian* is a study of psychology, and of a destiny of a strange, and, to some minds, an interesting nature. Again, hardly a single character in the drama can obtain a fair hold upon the sympathies of the audience. The cause of this defect may be shown by the story of the play. The prologue opens in the city of Byzantium (A.D. 362). Here, Sesiphon, a slave dealer, has for sale a band of slaves, amongst them being the fair-haired Serena, and her child. Serena is the wife of Theorus, a young sculptor, who is rejoicing in possession of a sum of money sufficient to release his wife from captivity. Under ordinary circumstances there would be no doubt of his being able to effect the purpose for which he has so persistently toiled and yearned. But the rich profligate, *Claudian*, is shortly expected, and the sculptor must wait until the noble has passed by. Presently *Claudian*, pre-

ceded by slaves, who clear the way for him, and accompanied by friends who flatter and pander to him, arrives. He soon departs, and the heart of Theorus leaps with joy at the immediate prospect of freeing his wife from slavery. But unfortunately her fair face and wistful eyes attract the attention of Volpas, an old patrician, who straightway bids for the girl. Theorus, nearly mad with fear and trepidation, outbids Volpas in his offer, and is on the point of carrying his wife into liberty, when Claudian, being aroused by the altercation, re-enters, and suddenly attracted by her beauty, determines to purchase the slave. To all the entreaties of Theorus he calmly and defiantly answers, "But, she is not yet sold." Being the richer of the two men, Claudian, as by law he can, purchases Serena, and, having concluded his bargain, wends his way in pursuit of further sport. Theorus, aroused to madness, exhorts the aid of his friends, and attacks the guards who are bearing off his wife. He rescues her and the child, and the scene closes with a struggle as remarkable for its vividness as for its excellent effect. The second scene of the prologue takes us to the cell of the hermit, Holy Clement, whither Serena flies for protection. She is quickly followed by Claudian, hungry and panting for his prey. The Holy Clement interposes to save the girl, and is stabbed by Claudian. After a slight pause, the holy father drags himself to his feet and utters a curse, dooming the profligate to live on for ever, bearing still his youthful appearance, and bringing ruin in his wake, until "the vaulted rocks shall split," and "a gulf be struck 'twixt thee and me." After delivering this awful judgment, which appals and petrifies Claudian, the priest dies. Turning to the fallen Serena, Claudian finds that she also is dead, and in a moment of agony he seizes the hermit's cross and kneels in token of repentance for his folly. It would be difficult to conceive a stronger act than this for the commencement of a play, and it is a pity that its strength could not be sustained throughout. We now lose three of the principal characters—Serena is dead, Theorus is heard of no more, and the Holy Clement is only heard and scarcely seen as a ghost in the last act. Claudian, hitherto a creature of flesh and blood, becomes a mere shadow. With the commencement of the play proper a hundred years are supposed to elapse. The scene changes to a vineyard near Charydos. We quickly learn that Thariogalus, the tetrarch of the province, wishes to marry Almida, the daughter of Alcares, a farmer. This offer is refused by the girl, who is in love with Agazil, a worthy young black-

smith. Then Claudian enters, and his curse "blights and withers all in his track." The money which he gives to Hera, a beggar woman, brings with it a curse, for her child dies on the instant; Agazil, imprisoned through the jealousy of the tetrarch, is released at the command of Claudian, but he regains his liberty only to find that Almida's love for him has utterly vanished. She has seen the stranger with the sad face, and her heart has gone out to him. She protests her love for Claudian, and is struck blind, a terrible but unsatisfactory ending to the act. It is not in philosophy to believe that, because a man has been guilty of an atrocious crime, that his very presence should instantly drive everyone with whom he comes in contact to entire destruction. It is possible to imagine a man being cursed and suffering in himself for his wrong-doings, but why should innocent people be condemned to share his fate? In this act the presence of Claudian not only brings death, but the unfaithfulness of a woman for the man she loved and consequently his misery, and also the girl's affliction of blindness. It seems to me that this act would have been improved, and the interest of the play considerably enhanced, had it included a scene in which Almida and Agazil were represented happy in their love for each other and parted by the evil shadow of Claudian. The curse falls on the young lovers ere the audience have had time to sympathise with them. In the second act the ill-fated Claudian still brings misfortune to those around him; Agazil, the blacksmith, is seized by the tetrarch and cast over the battlements into the rushing torrent, and is apparently drowned; and Almida, searching for Claudian, and pursuing an unholy love, is made a prisoner by the tetrarch, and subjected to insult by him—a scene only saved from a bad fate on the first night by the popularity of Mr. Barrett and the high standing of his theatre. Claudian rescues Almida and takes her to his palace, where a weird dance foretells the coming disaster. Claudian, unable to resist the piteous appeals of Almida, and thinking that her love may possibly be the means of his escaping from further punishment, takes the girl to his heart. At that moment a tremendous roll as of thunder is heard, the earth upheaves, pillars fall, and in an instant the entire scene presents one mass of destruction. Amidst the ruin and desolation the ill-starred Claudian stands erect and unharmed. The final scene of this doleful tragedy presents a moonlit view of the destroyed city. Claudian, thinking that Almida is dead, prays that death may come to him also, and invokes the spirit of the murdered priest.

The spectre of the holy father appears, and Claudian has to choose between life and death. At first he wishes to die, but on hearing that Almida yet lives he prays for life. But Agazil also lives, and Claudian elects to die, in order that the loves of Agazil and Almida may be re-united. Almida's eyesight is restored, and Claudian, reclining on a bank, dies with outstretched arms in the rather questionable form of the crucifixion. Thanks to Mr. Barrett's excellent impersonation of Claudian, the play, as before noted, became extremely popular in spite of its defects.

On the 8th, Miss Anderson appeared as Galatea in Mr. W.

S. Gilbert's comedy, *Pygmalion and Galatea*. In reprinting Mr. Clement Scott's criticism of this performance, I may be permitted to heartily endorse the opinion therein expressed :— “A more chaste and lovely Galatea than Miss Anderson the stage has never seen. In this character she drops her habit of attitudinizing, and abandons her self-consciousness. It is by far the best bit of art that she has shown. But I cannot agree with her, or the clever and sympathetic critics who hold, that the womanly and pathetic essence of Galatea’s existence should wholly be forgotten. When the statue comes to life, Gal-



MISS AMY ROSELLE.
(*Pygmalion and Galatea.*)

atea is a woman. Into her short life are thrust some of the most beautiful traits of a woman’s nature. She must love, and she must long ; she must leave the world with regret and a heart-broken sigh. The scheme of the play is valueless unless the finer feelings are instantly and rapidly touched. Miss Anderson’s performance I hold to be beautiful, but distinctly not the most beautiful that is possible. If it were mentally as powerful as it

is physically chaste, it would indeed be an ideal Galatea. The hollow cry of Galatea at the close, the ghost-like, sepulchral utterance is, to my mind, wholly indefensible. I never shall forget Mrs. Kendal's wailing 'Pygmalion,' so full of love, so exquisitely tender, so intensely descriptive of the loss of a fair and beautiful world, and the departure into the frigidity of marble once again." In the *Cynisca* of Miss Amy Roselle, there was found a formidable opponent to the Galatea. Miss Roselle played with much fervour and dramatic intensity; her delivery of that terrible speech at the close of the second act, commencing, "Oh, pitiful adventurer! He dares to lose, but does not dare to pay!" was marked by a power and tragic force of which few had suspected the actress to be possessed. The Pygmalion of Mr. J. H. Barnes was a rough, uncultured performance, earnest, no doubt, but not impressive. Mr. Barnes was most successful in the cynical "asides" of the first act. Mr. H. Kemble and Mrs. Arthur Stirling divided the humour of the play as Chrysos and Daphne respectively, and Mr. F. H. Macklin was an excellent Leucippe. Miss Annie Rose was acceptable as Myrine.

The last noteworthy production of 1883 was Mr. A. W. Pinero's three-act comedy, *The Rocket*, originally brought out at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, on July 30 of this year, and acted at the Gaiety Theatre for the first time in London on December 10. That *The Rocket* was designed as a means of exhibiting that popular comedian, Mr. Edward Terry, in a broad comedy part must, I suppose, be taken as an excuse for the weakness of the play. The central figure of the piece, the Chevalier Walkinshaw, erstwhile Joshua Mabel, is the singularly impossible character on which the comedy is built. He is utterly unsympathetic, designedly vulgar, a priggish person who, even had he existed, would not have been allowed to perpetrate the audacious crimes and follies with which he literally teems. Had it not been for the very clever and comic impersonation of Mr. Terry, whose humour is placed at a considerable disadvantage in this part, the Chevalier Walkinshaw would have met with the reverse of success. The other characters take their cue from the absurdity of the Chevalier. John Mabel, the father of the girl who is passed off by the Chevalier as his daughter, is a tender-hearted sort of personage, but morally and intellectually as weak as a kitten. Joslyn Hammersmith, the lover, is also conveniently weak and gullible; and his mother, Lady Hammersmith, is a silly, frivolous old

lady, who wears her hair down her back at sixty. Lord Leadenhall is the conventional and foolish nobleman over again, and Rosaline Fabrequette is a thorough virago and female spit-fire. The only interesting character in the play is that of the heroine, Florence, but she is too weak and puling to obtain much attention. Mr. Pinero seems to delight in turning human nature inside out, and rubbing his audience down the wrong way. One instance of his utter disregard for all feeling may be cited. Florence, determined to leave the scoundrel who passes himself off as her father, writes a note to her lover informing him of her intention. The lover follows her, and on meeting with the rascally Chevalier hands him Florence's letter. The note is thrown away and trampled underfoot, and left to be swept away by the hotel servant, for no other reason, apparently, but that Mr. Pinero may show us that love-letters are worthless and cumbersome documents. Mr. Pinero has also an odd habit of introducing ottomans or balconies into his plays, which are frequently made use of by his characters. In the second act of *The Rocket* he has a desk, whither the various personages of the play retreat one after another, to find consolation for their troubles in consulting Bradshaw's Railway Guide, so as to find the next train from Victoria Station for Dover. And in the last act he has a balcony which is put to a similar use to that in *The Money Spinner*.

NEW PLAYS AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS,

FROM DECEMBER 31st, 1882, TO DECEMBER 31st, 1883.

WITH THE DATES OF PRODUCTION AND CASTS OF CHARACTERS.

JANUARY, 1883.

18th. Strand. Revival.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Shakespeare's Comedy.

Dromio of Syra-	Mr. J. S. Clarke.
cuse	
Dromio of Ephes-	Mr. H. Paulton.
sus	
Antipholus of	Mr. G. L. Gordon.
Syracuse	
Antipholus of	Mr. F. Charles.
Ephesus	
Solineus	Mr. F. Mervin.
Egeon	Mr. W. H. Pennington.
Angelo	Mr. H. J. Turner.
Cleon	Mr. Belton.
Chares	Mr. G. Weathersby.
Dr. Pinch	Mr. T. P. Haynes.
1st Officer	Mr. H. Carter.
Adriana	Miss H. Lindley.
Luciana	Miss Blanche Thompson.
Emilia	Miss M. A. Giffard.
Lesbia	Miss Vere Carew.
Nell	Miss Sallie Turner.

20th. Haymarket. Revival.

CASTE.

Comedy in Three Acts, by the late
T. W. ROBERTSON.

Hon. George	Mr. H. B. Conway.
d'Alroy	
Captain Hawtree	Mr. Bancroft.
Eccles	
Sam Gerridge ..	Mr. C. Brookfield.
Dixon	
Marquise de	Mrs. Stirling.
Saint Maur ..	
Esther Eccles ..	Miss Gerard.
Polly Eccles ..	Mrs. Bancroft.

MARCH.

12th. Gaiety. First Performance.

BLUE BEARD; or, THE
HAZARD OF THE DYE.Burlesque Drama, in Three Acts, by
F. C. BURNAND.

Baron Abomelique	Miss E. Farren.
de Barbe Bleue ..	
Petipois	Mr. E. Terry.

Jolivet ..	Miss Phyllis Broughton.
Bequille ..	Miss M. Watson.
Curendent ..	Miss P. Watson.
Mustafa ..	Mr. F. Wyatt.
Tête de Veau ..	Mr. H. Monkhouse.
Dodo ..	Mr. Henley.
Jean de Talons aux Ressorts ..	Mr. W. Ward.
Anne ..	Miss Constance Gilchrist.
Lili ..	Miss Kate Vaughan.

14th. Adelphi. First Performance.

STORM-BEATEN.

Drama, in a Prologue and Five Acts, by
ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Squire Orchard-	Mr. E. F. Edgar.
son ..	
Richard Or-	Mr. J. H. Barnes.
chardson ..	
Dame Christian-	Mrs. Billington.
son ..	
Christian Chris-	Mr. Charles Warner.
tianson ..	
Kate Christianson	Miss Amy Roselle.
Mr. Sefton ..	Mr. J. G. Shore.
Priscilla Sefton	Miss Eweretta Lawrence.
Jacob Marvel ..	Mr. A. Redwood.
Sally Marvel ..	Miss Clara Jecks.
Fabes Green ..	Mr. Beerbohm-Tree.
Johnnie Downs	Mr. H. Proctor.

17th. Olympic. First Performance.

A GREAT CATCH.

New and Original Comedy, in Three Acts,
by HAMILTON AÏDE.

Sir Martin In-	Mr. W. H. Vernon.
goldsby ..	
Lord de Motte-	Mr. David Fisher.
ville ..	
Hon. George de	Mr. J. A. Rosier.
Motteville ..	
Lord Boodle ..	Mr. Beerbohm-Tree.
Mr. Shakerley ..	Mr. Fred Cape.
Mr. Gerald An-	Mr. Bindloss.
son ..	
Lord Stanmore ..	Mr. Burroughs.
Lady de Motte-	Mrs. Leigh Murray.
ville ..	
Hon. Bertha de	Miss Lucy Buckstone.
Motteville ..	
Lady Stanmore	Miss Achurch.

Miss Stanmore ..	Miss Hastings.
Miss Beaumont ..	Miss Edmiston,
Hon. Mrs. Henry de Motteville ..	Miss Geneviève Ward.

24th. Court. First Performance.

THE RECTOR: A STORY OF FOUR FRIENDS.

New and Original Play, in Four Acts, by A. W. PINERO.

The Rev. Humphrey Sharland ..	Mr. John Clayton.
Dr. Oliver Full-james ..	Mr. H. Kemble.
Captain Desmonda Ryle ..	Mr. A. Elwood.
Connor Hennessy ..	Mr. Arthur Cecil.
Mr. Hockaday ..	Mr. Mackintosh.
Octavius ..	Master Phillips.
Mr. Gilks ..	Mr. G. Trent.
Mr. Voss ..	Mr. Willes.
Saul Mash ..	Mr. Philip Day.
Tong ..	Mr. Maurice.
Hope Hennessy ..	Miss Marion Terry.
Sally Brotherhood ..	Miss Kate Rorke.

24th. Strand. First Performance.

CYMBIA; or, THE MAGIC THIMBLE.

New and Original Comic Opera, in Three Acts, written by HARRY PAULTON, composed by FLORIAN PASCAL.

Arthur ..	Mr. Harry Paulton.
Burbos ..	Mr. F. Gaillard.
Bleobber ..	Mr. W. G. Bedford.
Redaine ..	Mr. C. A. White.
Carraw ..	Mr. Henry Walsham.
Cadwallader ..	Mr. G. Weathersby.
Grippinghame ..	Mr. J. Francis.
Goodyer ..	Mr. A. Sims.
Cymbia ..	Mdme. Camille D'Arville.
Princess Menda ..	Miss Louise Vesalius.
Princess Rhaadar ..	Miss Vere Carew.
Princess Penarra ..	Miss Grace Balmaine.
Gurtha ..	Miss Avondale.
Æthel ..	Miss Lancaster.
Beda ..	Miss La Feuillade.
Minna ..	Miss L'Estrange.

24th. Avenue. First Performance.

LURETTE.

New Comic Opera, in Three Acts, adapted by FRANK DESPREZ and ALFRED MURRAY, composed by OFFENBACH.

Le Duc de Marly ..	Mr. H. Bracy.
Cornichon ..	Mr. T. P. Haynes.
Sergeant ..	Mr. T. G. Warren.
De Givry ..	Mr. W. Amens.
Malicorne ..	Mons. Marius.

Lurette ..	Miss Florence St. John.
Marceline ..	Miss Lottie Venne.
La Chanoinesse ..	Miss Fanny Colman.

31st. Opéra Comique. First Performance.

BONDAGE.

Play, in Four Acts, adapted from the French.

Robert L'Estrange ..	Mr. Charles Kelly.
Sir Gilbert Vincent ..	Mr. George Alexander.
Bernard Fitzgerald ..	Mr. John Benn.
Mr. Schneider ..	Mr. Wm. Farren, Jun.
Mirton ..	Mr. R. Stockton.
Servant ..	Mr. Robertson.
Mrs. L'Estrange ..	Miss Nelly Bromley.
Hon. Mrs. Schneider ..	Miss Agnes Thomas.
Alice L'Estrange ..	Miss Mabel Hardinge.
Helen Maxwell ..	Miss Hilda Hilton.

APRIL.

9th. Gaiety. First Performance in London.

VICE-VERSA; or, A LESSON TO FATHERS.

Dramatic sketch, in Three Tableaux, by EDWARD ROSE.

Mr. Bultitude's Body ..	Mr. C. H. Hawtrey.
Dick's Body ..	Mr. Edward Rose.
Dr. Grimstone ..	Mr. W. F. Hawtrey.
Mr. Shellack ..	Mr. Louis Armstrong.
Clegg ..	Mr. Frank Wood.
Tipping ..	Mr. E. Hamilton Bell.
Chawner ..	Mr. T. Cannam.
Dulcie ..	Miss Laura Linden.
Eliza ..	Miss Rose Roberts.

11th. Globe. First Performance.

LADY CLARE.

Drama, in Five Acts, adapted from the French, by ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The Countess of Broadmeads ..	Miss Carlotta Leclercq.
Lady Clare Brook-field ..	Miss Ada Cavendish.
Hon. Cecil Brook-field ..	Miss Harriett Jay.
Lord Ambermere ..	Mr. Philip Beck.
John Middleton ..	Mr. Alfred Bucklaw.
Mary Middleton ..	Miss Lydia Cowell.
Mr. Gould Smale ..	Mr. Horace Wiggin.
Melissa Smale ..	Mrs. Digby Willoughby.
Count Legrange ..	Mr. E. Hamilton Bell.
Major O'Connor ..	Mr. Lawrence Grey.
Woosnam ..	Mr. T. Cannam.

Mrs. Forster .. Miss Clifton Delmar.
Montgomery .. Mr. Norton.
Grimes .. Mr. H. Jones.

14th. Haymarket. Revival.
SCHOOL.

Comedy, in Four Acts, by the late
 T. W. ROBERTSON.

Lord Beaufoy .. Mr. H. B. Conway.
Dr. Sutcliffe .. Mr. F. Everill.
Beau Farintosh .. Mr. Alfred Bishop.
Jack Poynty .. Mr. Bancroft.
Mr. Krux .. Mr. C. Brookfield.
Vaughan .. Mr. Vernon.
Mrs. Sutcliffe .. Miss Erskine.
Bella .. Miss Gerard.
Tilly .. Miss Tilbury.
Naomi Tighe .. Mrs. Bancroft.

14th. Olympic. First Performance.

RACHEL.

Drama, in a Prologue and Three Acts, by
 SYDNEY GRUNDY.

Characters in the Prologue :

Sir Philip Grant Mr. W. H. Vernon.
Captain Craven Mr. Hermann Vezin.
Sergeant Matthews Mr. W. E. Blatchley.
Jack Adams .. Mr. F. Staunton.
1st Policeman .. Mr. H. Darvell.
2nd Policeman .. Mr. H. Knight
Margaret Waters Mrs. Leigh Murray.
Rachel .. Miss Geneviève Ward.

Characters in the Drama :

Sir Philip Grant Mr. W. H. Vernon.
Captain Craven Mr. Hermann Vezin.
Harold Lee .. Mr. T. C. Bindloss.
Superintendent Matthews .. Mr. W. E. Blatchley.
Mr. Shorrocks .. Mr. J. W. Piggott.
Mason .. Mr. Edwards.
Gladys Grant .. Miss Lucy Buckstone.
Mrs. Athelstan .. Miss Geneviève Ward.

23rd. Royalty. First Performance.

THE MERRY DUCHESS.

New and Original Comic Opera, in Two
 Acts, written by G. R. SIMS, composed by
 FREDERIC CLAY.

Brabazon Sikes .. Mr. H. Ashley.
Freddy Bowman Mr. W. Gregory.
Farmer Bowman Mr. Furneaux Cook.
Sir Lothbury Jones Mr. F. Kaye.
Captain Walker Mr. H. Hallam.
Inspector Green .. Mr. Holmes.
Alderman Gog .. Mr. Cowdrick.
Lord Johnnie .. Mr. R. Martin.
Duchess of Epsom .. Miss K. Munroe.
Downs .. Miss K. Munroe.

Dorothy Bowman Miss Rose.
Rowena .. Miss Kate Santley.

MAY.

5th. Haymarket. First Performance.
FÉDORA.

Drama, in Four Acts, adapted from the
 French of Victorien Sardou, by HERMAN
 C. MERIVALE.

<i>Loris Ipanoff</i> ..	Mr. Charles Coghlan.
<i>Jean de Siriex</i> ..	Mr. Bancroft.
<i>Pierre Boroff</i> ..	Mr. Carne
<i>M. Rouvel</i> ..	Mr. Smedley.
<i>M. Vernet</i> ..	Mr. H. Fitzpatrick.
<i>Dr. Loreck</i> ..	Mr. Elliot.
<i>Gretch</i> ..	Mr. C. Brookfield.
<i>Boleslas Lasinski</i> ..	Mr. Francis.
<i>Tchileff</i> ..	Mr. F. Everill.
<i>Désiré</i> ..	Mr. Gerrard.
<i>Dmitri</i> ..	Miss Julia Gwynne.
<i>Kirill</i> ..	Mr. Stewart Dawson.
<i>Ivan</i> ..	Mr. Vernon.
<i>Princess Fédora</i> ..	Mrs. Bernard-Beere.
<i>Romazoff</i> ..	
<i>Countess Olga Soukareff</i> ..	Mrs. Bancroft.
<i>Baroness Öckar</i> ..	
<i>Madame de Tournis</i> ..	Miss Merrill.
<i>Marka</i> ..	

17th. Vaudeville. First Performance.
CONFUSION.

Eccentric Comedy, in Three Acts, by
 JOSEPH DERRICK.

<i>Mortimer Mumpleford</i> ..	Mr. Philip Day.
<i>Christopher Blizard</i> ..	
<i>Rupert Sunberry</i> ..	Mr. F. M. Pigott.
<i>James</i> ..	Mr. Fred Thorne.
<i>Bartholomew Jones</i> ..	Mr. F. Desmond.
<i>Michael Muzzle</i> ..	Mr. H. Akhurst.
<i>Miss Lucretia Trickleby</i> ..	Miss Sophie Larkin.
<i>Rose Mumpleford</i> ..	
<i>Violet</i> ..	Miss Kate Bishop.
<i>Maria</i> ..	Miss Emma Ritta.
	Miss Kate Lee.

26th. Toole's. First Performance.
STAGE-DORA.

Travestie, by F. C. BURNAND, of Sardou's
Fédora.

<i>Loris Ipanoff</i> ..	Mr. J. L. Toole.
<i>Atilloff</i> ..	
<i>Jean de Siriex</i> ..	Mr. E. D. Ward.
<i>Pierre Boroff</i> ..	Mr. W. Cheesman.
<i>M. Dovell</i> ..	Mr. Ap Thomas.

<i>M. Dummet</i>	Mr. H. C. Payne.
<i>Blessusū's Fiddle- inski</i>	Mr. Aug. Stanley.
<i>Gretch</i>	Mr. G. Shelton.
<i>Princess Féodora</i>	Miss Marie Linden.
<i>Mamazoff</i>	Miss Eliza Johnstone.
<i>Countess Olga</i>	Miss Mills.
<i>Baroness Ockard</i>	Miss Minnie Douglass.
<i>Madame de Klok- varse</i>	Miss Montague.

JUNE.

2nd. *Olympic*. First Performance.**THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE.**

Comedy, in Four Acts, adapted from the French, by SYDNEY GRUNDY.

<i>Henry St. John</i>	Mr. W. H. Vernon.
<i>Ensign Masham</i>	Mr. F. C. Bindloss.
<i>Marquis de Percy</i>	Mr. Hamilton Knight.
<i>Sir John Tyrrell</i>	Mr. Paine.
<i>Officer</i>	Mr. A. Darrell.
<i>Queen Anne</i>	Miss Gertrude Kellogg.
<i>Abigail Hill</i>	Miss Lucy Buckstone.
<i>Lady Albemarle</i>	Miss Achurch.
<i>Duchess of Marl- borough</i>	Miss Geneviève Ward.

9th. *Adelphi*. First Performance.**RANK AND RICHES.**

Drama, in Four Acts, by WILKIE COLLINS.

<i>Duke of Heathcote</i>	Mr. C. Sugden.
<i>Earl of Laverock</i>	Mr. J. W. Pigott.
<i>Lady Calista</i>	Miss Lingard.
<i>Lady Sherlock</i>	Mrs. Billington.
<i>Mr. Dominie</i>	Mr. G. W. Anson.
<i>Cecil Cassilis</i>	Mr. G. Alexander.
<i>Alice Rycroft</i>	Miss Myra Holme.
<i>Joyce Woodburn</i>	Miss Tennyson.
<i>Matthew</i>	Mr. L. Kingstone.
<i>Samuel</i>	Mr. A. Helmore.
<i>Bellamy Jephosop</i>	Mr. H. Proctor.
<i>Landlord</i>	Mr. H. Cooper.
<i>Landlady</i>	Miss Heffer.
<i>Boy</i>	Master Gates.
<i>President</i>	Mr. F. Glover.
<i>Secretary</i>	Mr. Redwood.
<i>Senior Member</i>	Mr. Moreland.
<i>Junior Member</i>	Mr. Crofton.

9th. *Strand*. First Performance.**SILVER GUILT.**

Burlesque, by W. WARHAM.

<i>Hackney Wick</i>	Mr. E. Righton.
<i>Captain Horsley</i>	Miss Edith Bruce.
<i>Down</i>	Mr. Robert Brough.

<i>Geoffrey Ware</i>	Mr. J. H. Jarvis.
<i>Corket</i>	Miss Nellie Lyons.
<i>Elijah Coombe</i>	Mr. W. F. Hawtrey.
<i>Bagshawe</i>	Mr. E. H. Bell.
<i>Tubbs</i>	Mr. T. Cannam.
<i>Hon. D'Alton</i>	Miss T. Hastings.
<i>Towney</i>	Miss Laura Linden.

JULY.

16th. *Gaiety*. First Performance.**VIRGINIA AND PAUL; OR,
CHANGING THE RINGS.**

New and Original Comic Opera, in Two Acts, written by H. P. STEPHENS, composed by EDWARD SOLOMON.

<i>M. Nicholas de Ville</i>	Mr. W. H. Hamilton.
<i>Paul Plantagenet</i>	Mr. Arnold Bredon.
<i>Robinson Brown- jones</i>	Mr. Arthur Williams.
<i>Samuel Nubbles</i>	Mr. William Elton.
<i>Lady Magnolia</i>	Miss Maud Taylor.
<i>Sally Cowslip</i>	Miss Harriett Coveney.
<i>Mildred</i>	Miss Pedley.
<i>Amy</i>	Miss de Wyndale.
<i>Alice</i>	Miss Emma Broughton.
<i>Cynthia</i>	Miss Matiste.
<i>Virginia Somerset</i>	Miss Lillian Russell.

26th. *Toole's*. Revival.**M.P.**

Comedy, in Four Acts, by the late T. W. ROBERTSON.

<i>Dunscombe</i>	Mr. A. Beaumont.
<i>Dunscombe</i>	Mr. E. D. Ward.
<i>Chudleigh Duns- combe</i>	Mr. F. H. Macklin.
<i>Talbot Piers</i>	Mr. J. F. Young.
<i>Issac Scoome</i>	Mr. A. D. Adams.
<i>Mr. Bran</i>	Mr. A. Chevalier.
<i>Mr. Mulhowther</i>	Mr. F. Irving.
<i>Mr. Bray</i>	Miss Gerard.
<i>Ruth Deybrook</i>	Miss Cora Stuart.
<i>Cecilia Dunscombe</i>	Miss Alice Thurston.

AUGUST.

4th. *Drury Lane*. First Performance.
FREEDOM.

Drama, in Four Acts and Eight Scenes, by G. F. ROWE and AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

<i>Ernest Gascoigne</i>	Mr. Augustus Harris.
<i>Mohamed Araf Bey</i>	Mr. Jas. Fernandez.
<i>Sadyk</i>	Mr. Henry George.

<i>Edward Loring</i>	Mr. E. F. Edgar.
<i>Herbert Duncan</i>	Mr. J. H. Manly.
<i>Jacob Blompet</i> ..	Mr. Harry Jackson.
<i>Hassan</i> ..	Mr. Harry Nicholls.
<i>Lieutenant Weldon</i>	Mr. C. Kenny.
<i>Coxswain</i> ..	Mr. John Ridley.
<i>Obi</i> ..	Mr. Wm. Morgan.
<i>Cæsar</i> ..	Mr. A. Estcourt.
<i>Hussein</i> ..	Mr. Branscombe.
<i>Memlook</i> ..	Mr. T. Stephens.
<i>Andrew Jackson</i>	Mr. G. F. Rowe.
<i>Slingsby</i> ..	Miss Sophie Eyre.
<i>Suleima</i> ..	Miss Bromley.
<i>Constance Loring</i>	Miss M. A. Victor.
<i>Lady Betty Piper</i>	Miss Fanny Enson.
<i>Amaranthe</i> ..	Miss Lydia Foote.
<i>Zaydee</i> ..	Little Rose Baldwin.
<i>Hamish</i> ..	Miss Alice Denvil.
<i>Alfa</i> ..	

SEPTEMBER.

1st. Lyceum. Revival.

INGOMAR.

MARIA LOVELL'S Play.

<i>Ingomar</i> ..	Mr. J. H. Barnes.
<i>Alastor</i> ..	Mr. J. A. Rosier.
<i>Trinobantes</i>	Mr. N. Chisnell.
<i>Ambivar</i> ..	Mr. Jos. Anderson.
<i>Novio</i> ..	Mr. G. Godfrey.
<i>Samo</i> ..	Mr. H. Wells.
<i>Polydor</i> ..	Mr. J. G. Taylor.
<i>Myron</i> ..	Mr. W. H. Stephens.
<i>Lykon</i> ..	Mr. P. C. Beverley.
<i>Neocles</i> ..	Mr. G. H. Gates.
<i>Amyntas</i> ..	Mr. R. Burns.
<i>Elphenor</i> ..	Mr. W. Russell.
<i>Timarch of Massilia</i> ..	Mr. Howard Russell.
<i>Minstrel Boy</i> ..	Master Sargood.
<i>Actaea</i> ..	Mrs. Arthur Stirling.
<i>Theano</i> ..	Miss De Sarria.
<i>Parthenia</i> ..	Miss Mary Anderson.

8th. Globe. First Performance in London.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

Comedy, in Four Acts, by SYDNEY GRUNDY.

<i>Colonel Trevanion</i>	Mr. H. J. Lethcourt.
<i>Prince Borowski</i>	Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree.
<i>John Macadam</i>	Mr. J. L. Shine.
<i>Hon. Tom Stanhope</i>	Mr. Charles A. Smily.
<i>Mr. Prior Jenkyn</i>	Mr. E. W. Gardiner.
<i>Austin</i> ..	Mr. W. Guise.
<i>Kerry</i> ..	Mr. Frank Evans.
<i>Mrs. Trevanion</i>	Miss Lingard.
<i>Lady Coombe</i> ..	Miss Carlotta Leclercq.
<i>Peg O'Reilly</i> ..	Miss L. Venne.
<i>Harris</i> ..	Miss Noad.

27th. Court. First Performance.

THE MILLIONAIRE.

Comedy, in Four Acts, by G. W. GODFREY.

<i>Mr. Guyon</i> ..	Mr. Arthur Cecil.
<i>Gordon Frere</i> ..	Mr. Charles Sugden.
<i>Thacker</i> ..	Mr. Mackintosh.
<i>Charles Yeldham</i>	Mr. Edmund Maurice.
<i>Fowler</i> ..	Mr. Barrier.
<i>Jarvis</i> ..	Mr. C. Seyton.
<i>Captain Cobbe</i> ..	Mr. Chalnor.
<i>Tippy Trafford</i>	Mr. Gilbert Trent.
<i>Robert Streightifly</i>	Mr. John Clayton.
<i>Katharine Guyon</i>	Miss Marion Terry.
<i>Hester Gould</i> ..	Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree.
<i>Mrs. Cholmondeley-Browne</i> ..	Miss H. Lindley.
<i>Mrs. Holman</i> ..	Miss Cowle.
<i>Lady Henmarsh</i>	Mrs. John Wood.

OCTOBER.

3rd. Avenue. First Performance in London.

LA VIE.

Operatic Burlesque, in Three Acts, by H. B. FARNIE. Composed by OFFENBACH.

<i>The Baron von Gondremarcke</i> ..	Mr. Lionel Brough.
<i>Hon. Tom Splinterbarre</i> ..	Mr. Herbert Standing.
<i>Lord Guy Silver-spoone</i> ..	Mr. Forbes Drummond.
<i>Snip</i> ..	Mr. A. Wheatman.
<i>Knobstick</i> ..	Mr. R. J. Waldegrave.
<i>Mr. Muggins</i> ..	Mr. C. Hunt.
<i>Blucher</i> ..	Mr. Ernest Palmieri.
<i>Joe Tarradiddle</i>	Mr. Arthur Roberts.
<i>Gabrielle Chevrette</i> ..	Mdlle. Camille D'Arville.
<i>Lady Catherine Wyverne</i> ..	Miss C. Gardiner.
<i>Flounce</i> ..	Miss Clara Graham.
<i>Trixie</i> ..	Miss Amée Perin.
<i>Baby Greene</i> ..	Miss Ivy Warner.
<i>Taunto Tarrington</i>	Miss Fairfax.
<i>Victor Emanuel Jones</i> ..	Miss Agnes Lynn.
<i>Captain Fluker</i>	Miss Josephine Clare.
<i>Countess of Seven-dials</i> ..	Miss Maude de Vere.
<i>Miss Slyboots</i> ..	Miss Lily Harcourt.
<i>Mrs. Muggins</i> ..	Miss Bessie Bell.
<i>Christine von Gondremarcke</i> ..	Miss Lilian La Rue.

6th. Adelphi. First Performance.

IN THE RANKS.

Drama, in Five Acts, by GEORGE R. SIMS and HENRY PETTITT.

<i>Ned Drayton</i> ..	Mr. Charles Warner.
<i>Colonel Wynter</i>	Mr. John Ryder.

<i>Gideon Blake</i>	Mr. J. D. Beveridge.
<i>Captain Holcroft</i>	Mr. W. Herbert.
<i>Farmer Herrick</i>	Mr. J. G. Shore.
<i>Joe Buzzard</i>	Mr. E. W. Garden.
<i>Sergeant Searle</i>	Mr. E. R. Fitzdavis.
<i>Mr. Timmins</i>	Mr. M. Bentley.
<i>Mr. Leachmere</i>	Mr. F. Moreland.
<i>Recruiting Sergeant</i>	Mr. E. Francis.
<i>Curtis</i>	Mr. H. Cooper.
<i>Warder</i>	Mr. East.
<i>O'Flanigan</i>	Mr. Archer.
<i>Working Man</i>	Mr. Bridport.
<i>The Tiger</i>	Mr. M. Byrnes.
<i>Village Constable</i>	Mr. Gardiner.
<i>O'Leary</i>	Mr. E. Travers.
<i>The Hop Picker</i>	Mr. John Beauchamp.
<i>Ruth Herrick</i>	Miss Isabel Bateman.
<i>Barbara Herrick</i>	Miss Mary Rorke.
<i>Mrs. Buzzard</i>	Mrs. H. Leigh.
<i>Mrs. Timmins</i>	Miss Harriet Coveney.
<i>Polly Timmins</i>	Miss Maggie Watson.
<i>Mrs. Whiffin</i>	Miss E. Heffier.
<i>Miss Pankley</i>	Mrs. Ashton.
<i>Mrs. Grindle</i>	Miss Dyos.
<i>Dinah</i>	Miss Rogers.
<i>Mrs. O'Flanigan</i>	Mrs. H. Carter.

8th. *Gaiety*. First Performance.**ARIEL.**

Burlesque Drama, in Three Acts, by
F. C. BURNAND.

<i>Alonso</i>	Mr. John Dallas.
<i>Ferdinand</i>	Miss Phyllis Brough-
	ton.
<i>Gonzago</i>	Mr. T. Squire.
<i>Antonio</i>	Mr. Henley.
<i>Sebastian</i>	Mr. Wyatt.
<i>Il Capitano Ar-</i>	Miss L. Harcourt.
<i>daporto</i>	
<i>Prospero</i>	Mr. Monkhouse.
<i>Echicidio</i>	Mr. Warde.
<i>Miranda</i>	Miss C. Gilchrist.
<i>Caliban</i>	Mr. Elton.
<i>Ariel</i>	Miss E. Farren.
<i>Prima</i>	Miss Taylor.
<i>Seconda</i>	Miss Pedley.

15th. *Drury Lane*. First Performance.**A SAILOR AND HIS LASS.**

Drama, in Five Acts, by ROBERT
BUCHANAN and AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

<i>Harry Hastings</i>	Mr. Augustus Harris.
<i>Walter Carruthers</i>	Mr. William Morgan.
<i>Richard Kingston</i>	Mr. Henry George.
<i>Michael Morton</i>	Mr. James Fernandez.
<i>Bob Downsey</i>	Mr. Harry Jackson.
<i>Green</i>	Mr. Harry Nichols.
<i>Ben Armstrong</i>	Mr. John Ridley.
<i>Captain of the "Albatross"</i>	Mr. A. C. Lilly.
<i>Bradley</i>	Mr. Charles Sennett.

<i>Hurt and Coffe-</i>	} Mr. Arthur Chudleigh.
<i>stall keeper</i>	
<i>Connell</i>	Mr. Bruton.
<i>Larry O'Brien</i>	Mr. P. Fairleigh.
<i>Master of Cere-</i>	} Mr. Frank Parker.
<i>monies</i>	
<i>Waiter</i>	Mr. O'Kill.
<i>Lighthouse Keeper</i>	Mr. G. Gillett.
<i>Judge</i>	Mr. C. Douglas.
<i>Clerk</i>	Mr. Nicholson.
<i>Foreman</i>	Mr. Phipps.
<i>Governor of New-</i>	} Mr. Villiers.
<i>gate</i>	
<i>Smith</i>	Mr. B. H. Bentley.
<i>Chaplain</i>	Mr. C. Johnson.
<i>Sheriff</i>	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Mary Morton</i>	Miss Harriet Jay.
<i>Esther</i>	Miss Sophie Eyre.
<i>Mrs. Downsey</i>	Miss M. A. Victor.
<i>Carrots</i>	Miss Clara Jecks.
<i>Barby</i>	Miss Lottie Young.
<i>Polly</i>	Mrs. Lennox.
<i>Susan</i>	Miss Cissy St. George.
<i>First Masher</i>	Miss Addie Grey.
<i>Mary Brown</i>	Miss Emily Clare.

20th. *St. James's*. First Performance
YOUNG FOLKS' WAYS.

New and Original Comedy, in Four Acts
by MRS. BURNETT, and W. H. GILLETTE.

<i>The Marquis</i>	Mr. Brian Darley.
<i>Jack Desmond</i>	Mr. J. Maclean.
<i>Estabrook</i>	Mr. Kendal.
<i>Old Rogers</i>	Mr. Hare.
<i>Dave Hardy</i>	Mr. George Alexander.
<i>George Drew</i>	Mr. Herbert Waring.
<i>Servant</i>	Mr. De Verney.
<i>Nora Desmond</i>	Mrs. Kendal.
<i>Kate Desmond</i>	Miss Linda Dietz.
<i>Mrs. Rogers</i>	Mrs. Hermann Vezini.
<i>Esmeralda</i>	Miss Webster.

27th. *Lyceum*. Revival.**THE LADY OF LYONS.**

LORD LYTTON'S Play.

<i>Claude Melnotte</i>	Mr. J. H. Barnes.
<i>Colonel Damas</i>	Mr. W. Farren.
<i>Mons. Bauséant</i>	Mr. Frank Archer.
<i>Mons. Glaris</i>	Mr. J. H. Rosier.
<i>Mons. Deschap-</i>	} Mr. W. H. Stephens.
<i>pelles</i>	
<i>Gaspard</i>	Mr. Joseph Anderson.
<i>Landlord</i>	Mr. F. W. Irish.
<i>Captain Gervais</i>	Mr. P. C. Beverley.
<i>Captain Dupont</i>	Mr. G. Godfrey.
<i>Major Desmoulins</i>	Mr. W. Lintot.
<i>Notary</i>	Mr. W. Russell.
<i>Mdme. Deschap-</i>	} Mrs. Arthur Stirling.
<i>pelles</i>	
<i>Widow Melnotte</i>	
<i>Pauline</i>	Mrs. Billington.
	Miss Mary Anderson.

29th. Comedy. First Performance.

FALKA.

Comic Opera, in Three Acts, by H. B. FARNIE, music by F. CHASSAIGNE.

Folbach .. .	Mr. Harry Paulton.
Tancred .. .	Mr. H. Ashley.
Arthur .. .	Mr. L. Kelleher.
Lay Brother Pelican	Mr. W. S. Penley.
Konrad .. .	Miss Vere Carew.
Tekeli .. .	Mr. Vaughan.
Boboky .. .	Miss Rose Moncrieff.
Boleslas .. .	Mr. W. H. Hamilton.
The Seneschal ..	Mr. James Francis.
Falka .. .	Miss Violet Cameron.
Edwige .. .	Miss Wadman.
Alexina de Kel-kirsch .. .	Miss Louise Henschel.
Mina .. .	Miss Madge Milton.
Zanotha .. .	Miss E. Nicholls.

NOVEMBER.

19th. Royalty. First Performance.

GILLETTE.

Comic Opera, in Three Acts, adapted from the French by H. SAVILE CLARKE, music by AUDRAN.

Count Raymond ..	Mr. Walter Browne.
King René ..	Mr. Fred. Kaye.
Oliver .. .	Miss Maud Taylor.
Griffard .. .	Mr. W. J. Hill.
Menotte .. .	Mr. J. Willes.
Barigouil .. .	Mr. C. Cowdrick.
Richard .. .	Miss Grant.
Robert .. .	Miss Douglass.
Toinette .. .	Miss Rivière.
Suzanne .. .	Miss Trevellyan.
Rosita .. .	Miss Kate Munroe.
Gillette .. .	Miss Kate Santley.

24th. Haymarket. First Performance.

LORDS AND COMMONS.

Comedy, in Four Acts, by A. W. PINERO.

Earl of Caryl ..	Mr. Forbes-Robertson.
Lord Percy Lewis-court ..	Mr. C. Brookfield.
Sir George Par-nacott, M.D. . .	Mr. Elliot.
Tom Jervoise ..	Mr. Bancroft.
Mr. Smee .. .	Mr. Alfred Bishop.
Mr. Chadd .. .	Mr. Girardot.
Mr. Tredger ..	Mr. Albert Sims.
Messenger .. .	Mr. Percy Vernon.
Baby Radbone ..	Mr. Stewart Dawson.
Countess of Caryl ..	Mrs. Stirling.
Lady Nell .. .	Miss Calhoun.
Mrs. Devenish ..	Mrs. Bernard-Beere.
Miss Maplebeck ..	Mrs. Bancroft.

DECEMBER.

1st. Olympic. First Performance in London.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

Drama, in Four Acts, by HENRY PETTITT.

Septimus Wragby ..	Mr. G. W. Anson.
Matthew Greenfield	Mr. J. F. Young.
Frank Manly ..	Mr. H. H. Vincent.
John Staunton ..	Mr. Phillip Beck.
Bob Leverett ..	Mr. C. W. Somerset.
Jem Baldock ..	Mr. E. Hendrie.
John Brady ..	Mr. E. Coalbrook.
Tom Titley ..	Miss Minnie Rayner.
Mabel Greenfield	Miss Alma Murray.
Susan Roseleigh	Miss Laura Linden.

3rd. Alhambra. First Performance.

THE GOLDEN RING.

Fairy Spectacular Opera, in Three Acts, written by GEORGE R. SIMS. Music by FREDERIC CLAY.

Calino .. .	Mr. J. G. Taylor.
Florian .. .	Mr. F. Gaillard.
Carambole .. .	Mr. Wilfred Esmond.
Dr. Colchicum ..	Mr. George Mudie.
Prince Poppet ..	Miss Alice Hamilton.
Rigmorole ..	Mr. G. A. Honey.
Cleon .. .	Mr. Fred Mervin.
Alimanes .. .	Mr. Aynsley Cook.
Admiral .. .	Mr. Oscar Hartwell.
Herald .. .	Mr. A. Darrell.
Captain .. .	Mr. Hodges.
Sirene .. .	Miss Constance Loseby
Arethusa .. .	Miss Sallie Turner.
Princess Blanche ..	Miss Marion Hood.
Casquette .. .	Miss Irene Verona.
Serpenta .. .	Miss Adelaide Newton.
Sea Nymph ..	Miss Eily Beaumont.
Foujou .. .	Miss Vacani.
Trubord .. .	Mdlle. Louie.

6th. Princess's. First Performance.

CLAUDIAN.

Play, in a Prologue and Three Acts; the Plot, Story, and Construction by HENRY HERMAN; the Dialogue by W. G. WILLS.

Characters in the Prologue :

Claudian Andiates	Mr. Wilson Barrett.
The Holy Clement	Mr. E. S. Willard.
Theorus .. .	Mr. Frank Cooper.
Zosimus .. .	Mr. F. Huntley.
Volpas .. .	Mr. Neville Doone.
Symachus .. .	Mr. C. Fulton.
Sesiphon .. .	Mr. W. A. Elliott.
Demos .. .	Mr. H. Evans.
Captain of the Scythians ..	Mr. Philip Matthews.

<i>Serena</i>	{ Miss Emmeline Ormsby.
<i>Caris</i>	Miss Phoebe Carlo.
Characters in the Play :		
<i>Claudian Andiates</i>	Mr. Wilson Barrett.	
<i>Alcares</i>	Mr. Clifford Cooper.
<i>Belos</i>	Mr. George Barrett.
<i>Thariogalus</i>	Mr. Charles Hudson.
<i>Agazil</i>	Mr. Walter Speakman.
<i>Rhamantes</i>	Mr. C. Polhill.
<i>Edessa</i>	Miss Helen Vincent.
<i>Threna</i>	Miss Garth.
<i>Cla</i>	Miss Nellie Palmer.
<i>Galena</i>	Mrs. Huntley.
<i>Hera</i>	Miss Mary Dickens.
<i>Sabella</i>	Miss Helen Bruno.
<i>Gratia</i>	Miss Alice Cook.
<i>Cloris</i>	Mr. H. Besley.
<i>Almida</i>	Miss Eastlake.

8th. Lyceum. Revival.

PYGMALION AND GALATEA.

Comedy, in Three Acts, by W. S. GILBERT.

<i>Pygmalion</i>	Mr. J. H. Barnes.
<i>Leucippe</i>	Mr. F. H. Macklin.

<i>Chrysos</i>	Mr. H. Kemble.
<i>Agesimos</i>	Mr. E. T. March.
<i>Mimos</i>	Mr. Arthur Lewis.
<i>Cynisca</i>	Miss Amy Roselle.
<i>Daphne</i>	Mrs. Arthur Stirling.
<i>Myrine</i>	Miss Annie Rose.
<i>Galatea</i>	Miss Mary Anderson.

10th. Gaiety. First Performance in London.

THE ROCKET.

Comedy, in Three Acts, by A. W. PINERO.

<i>The Chevalier</i>	{	Mr. Edward Terry.
<i>Walkinshaw</i>	

Lord Leadenhall Mr. J. W. Adams.*John Mabel* Mr. A. Beaumont.

<i>Joslyn Hammer</i>	{	Mr. H. C. Sidney.
<i>smith</i>	

Clement Mr. Vacotti.*Chatwood* Mr. Crutwell.*Lady Hammersmith* Miss Maria Jones.

<i>Rosaline</i>	{	Miss Dolores Drum-
<i>quette</i>	mond.

Florence Miss F. Sutherland.*Georgette* Miss Foret.*Bingle* Miss Ross.

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DRAMATIC NOTES, 1884.

Dramatic Notes.

1884.

JANUARY.

Princess Ida; or, *Castle Adamant*.—*The New Magdalen* at the Novelty.—*Low Water*.—“Lotta” and Miss Minnie Palmer appear in London.—*The Palace of Truth* at the Prince’s.—*Comedy and Tragedy*.—*Camaralzaman*.

THE two first theatrical events of 1884 occurred simultaneously on Saturday, January 5. Perhaps the most important of these productions was

Princess Ida; or, *Castle Adamant*, a “respectful operatic per-version” of Tennyson’s “Princess,” acted at the Savoy Theatre. It may be remembered that, on January 8, 1870, Mr. W. S. Gilbert’s parody of the Poet Laureate’s poem appeared at the Olympic Theatre. The cast then included Mr. David Fisher, Maria Simpson (Mrs. W. H. Liston), Mattie Reinhardt, Miss Fanny Addison, and Miss Alma Murray, the latter lady then making her first appearance on the stage as Sacharissa. *Princess Ida* is built upon exactly the same lines as its forerunner, the dialogue being almost word



MISS LEONORA BRAHAM. (*Princess Ida*.)

for word the same. Mr. Gilbert's pungent wit and Sir Arthur Sullivan's graceful music secured the popular favour for the opera. The principal characters were ably supported by Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Rutland Barrington, Miss Jessie Bond, and Miss Leonora Braham as the Princess.

The Novelty Theatre, in Great Queen Street, originally opened in 1883, when it was known as the Folies-Dramatiques, has been more or less unsuccessful since it was first opened. Last year, however, Miss Nelly Harris courageously took the unfortunate house in hand, and succeeded in redeeming it, for a time at least, from the disaster generally attendant upon it. She made her first bid for public favour with the engagement of Miss Ada Cavendish, who appeared on the same night as the initial performance of *Princess Ida* at the Savoy. Miss Cavendish resumed her original character of Mercy Merrick, in Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama, *The New Magdalen*, first brought out at the Olympic on May 19, 1873. She was ably supported on this occasion by Mr. Frank Archer as Julian Grey, and Miss Le Thiére as Lady Janet Roy.

A production so extraordinary as Mr. A. W. Pinero's three-act comedy *Low Water*, played at the Globe Theatre on the 12th, is, happily, seldom seen in a theatre. Mr. Pinero, as it seems to me, destroyed in this play a good dramatic scheme. For his theme he took the old story of the betrayed girl and the ruined home, but he treated the subject in a manner calculated to arouse laughter and ridicule, instead of exciting profound interest and sympathy. Some of his character sketches in this piece are admirable studies, whilst one of them, at least, is greatly exaggerated, and absolutely unacceptable as a type of character. The play was doomed to immediate failure, and no wonder. When a dramatist who has distinguished himself by his cleverness and dramatic capability in other plays, purposely mars the technical construction of his work, writes unmeaning dialogue, and builds up a situation in order to laugh at it, he cannot blame his audience if they follow his example, catch his cynical tone, and jeer as he does at all moral sentiment—or at the spoilation of it. The moral of Mr. Pinero's story is that a girl may walk calmly and with her eyes open to certain moral destruction, to be married in the end to the man who has betrayed her because she has nursed him in a dangerous illness. It may be as well to describe the various incidents of this extraordinary play. The first act takes place at a semi-detached villa at St. John's Wood, where Mr. Algernon Linklater and

his two daughters, Anne and Rosamond, designated respectively the Major and the Beauty, are living in respectable poverty. Lord George Ormolu has written a letter to the Beauty, proposing that she should go away with him, although he could not marry her. The girl, who really loves this heartless scoundrel, is stung to the quick at this proposal, and makes her lover read his letter aloud, so that she may see if she can find strength in his spoken words to be induced to fly with him. Lord George Ormolu wavers a little about his intention, in consequence of the advice of a good-hearted old schoolfellow, Dicky Smallpage, but on receiving a signal from the girl that she gives her consent, his evil impulse becomes irresistible, and Lord George and the Beauty go off secretly. The elder sister, the Major, learning the real state of affairs, makes her father believe that Rosamond has gone away to be married. The second act passes in the humble lodgings of the Linklaters. Here the Beauty returns home to seek forgiveness, and finds what passes for affection in the cold and unfeeling reception which she receives from her sister. Presently Lord George arrives to make terms with the Major, and finds, much to his astonishment, that the victim of his desertion is with her sister. On seeing her he simply exclaims, "Rosamond, I will write to you to-morrow," and beats a hasty retreat. A few seconds elapse, and news comes that Lord George has met with an accident, whereupon the still faithful Beauty protests that her "place is by his side," and rushes after him. Accordingly, we find her in the next act snugly ensconced in Lord George's lodgings in the Albany, where the confidential valet dries his eyes with the napkin which covers some food he is taking to his master. Seeing this, Rosamond offers him her pocket handkerchief, which he accepts, and pockets himself. To the lodgings in the Albany also come old Linklater and his greasy friends, who believe that the Beauty is Lord George's wife. They are undeceived by Mr. Vereker, Q.C., a thorough man of the world (played with admirable taste and ease by Mr. Carton, who gave in this piece one of the most artistic impersonations that the London stage has seen for a long time). But the aristocratic villain repents of his sin, privately marries the girl, and requests each of the assembled relations and friends to give him there and then a trifling present, a request which leads to his receiving from his servant half of the handkerchief which had been lent to him by the Beauty—the valet retaining the other half for himself. When an author covers

his work with such ridiculous incidents as I have cited, he has no one to blame for the result but himself. After the representation of the piece, Mr. Pinero promptly wrote to the papers, stating that the comedy was produced in direct opposition to his wishes—an announcement which, as it seems to me, should have been made prior to the production. It is hardly necessary to add that *Low Water* met with a speedy extermination.

The appearances at this time of two American actresses, "Lotta" and Miss Minnie Palmer, deserve to be noted here. On



MISS LOTTA.

December 23, 1883, Miss Lotta appeared for the first time in England, at the Opéra Comique, in a poor play called *Musette*, which was deservedly damned out of hand. The actress's reputation, together with the fortunes of the house, were redeemed by the production, on January 12, of an adaptation by Mr. Charles Dickens of his father's noted novel, "The Old Curiosity Shop," concerning which I wrote:—

"This new adaptation fulfils its requirements of providing the impersonator of the characters of Little Nell and the Marchioness with plenty of scope for genuine acting, and therefore its dramatic defects

may be pardoned. It is probable that anyone who happened to be ignorant of the story as told by Charles Dickens would get little meaning out of the play, for the drama is made up of so many scenes strung together from the novel without an apparent effort on the part of the adaptator to make a good play. The difficulty of adapting a novel successfully was never more evident than now; but Mr. Dickens has done all that he attempted in providing Miss Lotta with a chance for showing that she is something better than a music-hall 'artiste.' If the Little Nell of this lady is not precisely the

ideal character, her rendering of the Marchioness fully makes up for the deficiency. Miss Lotta is by far too bright, too animated, too full of irrepressible life and spirit, to act to perfection the simple child which Dickens has so beautifully painted. Little Nell places the actress under too much restraint. Not that Miss Lotta is not delicate, winning, and emotional, but she is too quick and eager for the character. She consequently excels in the impersonation of the Marchioness. Here Miss Lotta's unbounded wealth of spirits, her irresistible love of fun, and her unceasing rapidity and variety of action have the entire field. She dashes through the part with lightning-like rapidity; she skips, and romps, and plays with innocent gaiety; she dances with agility, and her irresistible mirth conquers all depression. Her Marchioness may not be exactly the character of the novel, but it is a brilliantly successful and fascinatingly clever performance."

On the 14th, Miss Minnie Palmer appeared at the Strand Theatre in *My Sweetheart*, a musical drama in which the actress made her first appearance in Great Britain at the Princess's Theatre, Glasgow, on June 4, 1883. She then toured through the English provinces, meeting with considerable success. Her first appearance in London was made at the Grand Theatre, on September 17, of the same year. She played there for a time, and at the Gaiety on certain afternoons during her visit to the Islington house. Her season at the Strand confirmed her previous London success. One of the chief reasons of Miss Minnie Palmer's popularity, no doubt, lies in the fact that she enters thoroughly into the fun and spirit of



MISS MINNIE PALMER.
(*My Sweetheart.*)

her part. Again, her voice is so fresh and rich, so melodious and cultivated, that her singing becomes a positive delight. She is pretty enough and engaging in the comedy scenes, and she can command pathos as well as excite mirth. She is clever in her acting, agile in her movements, and spontaneous in her humour. All this must be apparent to the most superficial observer, but it seems to me that Miss Minnie Palmer is capable of far better things than merrily tripping through such a part as Tina in the play called *My Sweetheart*. Miss Palmer is endowed with plenty of genuine talent as well as many personal attractions, and it is a pity that she cannot be induced to turn her attention to more serious and legitimate work than this unambitious business. Nor can one even help a regret at seeing a performance so undeniably clever as this marred by one or two acts of childish nonsense and unbecoming vulgarity. If Miss Palmer could only understand how far more captivating she becomes when she lays aside coarseness and reveals her untarnished talent for a moment she would immediately cast aside certain little bits of indecorum. She would then discover that refinement meets with more admiration than vulgarity, and the public would then be able to appreciate at her full value a gifted actress and a prepossessing woman.

The pretty Prince's Theatre was opened for the first time to the public on the 18th. The opening programme was not specially attractive. It consisted of Mr. Sydney Grundy's one-act piece, *In Honour Bound*, and Mr. Gilbert's comedy, *The Palace of Truth*. Mr. Grundy's little play is a neat adaptation of Scribe's five-act drama, *Une Chaine*. It was first acted at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on September 20, 1880, with Mr. Edgar Bruce as Sir George Carlyon. On the occasion under notice, Mr. Bruce, the lessee of the new theatre, resumed his original character. The piece also derived valuable assistance from the acting of Miss Helen Matthews and Miss Tilbury. Here is the first cast of *The Palace of Truth* as it was represented at the Haymarket Theatre on November 19, 1870:—King Phanor, Mr. J. B. Buckstone; Prince Philamir, Mr. W. H. Kendal; Chrysal, Mr. F. Everill; Zoram, Mr. Clark; Aristacus, Mr. Rogers; Gélanor, Mr. Braid; Queen Altemire, Mrs. Chippendale; Princess Zéolide, Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal); Mirza, Miss Caroline Hill; Palmis, Miss Fanny Wright; and Azèma, Miss Fanny Gwynne. The failure of the revival was principally due to the fact that the new representatives of the various characters were, with few exceptions, unable to adequately fill them.

In Mr. Gilbert's one-act play, *Comedy and Tragedy*, presented at the Lyceum Theatre on the 26th, Miss Mary Anderson achieved her greatest artistic success on the London stage, and Mr. Gilbert made a hit with a play more serious in purpose and more dramatic than he has recently produced. As the heroine of the drama, Miss Anderson proved conclusively that she possesses rare power, a great depth of feeling, much nervous force and dramatic intensity, and, moreover, the capability of rapidly changing from one emotion, from one phase of a character, to the other. Mr. Gilbert, having for the moment laid aside his cynicism and his quaint humour, devoted himself with complete success to perfecting a sound, vigorous, clever, and workman-like play, which, although very brief, is an intensely interesting and, so far as it goes, a perfect dramatic work. If Miss Anderson's acting is not always illumined by an elaborate display of minute points and delicate touches of painstaking art, it can, at least, be healthy, powerful, and to the purpose. Miss Anderson is evidently no disciple of the school-girl style of acting which has lately, and so detrimentally, been cultivated and practised by many of our actresses, and which is fostered and so continually encouraged by many writers and managers. As abundantly proved in this play she can obtain her effects easily, boldly, and naturally, without over-elaboration or undue emphasis, and without that striving after them which is so often and so obviously manifest in some performers. Mr. Gilbert's play represents an incident which, although it may not be strictly true, is dramatically effective. Clarice, the leading actress of the Théâtre Français at the beginning of the



MISS MARY ANDERSON.
(*Comedy and Tragedy.*)

eighteenth century, is married to one D'Aulnay, a young man of noble birth, who has resigned his position in the army in order to please his wife by becoming an actor. Clarice is persecuted by the attentions of many gallants, but in particular by those of the Regent of France, who is annoyed by the continued silent contempt shown to him by the actress, whose virtuous conduct only gives greater zest to his passion. He has even gone so far as to cause his servants to make two distinct attempts, which have proved unsuccessful, to carry the lady off. The husband has challenged him on more than one occasion, but his position would not allow him to fight with an actor. Husband and wife therefore plan a scheme of revenge which takes this shape: Clarice gives out that she has left her husband and is determined henceforth to lead a life of extravagance and dissipation, and she even goes so far as to deceive her own sister on the subject. The scene between the two sisters forms the opening of the play, the action of which passes in a room on the ground floor of the actress's costly house. Clarice has invited a party of distinguished profligates of the time, including, of course, the Regent, to meet at her place. The guests speedily find an excuse for retiring to the card-room, and Clarice is left alone with her would-be lover. The Regent loses no time in declaring his passion for Clarice. No sooner has he delivered his vile proposal than he is arrested by the stern figure of the husband, D'Aulnay, standing beside him. "Is this a trap?" he asks. "It is a trap," says Clarice. "It is a trap," adds D'Aulnay, who immediately again challenges the Regent to a duel, and is again refused for the old reason that the Regent of France cannot fight an actor. D'Aulnay has just succeeded in obtaining an engagement at the Théâtre Français. "By this act," he rejoins, tearing the contract into pieces, "I annul my engagement, and I pledge you my honour never again to appear on the stage. Now, Monsieur, you cannot refuse to fight me." The Regent, no longer able to refuse to fight D'Aulnay, consents to the duel on condition that the matter is kept secret. He warns Clarice that he is a skilful swordsman, and that he will assuredly kill his opponent. The actress struggles with her emotion for a moment, but her courage does not desert her. "Monsieur," she says, "you must fight my husband." Husband and wife embrace, and the two men go out into the garden to fight. No sooner has the door closed on them than Clarice realises to the full extent the horror of the situation. But she has no time to indulge in grief, for

the returning footsteps of her visitors oblige her to conceal her emotion. Mad almost to distraction, and panting with terror, she fiercely asks her visitors what she can do to entertain them. She is asked to recite. She demands a subject—comedy, or tragedy, which shall it be? It is decided that she shall recite comedy first and tragedy afterwards. She therefore gives a recitation in comedy, which she delivers with a fearful gaiety and nervous rapidity that lend an almost tragical air to the scene. One of the guests asserts that he hears the clashing of swords in the garden, but Clarice protests that it is nothing—merely a surprise she is preparing for them. Suddenly a man's cry is heard, and Clarice, no longer able to restrain herself, piteously asks the visitors to help her—to save her husband, who may be now dying in the garden. Vainly does she appeal, for the elegant courtiers think she is only acting. But one man, possessing more discernment than the rest, sees that this can be no mere acting. So, at the risk of being laughed at, he opens the door leading to the garden, and there, standing in the clear moonlight, is D'Aulnay, unhurt. The Regent is wounded to the death, he tells Clarice, who leads her husband forward. "This, gentlemen," she says, "is the little surprise of which I spoke. I am delighted to think that my attempt at improvised tragedy has met with your approval." It may be seen from this sketch that the part of Clarice demands very uncommon, great, and varied powers from the actress. If Miss Anderson was not quite as elegant as the period of the play would fully warrant her in being, she certainly excelled in other and more important particulars. She sustained the emotion and interest of the character throughout; she delivered the comedy speech with wonderful and due rapidity, excitement and precision; and the various lights and shades of the character were depicted boldly and skilfully. The mere physical capacities required for the portrayal of this character are enormous, for in the short space of thirty minutes the excitement is kept at fever heat, and the passion and intensity of the scene are not allowed to drop for a single instant. It says much for Miss Anderson's courage and perseverance that she could play such a rôle without giving a moment's pause to the excitement. Her conception of the part was correct and her rendering of it was marvellously and brilliantly striking, if not quite perfect. The remaining characters are merely subsidiary. Mr. Barnes as the Regent, and Mr. Alexander as D'Aulnay, rendered requisite assistance. It should be noted that the story of this

play was published by the author in Routledge's Christmas Annual, "The Stage Door," edited by Clement Scott, in 1879.

Mr. Burnand's burlesque, *Camaralzaman*, produced at the Gaiety on the 31st, was even duller than its predecessors at the same house. The so-called jokes were not too original or humorous, nor was the story distinguished for its brightness or novelty. Mr.

Edward Terry, however, was well fitted as the Djin Danasch, and Miss Farren found much admiration from the stalls for her appearance in the title-rôle. But the best performance in the piece was that of Miss Phyllis Broughton as the fairy, Maimouné.



MISS PHYLLIS BROUGHTON.
(*Camaralzaman*.)

Miss Broughton, previous to this production, had not had much opportunity for distinguishing herself. She delivered her lines with an intelligence that is quite rare on the burlesque stage, and she was never for a moment out of keeping with her part.

II.

FEBRUARY.

Nell Gwynne.—*Paw Clawdian*; or, the Roman-Awry.—*Peril* and *A Lesson* at the Haymarket.—*Margery's Lovers*.

The 7th of this month witnessed the production, at the Avenue Theatre, of M. Planquette's new opera, *Nell Gwynne*, the English version of which was by Mr. H. B. Farnie, who contrived,

with his usual cleverness, to spin a story out of slender materials, and to provide amusement by comic imbroglio and mirth-provoking situations. The life of Nell Gwynne, the low-bred orange-girl, turned actress, and then favourite of Charles Stuart, was neither romantic nor interesting, but Nell, "pretty, witty Nell," as Pepys calls her, was a popular subject, and has frequently formed the basis of a play. At Covent Garden, in 1833, was produced an original comic drama in two acts, by Douglas Jerrold, in which Keeley made a hit as Orange Moll, a rival to Nell, who was impersonated by Miss Taylor. In our own day a play on the same subject, by W. G. Wills, was acted at the Royalty Theatre in May, 1878, with Miss Fowler as the heroine; and Manchester playgoers will remember an opera on the same person composed by Mr. Alfred Cellier. Mr. Farnie made no attempt at historical accuracy in his piece; indeed, he indirectly acknowledges his indebtedness to certain French vaudevilles. Nearly a hundred years ago *L'Exil de Rochester* was known in France; and, more recently, Moncrieff used this foreign piece as the basis for his comedy of *Rochester*, a play which secured Elliston considerable fame and not a little hard cash. The escapades of Rochester and Buckingham, those reckless favourites of Charles II., formed the groundwork of the French play, and they are used as the framework for the present play of *Nell Gwynne*. The chief fault to be found with Mr. Farnie's piece is that it is thoroughly un-English. The adventures of Nell Gwynne might just as well have been tacked on to any one else for all the historical accuracy they possess. In the present case she might just as well have been dubbed Boulotte or Lurette, or any other name that might have been bestowed on her. She is no more like the original than a circus clown is like Hamlet; but she is very like the heroine of comic opera of a very French type. She appears first in the guise of a grand lady, then she is a cook, anon a gipsy fortune-teller, now a rustic maiden, and once again the grand lady. She laughs and dances with glee, she sings enchantingly, she plays exasperating tricks upon people she dislikes, and she is, moreover, a kindly heroine, who affords "ample room and verge enough" for the doings of the comedians. All this, no doubt, is sufficient for comic opera of a not too pretentious order, and so long as the audience are entertained the aim of the author is accomplished. The old notion of Rochester and Buckingham hiring an inn and playing the parts of landlord and waiter has been again used, with a happy result, by Mr. Farnie, who placed the

scene of his first act outside the country inn, and allowed Nell Gwynne to bear a grudge against its two occupants. These gentlemen have a fondness for Jessamine, the pretty daughter of old Weasel, a miserly pawnbroker. Then there are provided the Beadle, played by Mr. Lionel Brough, and Marjorie, Weasel's pert servant. Jessamine loves, and is loved by, one Falcon, a player, and the Beadle seeks the hand and heart of Marjorie. When, therefore, the two courtiers disguise themselves as the Beadle and Falcon in order to get an interview with Jessamine, and when the real and disguised personages are brought together in a rambling old house, it may easily be imagined that there is no lack of fun and no want of comic situations. M. Planquette's music, if not unconventional or particularly brilliant, serves the purpose and helps to enliven the scene. It is a pity that the heroine is not more closely allied to the plot; but, at any rate, Miss Florence St. John was provided with some pretty songs, which she delivered very sweetly. Her rendering of the ballad, "Work-a-day life's hard," in the second act, and her singing of "The Broken Cavalier," were particularly charming. The music also received much assistance from the voice of Miss Giulia Warwick as Jessamine.



MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN.
(*Nell Gwynne.*)

On the 14th, a travestie in one act, by Mr. F. C. Burnand, of *Claudian*, was brought out at Mr. Toole's Theatre, under the title of *Paw Clodian; or, the Roman-Awry*. "It is," wrote a critical organ, "one of the best burlesques Mr. Burnand has written for many years; a good subject capitally treated, a clever book excellently interpreted. A greater contrast between that which delights the 'masher' and amuses the general public

could not be afforded than this play. It is inoffensive, and bubbling over with the rich wine of good nature. Where all play so well, it is invidious to select any one for particular praise. Mr. Toole as Clawdian is the funniest thing that the dramatic year has produced—a parody quite complete and admirable. Miss Marie Linden is even better than she was as Fédora; and no one will wish to hear comic songs better sung than by Mr. E. D. Ward. Mr. Shelton also is a better burlesque actor than dozens who have a greater reputation. To describe such a play as this would be waste of time. It is a thing to be seen; and once seen will be appreciated as true fun, and a welcome change after the dull stuff that is often palmed off on us as wit. Thank heaven, *Paw Clawdian* is not approved by the critical 'chappie.' It is too clever for his drink-sodden brain."

Peril, the English version of Victorien Sardou's *Nos Intimes*, was revived at the Haymarket on the 16th. M. Sardou's play, originally acted at the Paris Gymnase in 1861, and one of the author's earliest efforts, was represented in London ten years later by a French company, which included the names of Mdlle. Fargueil, and MM. Parade, Delannoy, and Brindeau. English versions of the comedy had already been produced at the St. James's and Olympic theatres. At the latter house it was played under the title of *Our Friends*, at the former as *Friends or Foes?* This last-named version was done by Mr. Horace Wigan, and became popular in England, and, under the title of *Bosom Friends*, in America. Then the French play was taken in hand by gentlemen styling themselves Saville Rowe and Bolton Rowe, who produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre,



MR. TOOLE AND MISS MARIE LINDEN.
(*Paw Clawdian*.)

in October, 1876, their adaptation called *Peril*, which then served for Mrs. Kendal to add another successful impersonation to her list, and which recently gave Mrs. Langtry and Mr. F. Everill opportunities for distinguishing themselves, in a revival of the play in New York, as Lady Ormond and Dr. Thornton respectively.* In the original cast of *Peril*, besides Mrs. Kendal, there were Mr. Arthur Cecil, who distinguished himself as Sir Woodbine Grafton; Mr. Charles Sugden, who acted Captain Bradford; Mr. Kendal, who appeared as Dr. Thornton; Mr. H. Kemble and Mrs. Leigh Murray, who cleverly depicted the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Crossley Beck; Miss Buckstone, who was a graceful and intelligent representative of Lucy Ormond; Mr. Bancroft, who appeared as Sir George Ormond; and Mr. W. Younge, who acted the boy, Percy Grafton. In a play so thoroughly familiar to the spectators as this, very little excitement could be expected from the development of the interesting story, and the audience could not rest satisfied in listening to the singularly graceful, unforced, and polished dialogue. The success of the revival rested mainly with the acting, and it was unfortunate that the principal character should have been so thoroughly misunderstood. Lady Ormond is essentially an English woman, of tenderness, refinement, and gentleness. She is a sensible lady, who loves her husband, and devotes herself to his sick friend; and she has, moreover, a fine sense of humour, and the light, delicate touch of the comédienne. Mrs. Bernard-Beere changed all this, and completely transformed the character of Lady Ormond, thus entirely altering the keynote to the play. Her Lady Ormond was a passionate, hysterical creature, who certainly appeared to love her husband's friend rather than her husband; who dressed herself in flowing draperies of glaring colours, such as no English woman would don in her country house. She depicted such a woman as would most decidedly incur the just suspicions of her husband's friends by her excited manner, her restless demeanour, and her feverish anxiety.

Mr. F. C. Burnand's one-act play, *A Lesson*, was also revived at the Haymarket on the same night. It will be remembered that this little piece was adapted from MM. Meilhac and Halévy's *Lolotte*, which was written specially by the authors of *Frou-Frou* for Madame Céline Chaumont, and brought out at the Vaudeville, Paris, on October 4, 1879. Mr. Burnand's adaptation was

* Since writing the above Mrs. Langtry has appeared in London (Prince's Theatre, April 6, 1885), as Lady Ormond.

first acted at the Haymarket on November 26, 1881, with Mrs. Bancroft as the actress, Kate Reeve. Mrs. Bancroft resumed that character in the revival. Miss Calhoun played very charmingly as Lady Duncan.

A new three-act comedy, entitled *Margery's Lovers*, was acted at the Court Theatre on the 18th. A more tedious and unsatisfying work it would be difficult to imagine. It is insipid and wearisome in the extreme, and it drags its slow length along at the rate of speed attained by the proverbial tortoise, but without that animal's ultimate success. It never arouses interest in, and it consequently often depresses, the spectator. Its story is lamentably weak and commonplace; its characters are, with one or two exceptions, dull and colourless, and it does not possess a single dramatic situation or one emotional incident. Its author is Mr. Brander Matthews, an American writer and critic of some prominence among a certain section of his fellow-countrymen. He has contributed to the leading American magazine, and he has published two books about the French stage. In one of them he has pleasantly described the theatres of Paris; in the other he has criticised and recounted the works of modern French dramatists. In the latter volume he has taken occasion to speak very bitterly of Victorien Sardou, and to throw stones at that eminent dramatist because he is not sufficiently great for Mr. Brander Matthews. He likens M. Sardou to a conjuror, a clown, and a barometer; he admits his extraordinary cleverness, his great theatrical skill, his undeniable gifts in many directions, but he declares that he "cannot safely be taken as a model." If Mr. Brander Matthews, who is such a student of the French stage, and who appears to know every play in the French language, had taken as a model some dramatist of even lesser fame and ability than the much-derided Sardou, he might have produced a more workmanlike play than *Margery's Lovers*. He would then have learnt that a good play must possess an interesting story, that its characters must have more life than the dullest of marionettes, and that it must be constructed with some view to the theatrical effect which he appears to so heartily despise. With all his knowledge, Mr. Matthews appears to disregard these potent facts. By all means let us have in our dramas that "one drop of ruddy human blood," which puts more life into a play than can be "compounded by the utmost cleverness," but let us also have a good story, well told and properly shaped, and let us see men and women who are real flesh and blood. The heroine of this piece

is one Margery Blackburn. Her only relative is her father, a notorious gambler and blackleg, better known as "Old Black-and-red" than as Richard Blackburn. Despite his numerous little affairs at the card-table, despite the fact that the only income that he has arises from gambling and cheating, and despite the fact that his transactions are known to nearly every one excepting his own daughter, she is entirely ignorant of his vices. Such a paragon of innocence and trustfulness naturally inspires affection in the hearts of three susceptible individuals. The first of these, Bobbie Grant, an American youth of the approved "masher" or "dude" school, does not enter into the race with any spirit, and might just as well be left out of the play altogether. The second is one Lopez, a Spanish adventurer and confederate of old Blackburn; and the remaining lover is Algie Fielding, a solid, respectable, goody-goody young Englishman whose prominent qualities are intense earnestness in love and wonderful good luck in shooting pigeons and playing baccarat. The action of the play takes place in Nice, where Margery is staying under the care of a pretty widow from America, who is familiarly called Sal by her friends. Mrs. Sara Webster has also won the affection of two persons, one of whom, Colonel Maitland, like the American boy, is of no account. Her other lover is Lewis Long, a lazy, sleepy, obese creature, who lolls about the stage, is intentionally rude, and yawns when he is spoken to, as a variation to answering in monosyllables. In the first act the Spaniard avows his love to Margery, and when he is rejected by that young lady, he swears enmity against his rival, Algie Fielding. In the second act he entices Fielding to play with him, and clumsily substitutes a pack of marked cards, and accuses Fielding of cheating. The accusation, aided by some remarks of Old Black-and-red, is sustained and believed by all the people in the card-room save the sleepy Long, who declares his belief in his friend's innocence. This is the great scene of the play!—and the end of act the second. The last act is devoted to establishing the innocence of Fielding, the guilt of Lopez, and the confederacy in the plot of Blackburn. The virtuous Fielding and the ingenuous Margery join hands; the sleepy Long—having been proposed to by the American widow—sees signs of drowsing away his future married life, and Old Black-and-red seeks shelter for his wicked old head in other climes.

III.

MARCH.

Breaking a Butterfly.—Dan'l Druse at the Court.—The Private Secretary.

The first new play acted in March did not meet that success which had been anticipated for it, although it attracted at the time a considerable amount of critical attention. *Breaking a Butterfly*, written by Mr. H. A. Jones and Mr. H. Herman, was represented at the Prince's Theatre on the 3rd, and withdrawn from that house before the month was out, never, in all probability, to be acted again. Such a fate, indeed, is not to be wondered at. The scheme of the play is singularly airy and fantastic, and its fate is held by the lady who represents the heroine. This central character is a young, foolish, ignorant, loving girl, who is married to a sensible, sober, straightforward manager of a bank. She enters upon the stage in high glee, jumping for joy and clapping her hands with delight, fairly revelling in the fun which she has caused herself by buying presents for which she has not been able to pay. Her answer to every question is a laugh, or a smile, or a merry sentence, "all mirth and no matter." She is as playful as a kitten, as light-hearted as a child, and as ignorant in worldly matters as a new-born babe. In her own feverish, impetuous, wilful way she loves her husband, and he is devotedly attached to her. Indeed, he loves her with no common passion, and he is easily cajoled and laughed into obeying her wishes. He abandons his bank-books just at the busiest season of the year, in order that his wife may chat with and dance to him ; he gives her his purse of uncounted bank-notes when she asks him for money, and, excepting in matters of stern import and veritable duty, he is absolutely her slave. This thoughtless, childish creature, who wears curls down her back and affects short dresses, although her husband is already grey-haired and advanced in years, has unwittingly got herself into serious trouble. When her husband was ill and cash indispensable, she borrowed some money from one Philip Dunkley, a rascally clerk in the bank, who loved the wilful Flora before she married Humphrey Goddard, and who demanded a security from the girl in the shape of a promissory note. This document was forged by Mrs. Goddard in complete innocence of there being any wrong, much less crime in her so doing. Now, when Humphrey Goddard discovers that Philip Dunkley is an arrogant scoundrel and a thorough-faced

villain he very properly dismisses him from the service of the bank. Then the opportunity occurs for which the scamp had waited so long. He could not obtain the girl's love, so he determines to ruin the wife and bring disgrace upon the husband. So he first of all makes the woman appeal to her husband to take him back into the office, but the appeal being unsuccessful he no longer hesitates to secure his revenge. He drops into the letter-box a note containing an account of the forgery, and it is in the endeavour to distract her husband's attention from the letter that the distracted wife goes through a wild dance and faints from sheer exhaustion. She is so far successful in her attempt that Goddard does not then get the letter, but he is speedily informed of its contents by the writer, Dunkley. Flora Goddard has been at pains to let every one in the house but her husband know that she is in trouble, and when the double blow comes, and Humphrey Goddard learns that his wife not only owes money to the scamp, but that she has committed forgery, he is momentarily stunned. But he speedily recovers himself, and asserts that she is innocent and that he signed the promissory note, thus taking the guilt of his wife's crime upon his own shoulders. He prepares to go to prison, but in the nick of time a confidential friend, who has been duped and robbed by Dunkley, arrives with the compromising note (which he has obtained by simple robbery—having broken open Dunkley's desk and stolen it therefrom) and the ingenuous wife returns to the bosom of her sorely-tried husband. Such is the story of *Breaking a Butterfly*, which, it is understood, was one of the earlier works of Messrs. Jones and Herman, the authors of *The Silver King*. The scene of the play is the same in each of the three acts, and the piece is fairly constructed. At the same time, it is probable that the matured experience of Messrs. Jones and Herman would have considerably improved the play. One scene, in particular, in the third act, where the heroine threatens to commit suicide and meditates upon death, might certainly have been omitted with much advantage. If the heroine had been impersonated by Ellen Terry or Modjeska the drama would, in all likelihood, have made a great sensation in the theatrical world. As my readers may possibly gather, the character of Flora Goddard is so fantastic and spirituelle that it requires—nay, demands—an actress of peculiar physique and attraction to carry it to success. Either of the ladies indicated would have welcomed and made welcome such a part—indeed, Modjeska has frequently acted it with applause in Poland.

But, unfortunately, nature has not fitted Miss Lingard for such a character. The part is not suited to one actress in a thousand, and it is no discredit to Miss Lingard that she did not fulfil its exceptional requirements. In all fairness to the lady it may be stated that the first night's audience applauded her rapturously, and seemed highly delighted with her performance. In playing the character of the staid, elderly banker, Mr. Kyrle Bellew made a hit in a new line, and surprised those who are acquainted with his acting by his dignity, repose, and quiet, determined demeanour. Messrs. Jones and Herman announced their play as being founded on a drama by Ibsen, the Norwegian dramatist. Their indebtedness to Ibsen has been fully discussed by Mr. William Archer, in *The Theatre* for April, 1884. The question is thus summed up by him : "The adapters, or more properly the authors, have felt it needful to eliminate all that was satirical or unpleasant, and in making their work sympathetic they at once made it trivial. I am the last to blame them for doing so. Ibsen on the English stage is impossible. He must be trivialised, and I believe Messrs. Jones and Herman have performed that office as well as could reasonably be expected. They have produced a little play of unusual literary finish, and, with all its weak points, far from uninteresting. All I wish to point out is that the expression of the play-bill, 'founded on Ibsen's *Nora*,' indicates even more than the authors' actual obligation to their original, and would be



MISS FORTESCUE.
(*Dan'l Druce.*)

more exact if it read, founded on the ruins of Ibsen's *Nora*. Let the little play be judged on its own merits, which are not few; but let it not be supposed to give the faintest idea of Ibsen's great *Et Dukkehjem*."

The Court Theatre was crowded on the 6th by an audience assembled out of curiosity to see the heroine of a notorious law case on the stage, rather than from any special desire to witness the revival of Mr. Gilbert's *Dan'l Druce*, a three-act drama produced at the Haymarket Theatre on September 11, 1876. The original cast was as follows: Sir Jasper Combe, Mr. Howe; Dan'l Druce, Mr. Hermann Vezin; Reuben Haines, Mr. E. J. Odell; Geoffrey Wynyard, Mr. Forbes-Robertson; Marple, Mr. Braid; Joe Ripley, Mr. Weathersby; and Dorothy, Miss Marion Terry. The acting in the revival was not particularly noticeable. Mr. Vezin reappeared in the title-rôle, Mr. Clayton was Sir Jasper, and Miss Fortescue, in looks only, proved a worthy successor to Miss Marion Terry as the heroine.

On November 14, 1883, a comedy in four acts, adapted by Mr. C. H. Hawtrey from Von Moser's *Der Bibliothekar*, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Cambridge. On March 29, 1884, it was represented for the first time in London at the Prince's Theatre. It was condemned out of hand by the press, and for two months it barely existed at Mr. Bruce's theatre. Mr. C. H. Hawtrey apparently had more faith in it than anyone else, for he leased the Globe Theatre and produced the play there. Mr. Hawtrey was right, and the press for once was wrong. *The Private Secretary* developed into the most complete and genuine success of the year. No other work presented on the metropolitan stage during this year approached it in popularity, and even now, after a continuous run of ten months, its popularity seems undiminished. The following notice, written on the production of the piece at the Prince's, will give an idea as to the reception with which it then met:—"Whether Herr Von Moser or Mr. C. H. Hawtrey ever heard of Mr. Dion Boucicault's *London Assurance* has not yet been determined, but certain it is that *The Private Secretary*, in its chief idea, much resembles that comedy. But, unfortunately, the resemblance is carried no further. Anything more slip-shod or unworkman-like than this adaptation it would be difficult to imagine. Material hardly sufficient to adequately support three acts of farcical comedy is spread out into four, and the necessity for the managerial pruning-knife is over and over again apparent. It is, no doubt, a capital idea to send a rakish nephew on a visit

in the country to his sport-loving uncle, and to send with him his good-looking friend in the disguise of a clergyman, so that the two young men may enjoy the fun and flirt with the girls, but, after all, there is little substance in such a story. A plot as weak as this can only be led to success by a master in the art of construction, with a view to theatrical effect, and by a writer of dialogue that should be humorous, if not absolutely brilliant. It must be confessed that the new piece fails entirely in these respects; at least one-third of it might be easily cut out, and never missed by the audience. The situations are not ingeniously contrived, and the dialogue seldom raises a laugh. We have constantly complained of late that new pieces are insufficiently rehearsed, and the present work is but another to be added to the list of plays that have died through too early an acquaintance with the stage. With an experienced stage-manager, it seems a little strange that so crude a play was allowed to be acted when a few strokes of the pen would have improved it tenfold. For one reason it is almost a pity that this play should not prove a success, and that is for the loss of a

really clever study of character by Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree as the Rev. Robert Spalding, a young clergyman who comes to be private secretary to the sport-loving uncle. It is as good a character sketch as his Lambert Streyke in *The Colonel*. He represents a sanctimonious, timid, nervous creature, who travels London in goloshes, keeps his wardrobe in a paper hat-box, and will not part with his umbrella for a life's ransom. He is knocked and badgered about most unmercifully—one man drenches him with soda-water; another kicks his precious hat-box to pieces; a



MR. W. J. HILL.
(*The Private Secretary.*)

third kicks him whilst he is hiding under a table ; the servants mistake him for a burglar, and treat him accordingly ; he is kept without food for four-and-twenty hours, and in general subjected to terrible pranks. He bears his sufferings like a lamb ; he whines and supplicates for mercy ; but he does not possess an atom of spirit, and consequently no one pities him. This character is most cleverly portrayed by Mr. Tree, who has caught the exact spirit of the part. For the rest of the cast there is nothing to be said. The talents of an excellent company are frittered away on worthless parts, and not all their efforts can save the play from a dismal fate. But the adaptation is the work of a young writer who may in time conquer the faults with which this play is greatly hampered." It is but just to add that the piece was greatly improved after the first night, and its success at the Globe is owing in a large degree to the abilities of the excellent company performing it. As the Rev. Robert Spalding, Mr. W. S. Penley has made a hit with the London public. Mr. W. J. Hill has also materially assisted the success of the piece in the metropolis. It is worthy of note that *The Private Secretary* was acted for the first time in America at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, on September 29 of this year. It is still running at that house, having formed one of the greatest successes of the New York theatrical season.

IV.

APRIL.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett appears at the Lyceum in *Yorick's Love*.—*The Beggar Student*.

—*La Cosaque*.—*Brighton* at the Criterion.—*The Ironmaster*.—*Chilpéric* at the Empire.

—*Dick*.—*Richelieu* at the Lyceum.

It is pleasant to be able to state that the American actor, Mr. Lawrence Barrett, achieved a pronounced and genuine success on April 12, the occasion of his first appearance on the London stage. An audience comparatively small, and predisposed to be cold, if not absolutely indifferent to his performance, received him, so to speak, with open arms. This first-night audience at the Lyceum, previous to the commencement of the drama, was curious in many respects. The stalls and private boxes were chiefly occupied by the usual gathering at the first performance of a new play, the pit could barely hold its occupants, and the upper parts of the house were but scantily filled. Most of the spectators, either exhausted by the fasting of Lent or depressed

by the dulness and uncertainty of the weather, wore an air of languor and indifference. They looked as though they had been brought to the theatre against their wills. They expected, also, to encounter a tragedian of the ponderous school of acting, conventional, stilted, affected, with all its bad qualities and none of its good ones. Why such an idea was fostered, or from whom it originated, it would perhaps be difficult to determine. But this conviction certainly possessed the audience. As a result, when Mr. Lawrence Barrett made his entrance on the stage, approaching the footlights in a rounded line from the back of the scene, with an active step and light, buoyant manner, and a bright, expressive countenance, the spectators were completely taken aback, and gave way to their astonishment in a burst of applause such as is seldom heard, and which had the effect of completely, momentarily, unnerving its recipient. So far, the actor had created a very favourable impression, and, quiet being restored, attention was devoted to the play in which he had elected to make his formal appearance on the English stage. This was *Yorick's Love*, a drama in three acts, adapted from the Spanish of Joaquin Estabanez by Mr. W. D. Howells, the American novelist, and first produced by Mr. Lawrence Barrett at the Park Theatre, New York, in 1878. The play relates an old story in a new but somewhat singular and not altogether satisfactory fashion. Briefly told, the story is this:— Yorick, the popular comedian of the Globe Theatre in the time of Shakespeare, light-hearted and full of spirit, but grey-haired, has married Alice, the young and beautiful leading lady of the same theatre. Yorick has a foster-son, Edmund, the principal juvenile actor, also of the Globe Theatre. Edmund and Alice love each other, and neither of the lovers has the power to crush the guilty passion. Their love is apparent to all save Yorick, who loves his wife and his adopted son too well to suspect them. However, Walton, the leading actor of the Globe Theatre, stung with jealousy at the success of his rival, Yorick, plays the part of Iago to him. Yorick obliges him to prove the truth of his statement, and a compromising letter from Edmund to Alice is secured. Walton gives the letter to Yorick while he is on the stage engaged in representing unwittingly in a mimic drama the very character of his own self. Enraged at the discovery, he kills his rival in a duel, and ultimately does himself to death. It cannot be maintained that this simple story has been set forth very neatly by the dramatist. In the first act an impossible scene occurs, when the lovers sit at the feet of Hey-

wood, the manager of the theatre, and reveal to him their secret. Sentence by sentence, in the most mechanical, parrot-like fashion, first one speaks and then the other; the words of one speaker cross those of the other, until full confession is thus gradually made. One thinks very little of the wife who loves her husband's friend, and still less of the youth who seeks to break the heart of his benefactor by running away with his wife. But such things are in nature, and can be understood. Not so, however, the conduct of the lovers, who make no endeavour to restrain their passion, and yet calmly tell their guilty tale at the command of an uninterested person. Such a scene is childish and absurd. Then again, in the last act of the play there is a scene laid in the green-room of the mimic theatre, where the stage is kept waiting while Heywood and Walton quarrel about the letter which is to undo the peace of Yorick and be the means of proving the guilt of the lovers. The second scene of this act represents the stage of the Globe Theatre—an ingenious but unnecessary mechanical arrangement—whereon Yorick kills Edmund, and the manager comes forward to announce that the play cannot proceed. Here, where the real drama should end, a gauze curtain descends, and Yorick then makes some speeches over the dead body of his rival, and finally kills himself. This dangerous anti-climax, combined with the other weak parts of the drama, would, under other circumstances, have upset the fortunes of the play. That it succeeded is a result due entirely to the talent of Mr. Lawrence Barrett, an earnest, intelligent, and sympathetic actor. He held his audience from the first moment of his appearance down to the final fall of the curtain. He immediately established an interest in himself, and he never once released his hold upon the spectators. His impersonation of Yorick was justly rewarded with continued applause. It is a fine performance, and proves the actor to be possessed of admirable ability. His face is capable of expressing the various passions; he is lithe and graceful in figure, and his delivery is rapid and incisive. His pathos is natural, and his general bearing is remarkably easy and unrestrained. He frequently aroused his audience to great enthusiasm, and found general favour by his excellent acting. Not unnaturally, his comedy scene in the first act suffered from his extreme nervousness and the unexpected warmth of his reception, but in the later and stronger parts of the play he was capital.

The same evening witnessed the production at the Alhambra

of an English version of Herr Carl Millöcker's comic opera, *Der Bettel Student*, which had previously made its mark on the Continent. No one is likely to claim that there is anything uncommonly brilliant about this piece, but it serves its purpose. The story, though not in any way original, is interesting, the music is sufficiently bright and animated, and opportunity is frequently provided for elaborate scenic display and for pretty dances. It may be assumed that few people are unfamiliar with the story of *The Lady of Lyons*, a story which is repeated in *The Beggar Student*. The scene of the opera is laid at Cracow in the beginning of the eighteenth century. General Ollendorf, a bombastic old soldier, has ventured to kiss the Princess Laura in a public ball-room, and his attentions have been rewarded by the poor but proud young lady by a slap on the face. The General, thirsting for revenge, figuratively speaking, takes from prison a poor student, Simon Romanovich, who has been detained for poaching. He bargains with him, and makes him promise to wed the Princess. He dresses him in fine clothes, gives him money to spend, and, of course, the lovely Laura and the handsome Simon, now called the Prince, fall in love with each other. At the last moment the Beggar Student repents of his promise to the General, and, not having courage to tell the object of his affection by word of mouth that he has deceived her, he sends her a note, in which he makes confession of his deception. His letter is intercepted by Ollendorf, and not until the marriage ceremony is completed does the Princess discover that she has married a penniless student. For the moment grief is dominant in the royal household, the wicked General triumphs, and affairs look decidedly unpleasant. But in the end the prime mover of the mischief is discomfited, and Simon being handsomely rewarded for an act of loyalty, joy once more reigns supreme amidst the royal family. The English version was intrusted to the care of Mr. Wm. Beatty-Kingston, a thorough musician and a master of the English language. Mr. Kingston's dialogue could not possibly flow more gracefully, and his verses are so well written that it is a pleasure to read them without reference to the music. Miss Fannie Leslie impersonated the hero of the opera with a grace and sympathetic charm which did much towards securing a favourable reception for it. In other respects, however, the opera did not gain much in the Alhambra representation. It was recently brought out, under more advantageous circumstances, by Mr. Carl Rosa's opera company in the provinces, where it was so

favourably received that I should not be surprised to see it at Drury Lane during one of Mr. Rosa's seasons there.

La Cosaque, adapted by Mr. Sydney Grundy from the French of MM. Henri Meilhac and Albert Millaud, was performed at the Royalty Theatre on Saturday, April 12, having been acted on the previous Monday at the Gaiety Theatre, Hastings. The cast in both productions was identical. The opera is not particularly bright or interesting, nor is Hervé's music too pleasing. The scene of the first of the three acts is laid in St. Petersburg, in the palace of the Princess Anna Semionona Machinskoff. This creature is endowed with a remarkable name, but her ways and doings are still more remarkable. She is possessed of a large fortune, which she dissipates most recklessly in order to appease her frantic desire for excitement. She keeps a tame lion in her palace, she smokes cigarettes, she summons her servants by the crack of a revolver, she disregards all manners and customs, and she studies no one but herself. As she relates in a song, she is the "daughter of a Cossack wild," and she has inherited her father's feverish disposition. Her latest act of extravagance has been to order a representative to be sent to her from a large milliner's firm in Paris, so that she may choose some additions to her already rich and elaborate costumes. This person, called Jules Primitiff, duly arrives, and becomes of great service to the play. The relations of the Princess, becoming at last exasperated by her follies, determine that she shall marry, as they think that when married she may possibly become sensible. But the Princess has no desire to enter the married state, and, in the disguise of her maid, she flies with Primitiff to Paris. Arrived in the French capital, she takes a situation in the shop to which Primitiff belongs, but here the manner in which she treats the customers is so outrageous that she draws upon herself the anger of Madame Dupotin, the proprietress. Needless to relate, she is followed to Paris by her relations, who bring with them a command from the Czar that she shall marry within four-and-twenty hours. The Imperial mandate must be obeyed, but fortunately for the Princess the document does not state whom she is to marry. Therefore she decides to make Primitiff her husband, and she tells him so. But she also tells him that she does not love him. It is to be a marriage of convenience, not, on her part at least, of love. Her offer is rejected, and when she finds that Primitiff refuses her, she then discovers that she really loves him. Thus the piece terminates with the usual

reconciliation and marriage. The Princess, a part created by Judic, was represented at the Royalty by Miss Kate Santley, who played the character with her usual spirit, and naturally availed herself of the opportunity to don several elaborate costumes.

The Criterion Theatre, transformed from a stuffy band-box to a convenient, handsome, and well-ventilated house, reopened on the 16th with a representation of Mr. Bronson Howard's farcical comedy, *Brighton*. It may be noted that this piece was originally produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, in December, 1870, being then called *Saratoga*. It was localised for England by Mr. Frank A. Marshall, and brought out by Mr. Wyndham, under its present title, at the Court Theatre on May 25, 1874. It was revived at the Olympic Theatre, on January 18, 1880. Mr. Wyndham reappeared as Bob Sackett, and met with a tremendous round of applause from an audience eager to renew acquaintance with the most mercurial of our light comedians after his long absence in America. Mr. Wyndham seemed as fresh as ever, and played with all his old energy, dash, and spirit.

The Ironmaster was produced at the St. James's on the 17th. This drama, by Mr. A. W. Pinero, may best be described as an unsatisfying play, well constructed and excellently acted. The least thoughtful of observers cannot but be struck by its shallowness and insincerity, and the unsympathetic nature of its characters; its gloom and melancholy are apt to depress the liveliest of temperaments. Its story has already been made familiar through Mr. Robert Buchanan's drama, *Lady Clare*, which was taken from the same source as *The Ironmaster*, namely, M. Georges Ohnet's "Le Maître de Forges," but a brief summary of the present play may be printed. Claire de Beaupré, the daughter of aristocratic French parents, loves with all the intensity of her nature and is betrothed to the Duc de Bligny, a spendthrift, and a vindictive fellow into the bargain. The Duc gambles, and sinks so low as to promise to marry a cat-like young woman on condition of her vulgar father relieving him from his pecuniary embarrassments. Claire de Beaupré is loved by Philippe Derblay, a wealthy iron-founder. When Claire hears of the engagement of the Duc to her old school companion, Athénaïs, her pride is hurt by the insult, and in order to revenge herself, she accepts the hand and heart of the rich Derblay, for whom she has not one atom of affection. With the second act comes the inevitable explanation, or rather dis-

covery. It is the marriage night, and Claire has had the marriage ceremony performed at midnight—an act of itself that would convince any sensible man that his wife had a decided morbid tendency. However, Claire is married to Philippe Derblay. Now comes the trial. The husband's protestations of affection and passionate regard are listened to with an icy coldness, his words are received with a chilling silence, and when his wife recoils from his touch he learns, too late, that he has been the victim of a woman's vanity and heedlessness.

But in his own way he, too, is proud, and he insists that, though his wife is henceforward to be his wife in name only, she shall keep the secret of his dishonour from the world. The conclusion to the drama is brought about through a duel between the Duc de Bligny and Philippe Derblay. Claire, who has learned to love her husband, rushes to the scene of the fight and receives the bullet intended for Derblay. The doctor pronounces her wound to be slight; and, in truth, it is so slight that when Derblay's opponents have left the ground she rises up apparently fully restored to health, and the



MR. AND MRS. KENDAL.
(*The Ironmaster.*)

inevitable reconciliation takes place. The great blot upon the play is the absence of any object of sympathy. The men have barely the courage of a mouse, and the heroine is, I sincerely trust, not by any means an example of womankind. No one could pretend to care about the fate of a man who wilfully marries a woman who plainly shows that she abhors him, and no one could feel much sympathy for a woman who holds a strong man's love no lighter than a breath of air, and links her life to his out of pure spite. As for the fellow who abandons the

woman to whom he is betrothed without a word of explanation, who sells himself for gold to a tigerish female, and who is cowardly enough to protest his devotion to his friend's wife under her husband's roof, he is beneath contempt. Nothing but excellent acting could have saved the play. But fortunately Mrs. Kendal impersonated the wife, and imparted to the character more sympathy than it really possesses. She played with much power and eloquent pathos. Mr. Kendal was a capable representative of the husband, and Mr. E. J. Henley played well as the Duc de Bligny, but his impersonation would have been improved had one or two of his scenes been somewhat lighter in tone. Miss Vane was, on the whole, capital as the vindictive Athénaïs, but in her anxiety to be impressive she slightly over-accentuated certain passages.

Two other events which also took place on the 17th of this month deserve a passing note. The new and handsome building known as the Empire Theatre, in Leicester Square, was opened with a magnificent spectacular revival of M. Hervé's *Chilpéric*, with Mr. Herbert Standing as the hero, and Miss Camille d'Arville as Frédégonde.

A new comic opera in two acts, entitled *Dick*, written by Mr. Alfred Murray, with music by Mr. Edmund Jakobowski, was brought out at the Globe. This piece fulfils all the requirements of comic opera. It is light, bright, and sparkling; it never wearies you for a moment; the story is clear, interesting, and free from coarseness; the lyrics are particularly well written, and the music is always pretty and full of charming melody. Many a worse piece of its kind than this has been accepted by the public, but few recent productions of its class have been so



MISS FANNIE LESLIE.
(*Dick.*)

well worthy of support. Alice's romance in the first act, "Sweet-pinioned Bird," is remarkably pretty, and there is undeniable humour in Fitzwarren's patter song, "The Merry Brown." As for the trio, "It certainly seems a great pity," in the second act—in every respect the better act of the two—it is deserving of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, and what higher praise can be given to it than that? The familiar story of Dick Whittington has been pretty closely adhered to in this instance.

Many people who had looked forward to Mr. Lawrence Barrett's Richelieu were disappointed on the actor's assumption of that character for the first time on the London stage (Lyceum Theatre, April 28). The Cardinal Richelieu of Bulwer Lytton's play is a stagy figure in a stagy play, and it is therefore difficult to conceive how an actor of a certain intelligence, physique, and power could fail in such a part. Mr. Lawrence Barrett is an accepted representative of Richelieu in the United States of America, and his performance of the character for the first time in London naturally excited much interest. Here, it must not be forgotten, he followed in the wake of Macready and Phelps, and, more recently, of Henry Irving, Edwin Booth, and Hermann Vezin. It may be conjectured that the part of Richelieu was specially fitted to Macready before its original representation at Covent Garden, on March 7, 1839. He was unsatisfied with the play in its original state, and suggested various alterations, whereupon the author, he notes, "was in ecstasies. I never saw him so excited, several times exclaiming he was 'enchanted,' and observing, in high spirits, 'What a fellow you are!'" After Macready, Phelps was the next great Richelieu. Then comes the Cardinal of Booth, a fine performance; and the character, as impersonated by Henry Irving and Hermann Vezin, gained, at least in certain portions of the play, from their interpretations. The very qualities which were of service to Mr. Lawrence Barrett in *Yorick's Love* seemed to have disappeared in Richelieu. He was then light, rapid, and brilliant. He now became heavy, deliberate, and dull. The comedy with which the part abounds was passed by, the famous scene in the second act, where Richelieu attempts to wield the sword of his youth, made no effect, and the conclusion in the third act was unimpressive. In the fourth act Mr. Barrett was heard at his best, in the delivery of the curse of Rome, but he exhausted himself over it, and the remainder of the scene went to pieces. In the last act the chances for a fine "make-up" were missed. In point

of fact, Mr. Barrett's Richelieu seemed lacking in all the attributes of the part, such as comedy, strength of will, nervous, fitful power, and dominant determination and persuasiveness. It conveyed only to the audience the sense of grievous disappointment.

V.

MAY.

Devotion.—*The Rivals* at the Haymarket.—*Called Back*.—*Chatterton*.—*Play at the Court*.—Mr. Irving returns from America.

Devotion, a four-act play by Mr. Dion Boucicault, jun., was brought out on the first of this month. It failed signally, a fate due to two causes—the weakness of the drama, in which the only situation of any moment is delayed until the last minute, and the inability of young Mr. Boucicault to adequately portray the principal character. These were the chief defects in the representation, but others were not wanting. It would have been just as well had Mr. Boucicault candidly stated the source from which his new play came. On the playbill he made a sort of half-and-half deferential allusion to MM. Lockroy and Badou, to whom he is indebted for some kindness or other, but he did not call attention to their very famous play *Un Duel sous Richelieu*, without which *Devotion* would never have existed. There are not many playgoers old enough to remember the Vaudeville Theatre of Paris, in its palmy days of Cogniard. Mr. Palgrave Simpson and Mr. Charles Hervey, who spent the best part of their early days in the French capital, no doubt saw Volnys, and if not, Leon Felix, play the Duc de Chevreuse in *Un Ducl sous Richelieu*, but the majority are only familiar with the plot through Donizetti's opera, *Maria de Rohan*. Mr. Boucicault certainly altered the original French play, but he cannot be said to have improved it. He attached a mild first act, that dawdles over an incident that might be related in half a sentence. He toned down or omitted some of the finest situations, and he introduced a character called Geneviève—hideously pronounced by the company—who is about as superfluous to the scene as the first act. The play, as presented at the Court Theatre, was magnificently dressed and mounted; certain scenes of it were extremely well acted; but it suffered from a weak and undetermined heroine in the first place, a delayed interest in the second, and that want of style and refinement that are

essential to the well-being of costume pieces. There is a well-known theory, to the effect that plays out of modern dress are distasteful to the majority of the public. I do not go as far as that, by any means. I should rather say that the actor and actress of the period are so identified with the modern manner, that it becomes difficult to believe in the reality of a period that is not directly connected with the nineteenth century. Costume plays would be acceptable if we had artists to play them, but, except in very rare instances, the actor is as ill at ease out of modern dress as any ambitious gentleman who goes to a costumier and adorns himself for a fancy ball. We all know what pictures of wretchedness are the Charles the Seconds, and Rochesters, and Walter Raleighs who strut their weary hour at a costume ball; they are amateurs to the backbone. Scarcely less easy are the actors who appear similarly attired on the stage. They cannot live in the period they illustrate, or in the characters they assume. They are very smart to look at, but when they open their mouths the illusion vanishes. I can illustrate my meaning by two characters in this very play. The author of it selected one of the most difficult characters that an artist could personate. It is a young, dashing, handsome French Abbé of a dissolute period, who desires to abandon the Church and enter into the lists of love. Wholly worldly, always charming, a brilliant conversationalist, an experienced duellist, he is the kind of man to dazzle and to flatter, to bamboozle men and to captivate women. Since Leigh Murray, we have had few actors who could in any way realise such a character. In the hands of Mr. Boucicault it became ridiculous—the kind of amateur acting that alone would be excusable in a back drawing-room. Instead of being a handsome Abbé, he was merely a pert and impudent boy, with no style whatever about him, except that which is derived from a study of modern Piccadilly. Mr. Boucicault is clever, but far too ambitious. He has not the expression or the manner for an Abbé in the days of Richelieu, and he should have known that the success of the play mainly depended on the able interpretation of the lighter characters. But if Mr. Boucicault is modern, then Miss Lottie Venne is more modern still. She played Geneviève with the stereotyped smirk of Molly Ledger in *The Parvenu*. It was modern farce, modern fun, modern *equivoque* that bubbled up from her lips. She may dress for the court of Louis the Thirteenth, but she is redolent of the most advanced period of Queen Victoria. Marie, the heroine of the story, is a very unfortunate,

and, in a certain sense, compromising young lady. She is madly in love with the young Comte de Chalais, but she believes a story hashed up by her father that her lover is faithless and has married someone else, whereupon she hands herself over, as in the story of "Auld Robin Gray," to an elderly admirer, the Duc de Chevreuse. Scarcely has the nuptial knot been tied when who should turn up in the back garden but the amorous Comte de Chalais, extremely unmarried and desperately in love. From that moment Marie knows not what to do, to be true to her husband or her lover. She is faithful to neither : but gets them both into horrible scrapes. One or the other of the men is ever on the point of death through the want of taste exhibited by this hysterical Marie. She visits the Comte at his lodgings, and is very nearly caught by her husband. She makes the Comte late for an important duel, and his place is taken by her husband, who is wounded in his friend's cause. She is so little indisposed to relinquish her first love, that she encourages him to write her love-letters, and one of these, the most compromising, falls into her husband's hands. This fine scene, delayed to the very last moment of the play, was admirably acted by Mr. John Clayton. It was quite one of the best bits of acting that he has given us. Mr. Conway as the young lover looked remarkably well, wore his handsome dresses with distinction, and acted with far more fire and energy than he has before. He had no easy task on the first night, owing to the deplorable nervousness of Miss Ada Cavendish, who appeared as Marie, and he had to work like a horse to prevent a complete fiasco.

I extract the following notice of the revival of *The Rivals* at the Haymarket, on the 3rd, from that reliable authority on dramatic matters, *The Stage* :—"It is a pity that before setting this play of *The Rivals* in so gorgeous a frame that Mr. Bancroft had not remembered it is one of the very few comedies that can dispense with the aid of scenery altogether. It is a comedy of conversation and not of action. It depends for success on the performer, and not on the scene-painter. Loosely constructed, no doubt, and with a total disregard of the exploded 'unities,' no rearrangement of scenes or transposition of incidents can by any possibility give it an added interest. Playgoers are not quite so fastidious as Mr. Bancroft imagines. They do not share his holy horror of front scenes and carpenter scenes ; they want the play to get on without delay or hindrance; but it is by no means so sure that a comedy like this, produced as it was written and as our forefathers saw it, would not have

been a far more interesting study than the unintelligible jumble that Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Pinero have concocted out of the first work that Sheridan ever wrote. The first act looks more like the opening of a harlequinade than a play. It is very beautiful, but it is a mere pantomime in dumb show. Well-drilled supernumeraries cross and recross the stage, and are supposed to be representing the fashionable Bath of the eighteenth century. They go into shops and taverns, they enter circulating libraries, they pass before us in sedan chairs ; fruiterers sell at their stalls, ostlers await the arrival of the coach, bugles blow, bells chime, watchmen go their rounds ; it is a picture of action, but the play is lost amidst all the pretentious realism. A scrap of conversation borrowed from another act and thrust into this is not sufficient to give proper dramatic meaning and weight to all this overlaying of colour and detail, and when the curtain falls on the first act we feel that we have seen much and heard nothing. The play is just where it was. Not the slightest interest has been aroused ; we have not advanced one single step ; indeed, some very important characters—Lucy amongst them—have been wasted in the restlessness of this unnecessary realism. As the play proceeds we discover that Messrs. Bancroft and Pinero have made a positive mistake. Instead of improving Sheridan they have actually spoiled him. What would be said of a modern dramatist if he placed all his most private scenes in a public place, if he made a Mrs. Malaprop converse with Lucy in a room as public as a town hall, or caused Bob Acres to indite his celebrated letter in a fashionable Assembly Room ? Sheridan did not do anything so foolish. Mrs. Malaprop had her private apartments at Bath, and so had Bob Acres ; but for the sake of our seeing an old-fashioned gavotte danced at Bath by dandies with canes and ladies in powder, for the sake of building up a minstrels' gallery and showing us a few musicians tooling away up aloft, the whole character and consistency of the old play are changed. There is a motto that may well be commended to the attention of well-meaning improvers, and it is this, ‘Leave well alone.’ *The Rivals* did very well as it stood. No one found fault with the play as presented by Mr. Thorne at the Vaudeville. Now, if Mr. Bancroft had spent one-third of the money that he has wasted on carpentry in procuring a good company that could understand and could interpret Sheridan adequately, he would have earned the gratitude of the public. At present he has given us but ‘a pennyworth of bread for an

intolerable deal of sack.' Mr. Pinero's Sir Anthony Absolute is a well-meaning but feeble effort. He cannot rise to the occasion or even fill the stage. Sir Anthony was a choleric, blustering, breezy, full-blooded old gentleman, loud of voice, assertive of manner, and with a whole-hearted chuckle ready to burst out from his waistcoat. Mr. Pinero's Sir Anthony is a wizened, peevish, contradictory old scarecrow, who snarls at Jack, and hops about like a discontented rook. In no one scene does Mr. Pinero succeed. The audience waited patiently for the result of the memorable outburst, 'Damme! if I will ever call you Jack again.' It should have shaken the very rafters of the old theatre—come out like a torrent or cascade—but it dribbled out limply as from a leaky water-but. It should have gushed over with force, but it trickled down, and there was not one responsive hand. How could there be? The audience had seen Sir Anthony played before. Phelps and Ryder, old Chippendale and Howe, Walter Lacy and William Farren, all have played Sir Anthony admirably, and as the last two actors could easily have been engaged for the part, it is incomprehensible that the comedy could not have been strengthened at its weakest point. Quite as weak, in its way, was the Sir Lucius O'Trigger of Mr. Alfred Bishop, destitute altogether of the raciness and spirit of old comedy. The Captain Absolute of Mr. Forbes-Robertson was disappointing also. It does not suit the romantic and love-lorn style of this clever young actor. It should have been given in preference to Mr. Conway. No fault could possibly be found with the Faulkland of Mr. Bancroft, or the Julia of Mrs. Bernard-Beere. They generally depress, but here they lightened the play. Faulkland in the hands of Mr. Bancroft was not a nuisance, and the new Julia wore her superb dresses with great distinction. In one dress, surmounted by a Gainsborough hat, Mrs. Beere was a perfect picture, but, for all that, she ought to have played Lydia Languish in preference. In this latter character Miss Calhoun did little more than look well in her beautiful costumes. The Mrs. Malaprop of Mrs. Stirling was the performance par excellence. Nothing could touch it. So good was it, that it rendered the rest the more insignificant. Broad, breezy, bold, and full of humour, it was a treat, in this instance, to contrast the comedy of the past with the comedy of to-day. If Mr. Lionel Brough is not a refined Bob Acres, he is, at least, an amusing one. We can forgive his vulgarity for his spirit. What the play would have done without him who can say? It would have lost one of the two only supports it received.

Mr. Elliot as Fag, Mr. Brookfield as David, and Miss Julia Gwynne as Lucy, obeyed the managerial mandate of under-playing, and were as quiet and colourless as their companions. Nothing stirred them to activity, and those who knew the play could scarcely recognise the familiar characters."

A brilliant audience assembled at the Prince's Theatre on the 20th to witness the production of *Called Back*, a dramatic version, by Mr. J. Comyns Carr, of the well-known story by Mr. Hugh Conway. Mr. Conway's story made such a hit with the reading public that little surprise was felt when the announcement was made that the book was to be turned to use on the stage. But considerable apprehension was felt as to the judiciousness of such a move, for the book, as it stands, contains but little that is suitable for presentation on the public stage, and much that it is impossible to depict with any degree of success on the theoretic boards. Mr. Comyns Carr; however, chose the only course open to him. He preserved the main features of the story, and relied entirely upon his own powers of construction. The psychological element so strongly marked in the book has been almost entirely dispensed with by the dramatist, and the play is as nervous, forcible, and picturesque as the novel is exciting, vivid, and imaginative. It was received on the first night with most enthusiastic demonstrations of public pleasure, and without a single dissentient voice. And this in spite of disadvantages which would have proved fatal to a work of less strength and vigour. As arranged by Mr. Comyns Carr, the drama is in a prologue and three acts ; as first played at the Prince's Theatre it was practically in seven acts. Each act, save only the last, is in two scenes, and between each scene the act-drop descended in order to give the stage-carpenters and scene-shifters time to do their work. The effect of this was to deprive the play of much interest. Where the spectator should have been hurried along in breathless excitement, he was allowed time to reflect. When the house should have been silent and thrilled by the power and vividness of the situation, the lights were raised, the people gossiped aloud, and the ladies eat ices and created a comparative whirlwind and a bustle by the simultaneous waving of their fans. The audience, instead of being held attentive and enthralled, relapsed into chatter and indifference. If stage-managers wish to dispense with the old-fashioned front scene, by all means let them do so ; but do not let them break up the play into little bits and destroy its interest. In these days of perfection in mechanical ingenuity it is somewhat surprising

to see a stage-manager perplexed as to the manner of changing the scenery, and giving up the task as hopeless. Better far to have the familiar front scene and the flunkeys to remove the furniture in sight of the audience, than an awkward curtain descending in the middle of each act and the players bowing before it. No doubt Mr. Conway's story is familiar to my readers, but it may be useful to note the leading features of the play as presented by Mr. Comyns Carr. In the prologue we find that Gilbert Vaughan and Pauline have met and loved in Italy. Gilbert, now blind, is taken by Pauline to Dr. Ceneri's house in Regent's Park. He is left to wait in the garden, and Pauline is insulted by the proposition of marriage from Paolo Macari. She screams for help, and her brother, who is at hand, comes to her assistance. Quick as thought he strikes the scoundrel across the face, and in a moment Macari's knife is in his back. Pauline falls senseless at the sight of her brother's murder, and Gilbert Vaughan, rushing through the window, stumbles over the body of Pauline. He thinks her dead, and, being blind, his life is spared. The closing incidents of the prologue are depicted graphically and without loss of time, and it is a pity that the earlier portions were not curtailed. In the first act, Gilbert, with his sight completely restored, meets Dr. Ceneri, and, suspecting him of the murder of Pauline, follows him to his garret in Soho. He arrives too late, however, for the doctor and his villainous accomplice, Macari, have fled. But he comes in time to meet and recognise, but not to be recognised by, Pauline, for the girl's mind has vanished since the night of her brother's murder. The opening scene of the second act is in an



MISS LINGARD.
(*Called Back.*)

hotel in Paris, where the most natural and dramatic scene in the book is transferred to the stage. This is where Macari tells Vaughan that the person who was murdered on that fateful night in Regent's Park was killed by Dr. Ceneri for having dis-honoured Pauline. Tortured with doubts and suspicions, Gilbert traces the luckless Dr. Ceneri to Siberia, who owes his presence there to the traitorous Macari. Dr. Ceneri confesses that the man who was killed was Pauline's brother, but he dies ere he can speak the assassin's name. It seems to me that this scene is unnecessary to the drama, but if it could not have been dispensed with, it should have been acted and placed on the stage in a far better manner. In the last act Pauline, being again confronted by Macari, recovers her senses, and the scene of the murder is realised behind a gauze curtain. Pauline and Gilbert seem at last on a fair way to a peaceful life, and the evil genius of the drama, Macari, is suddenly confronted by the man who has come to avenge the death in Siberia of his comrade by taking the life of the wretched spy—an unexpected and dramatic conclusion to a play of great interest and value. No small meed of praise is due to Mr. Comyns Carr, who accomplished his chosen and extremely difficult task with ability and discretion. He constructed a good play without detracting from the value of the novel, and he added to his own reputation by a skilful piece of dramatic work. The best performance was that of Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree, who gave a singularly unexaggerated impersonation of the suave scoundrel, Paolo Macari. He depicted the character with very remarkable skill, and both in acting and appearance realised to the life a character which is at once difficult and dangerous to assume. Mr. Kyrie Bellew, as Gilbert Vaughan, was at his best in the prologue, where he was successful as the sightless lover. But he was not strong enough, or sufficiently dramatic, for the later scenes. Mr. G. W. Anson, as Dr. Ceneri, was likewise seen to most advantage in the prologue, where his acting was excellent. But he failed in the prolonged death-scene in Siberia—a scene which could only be sustained by an actor capable of expressing strong emotion and deep passion, such as we know Robson to have been. Miss Lingard was capital as Pauline, in which she had a part more suited to her style than those in which she had been previously seen. Her acting in the scenes where Pauline is supposed to have lost her reason was delicate, appropriate, and pathetic; and in the last act, in the recognition of Macari and the consequent recognition of her brother's murderer and her

return to reason, she gave a realistic and vivid bit of acting. *Called Back*, it may be noted, was played at the Prince's Theatre until Christmas, when it was transferred, in consequence of Mrs. Langtry's approaching reappearance on the London stage, to the Olympic, where it was acted for a few weeks.

On Thursday afternoon, May 22, a new one-act play, entitled *Chatterton*, was presented by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess's Theatre. The play is, so far as it goes, an excellent dramatic work. True enough, the action of the drama is slight, but, on the other hand, the theme is so admirably worked out and the dialogue is so excellently written that ample compensation is given for the meagreness of the story. The history of Thomas Chatterton is well known. No need, therefore, to dwell upon details concerning the life of Wordsworth's "Marvellous boy, The sleepless soul that perished in his pride." Mr. H. A. Jones and Mr. H. Herman have used the poet's license, and given their boy-hero a love that it is not improbable he actually possessed. Chatterton is in love with Lady Mary, and she with him. The girl, accompanied by her cousin, visits Chatterton's garret and leaves him a letter, telling him of her affection, together with a sum of money to relieve his immediate wants. The young ladies are no sooner off the premises than Chatterton enters. He may not be the Chatterton we have held in our minds, but he is a good stage-figure for all that. As shown by the dramatists; he is a fiery, impetuous youth, a little quick-tempered and brusque, yet lovable for his ambition. In a speech that is very remarkable for the fineness of the writing and the vigour of its style, he rails against the world on being told that poetry is neither useful nor real. His friends have deserted him, all hope has been crushed out of his heart by the bitterness of his struggle for fame and fortune, and, worse than all this, he thinks himself scorned by the woman he loves. In a fatal moment he comes across the poison. Unable to resist the temptation, he swallows the choking draught, and, in his lonely and deserted garret, the life of the boy-poet goes out. When too late to be of any use to him, he finds the Lady Mary's letter, and his dying moments find some consolation in the knowledge that he was loved. Perhaps the dying scene is a little too prolonged, but otherwise there is no serious defect to be noticed in the play. As I have said, the drama is excellently written, but the characters are depicted no less admirably. The central figure, in which the greater part of the interest is naturally absorbed, is drawn with a firm, bold hand. Both

dramatist and actor portrayed the part with wonderful skill. Mr. Wilson Barrett excelled himself in the character, and gave as vigorous, as striking, as pathetic an impersonation as could be desired. I question, indeed, if he has ever acted better than on this occasion. The impetuous youth lived before us. The transitions from feverish passion to pathetic despair were quite perfect, and the beautiful speeches were delivered with rare eloquence. It was a performance of exceptional merit, and one that will certainly live in the memory of all who witnessed it.



MR. WILSON BARRETT.
(*Chatterton.*)

The other characters are no less skilfully drawn. The sombre tone of the little play is relieved just at the right moment by the presence of one Nat Boaden, a broken-down artist, who has descended by the help of drink and neglect to the degradation of drawing pictures in return for a glass of ale. But he is good-tempered and jolly despite all; he is "never quite drunk or quite sober;" and he finds much comfort in the words of his motto, "Don't know, don't care." It is a short but capital sketch of

character, and Mr. George Barrett depicted the part to the life. It was an admirable bit of acting, and, I should think, an excellent realisation of the author's work.

Devotion was replaced at the Court, on the 29th, by a revival of one of Robertson's comedies. Times have changed indeed, and we have changed with them since a memorable night at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, to wit, Saturday, February 15, 1868, when the Robertsonian series of little comedies was supplemented by the weakest of all of them, called *Play*. At that

time a decided reaction was setting in against the "teacup and saucer" school. It was somehow felt that we had had enough of the trivialities, the often prettinesses, and the occasional peculiarities of the new order of drama. The very foundation of acting was being undermined, and young actors and actresses, ever fond of imitation, were beginning to think that success on the stage meant complete suppression of self. Passion and pathos, vigour and humanity, earnestness and enthusiasm, were alike being discarded, and a grim solemnity and savage depression were creeping over what once had been a merry scene. The faults of the new system were felt as much on the stage as amongst the audience. A terrible slowness of delivery, a dragging and halting of dialogue, maddening pauses, and continued hesitancy, threatened to injure the style of the new and so-called natural school of acting. Point-making in its worst form took the place of ease and nature, and it was inevitable that some protest should be made against the form of art that had once been so popular. It was when *Play* was produced that the Prince of Wales's company was first burlesqued and ridiculed. Its audience also became a wearisome spectacle. They refused to laugh, to applaud, or to smile, and the drawling manner of the actors soon communicated itself to the auditorium. When authors and actors begin unconsciously to take liberties, the result is inevitable. Unbroken popularity was beginning to spoil Robertson. His best friends and admirers could not possibly compliment him on *Play*. But for the Prince of Wales's Theatre such a comedy would never have been written; elsewhere it could not have been produced. The plot was inartistic, the characterisation feeble, the motive almost inane. It was the roughest draft or sketch, and not a play in any proper sense of the word. Occasionally there came flashes of the old Robertsonian sparkle, but they were fitful and insincere, and those who were not spell-bound by the author's charm deplored the transparent retrogression. The past saved *Play* from instant condemnation. Courtesy and gratitude for past favours were allowed to be put forward in extenuation of Mr. Bodmin Todder, Miss Kinpeck, and that idiotic German officer who could say nothing but "How do you do? *Illustrated London News*." This was carrying the joke a little bit too far. Robertson was deliberately burlesquing his own weakness. But the company were loyal and steadfast to the last. Mrs. Bancroft was then in the plenitude of her power. Mr. H. J. Montague was in the bloom of his youth, and with an almost faultless

manner. A clever woman who had the Robertson style at her fingers' ends and a fascinating young man, luckily came together in a half-serious, half-comic love scene, and saved *Play* from ruin. The scene on the ruins of the Alte Schloss, at Baden, was quoted as a charming idyl, although some considered it Anthony Trollope and water, and all society went to see Mrs. Bancroft and young Montague feeding one another with lollipops and making love at a Continental picnic. In Bruce Fanquehere, Mr. Hare had a character that suited his individuality and his taste in disguise; and with Mr. Bancroft, Miss Lydia Foote, Mr. Blakeley, and Mrs. Leigh Murray, the comedy could not go very far wrong. Why the play should have been revived at this period of dramatic taste and activity must ever remain amongst the mysteries of modern management. Instead of being too decrepit we are now, perhaps, over bold. There is no lack of vigour or stamina on the English stage. The company engaged at the Court could scarcely hope to revive the old charm that had almost died out when *Play* was produced, and at the best they could only give but a thin and feeble imitation of their predecessors.

It is worthy of record that on the 31st of this month Mr. Irving reappeared at the Lyceum Theatre for the first time after his first American tour. *Much Ado About Nothing* was revived, pending the production of *Twelfth Night*, Mr. Irving as Benedick, Miss Ellen Terry as Beatrice, and Mr. William Terriss as Don Pedro, resuming characters with which the public were already familiar.

VI.

JUNE.

Our Boys at the Strand.—*Featherbrain*.

The late Henry J. Byron's three-act comedy, *Our Boys*, was revived at the Strand Theatre on the 2nd of this month. It may be here recorded that this play was originally produced at the Vaudeville Theatre on Saturday, January 16, 1875, with the principal parts in the cast distributed as follows:—Sir Geoffrey Champneys, Mr. William Farren; Perkyn Middlewick, Mr. David James; Talbot Champneys, Mr. Thomas Thorne; Charles Middlewick, Mr. Charles Warner; Mary Melrose, Miss Amy Roselle; Violet Melrose, Miss Kate Bishop; and Belinda, Miss Cicely Richards. The piece had an unbroken run at the Vaudeville of

over four years and a quarter, the last performance of the play at that house being on Friday, April 18, 1879, the 1,362nd continuous representation of *Our Boys*. The play has been acted for considerably more than a thousand nights in the provinces, and it has been successfully produced in America and the colonies. It has also been translated and acted in Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, Holland, Bavaria, Italy, and France. Indeed, such a successful career is unparalleled in the history of the stage. In the revival under notice Mr. David James and Miss Cicely Richards resumed their original characters. The comedy had a successful run of many weeks on its revival at the Strand.

The *Tête de Linotte*, a farcical comedy by Theodore Barrière and Edmund Gondinet, acted for the first time at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, on September 11, 1882, was intended merely as a stop-gap pending the production at the same house of M. Sardou's *Fédora*. But the new play had in itself all the qualifications for success, and, backed up by the excellent acting of the Vaudeville company, it soon won the public voice. It was, therefore, the most likely thing in the world that Mr. Charles Wyndham should purchase the work for England, and produce it at the earliest possible moment. The services of Mr. James Albery were secured for the task of fitting the French farce for the English stage, and it may be frankly stated that Mr. Albery did his work as well as possible, and provided a piece no less funny than the original. The adaptation was presented at the Criterion on June 23, under the title of *Featherbrain*. The Featherbrain is a thoughtless, impulsive, warm-hearted girl, married to a man older than herself, with the inevitable consequence of becoming entangled in an alarming love affair. Some compromising letters are lost, and their disappearance is the means of causing the girl anxiety and of keeping the play alive. In her search after the packet Featherbrain loses her head, and places herself in some compromising situations. There is no need to relate the absurd complications which arise from the heroine's thoughtlessness and folly; suffice it to be said that the dangerous letters are eventually discovered, and the husband remains ignorant of his wife's indiscretion. Mons. Marius made a hit as a fire-eating Spaniard. The heroine was represented by Miss Marie Jansen, an American actress.

VII.

JULY.

Twelfth Night at the Lyceum.—Love's Messenger.

Mr. Henry Irving signalled his brief season in London prior to returning to America, by the revival, on July 8, of Shakespeare's comedy, *Twelfth Night*. So far as the mere scenery is concerned, nothing could have been better than this production, but it is to the acting that we naturally turn for the pure enjoyment of the play. In the character of the steward, Malvolio, Mr. Irving had a part admirably suited to him, and full of quaint comedy. His entrance with Olivia presented Malvolio in austere, grave demeanour. His "make-up" of thin light-brown hair, a wisp of beard, and a faint moustache, and his sallow complexion, tended to give Malvolio a mark of distinction beyond his fellows. His censure of the fool was excellent, but it was not until Malvolio returned with the news of Cesario at the gate that the actor had full play. The dignity of the man seemed shaken for the moment by the impetuosity of the young ambassador from the Duke. His gravity was just a little upset by the "fore-knowledge" of the youth, and he described him in some manner of self-satisfaction at having, so to speak, discovered the well-favoured boy, but grudgingly withal, as though the description were forced from him by a strict sense of duty rather than any desire to please his mistress. When Malvolio, candle in hand, and attired in a copious gown, came down the stairs at the back of the stage to reprove Sir Toby Belch and his drunken friends in the midst of their midnight revels, he appeared as though he were responsible for the honour and dignity of the house. The reading of the letter was capitally done; and the smile of Malvolio as he stood before the Countess in yellow stockings and cross-gartered was the perfection of comedy. The satisfaction of Malvolio on being termed "fellow" by Olivia, on being alluded to as the Countess's companion, not her servant, was also excellently expressed. The figure of the unfortunate steward grovelling in the straw in his temporary prison in the dark room was almost piteous in its picture of fallen greatness. For the actor made one feel that Malvolio, with all his conceit and self-love, had some good qualities in him, and it seemed a little hard to see him made the sport of the sottish knight and his foolish friend. The dramatic point in the character just touched by Malvolio in his cell was

elaborated and vividly depicted in the last act. The hurried entrance, the quick signalling out of Olivia from the crowd of courtiers and followers, and the addressing her, "Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong," were in strange contrast to the calm radiance of the scenery. As Olivia explained that the letter was a jest, Malvolio was transformed, and there came with his fall such a look of contempt mingled with malignant hate for the tricksters that the situation was almost tragic. The final exit of Malvolio, with his "I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you," was finely conceived and executed. It suggested that after Malvolio had worn off his inspired fierceness he would be the better and more sensible man for the lesson he had so dearly learned. It was altogether a fine, intelligent performance, and, as I think, one of Mr. Irving's greatest and most marked artistic successes. To Miss Ellen Terry, as Viola, there also came yet another success. It was a tender, graceful, maidenly interpretation of character, with its more serious part relieved at appropriate times by a humour as delicate as gossamer. The erect figure of Viola standing in the fading sunlight on the sea-shore was a beautiful commencement for so charming and consistent an impersonation as that of Miss Terry, but we must come to Viola's scenes with the Duke for acting as refined, graceful, and true as anything I have seen on the stage. Her aside, in promising to woo Olivia for the Duke:—

"I'll do my best

To woo your lady: yet—a barful strife!—
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife,"—



MISS ELLEN TERRY.
(*Twelfth Night.*)

was full of gentle, winning pathos. Again, when she described her own feelings in the word-picture of her supposed sister in those well-known lines, "She never told her love," &c., the image was finely suggested. The break-down in replying to the Duke, "I am all the daughters of my father's house, and all the brothers too," and then the sudden rallying, lest her woman's spirit should penetrate her disguise, with "Sir, shall I to this lady?" were indescribable touches of gentle beauty. For intensity of feeling we go to her exit after the first interview with Olivia :—

"Love make his heart of flint that you shall love ;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt ! Farewell, fair cruelty."

In the same scene, those poetic lines, "Write loyal cantons of contemned love," &c., were charmingly delivered. For comedy, I may instance her "Excellently done—if God did all," when Olivia unveils, and the surprise of discovering that the Countess is in love with her. The rippling laugh which accompanied the words, "I am the man!" stayed the house with merriment for some seconds. The fight with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a scene generally dangerous on the stage, was rendered so naturally and without the timidity of the disguised woman being overdone, that it became one of the most successful hits in the comedy. The dawn of hope and expectation which steal over Viola's face on the mention of the name of Sebastian was in itself such a study as to make the spectator regret that the actress was compelled by the action of the play to make the expression so fleeting. Such charming comedy and such tender, winning, delicate acting as were found in Miss Terry's Viola are not often seen on the stage. Even this gifted lady has not, I am inclined to think, done anything better or more perfect than this.

Love's Messenger, a one-act play, by Mr. Alfred C. Calmour, brought out for a benefit performance at the Novelty Theatre on the afternoon of the 22nd of this month, is deserving of special notice in these pages. It is one of the best-written little plays that has recently been produced. The author has chosen the Elizabethan period for the time of his drama, and he has carefully and artistically elaborated a very delicate subject. The Lady Constance Howard is pining for the love of Sir Philip Sidney, who delays the profession of his attachment until an avowal is wrung from him through a trick played upon him by his sister Mary. Lady Constance is wearing her heart out for lack of

the affection unwittingly denied her. It is in vain that she endeavours to banish Sir Philip from her memory; she reads, she works, she listens to the plaintive songs of her maid, but all is useless. At last Mary, noticing her friend's distress, spies a device for forcing her procrastinating brother into confessing his love. She disguises herself as a page, and, making believe that she comes as an ambassador from a great noble for the hand of Lady Constance, arouses her brother's jealousy. Sir Philip avows his passion, and the termination of the piece brings happiness to all concerned. Mr. Calmour has treated his theme with a rare delicacy and nicety of touch. Its dialogue is often-times poetical, and it always flows easily and naturally. The object has been to produce a fanciful, picturesque piece of work, rather than a stirring drama, and the author has been quite successful in his design. Lady Constance was acted with skill, intelligence, and pathos by Miss Maud Milton, but the honours of the afternoon were rightly carried off by Miss Kate Rorke, who as Mary, the sister, had by far the best part in the piece. Miss Rorke is to be congratulated upon an impersonation of rare charm. Her comedy was never forced; in the scenes with Lady Constance she was the bright, winsome girl, and in the encounter with Sir Philip, when Mary is disguised in masculine attire, she was neither unduly bold nor over-modest in her bearing. Youth, intellect, a graceful presence and a pleasing voice, united in making this performance perfect in every respect.

VIII

AUGUST.

Twins.—*Evergreen.*—Mr. Irving's Farewell prior to his second visit to America.—
Written in Sand.

It is a matter of little moment that Plautus and Shakespeare should have forestalled Mr. Joseph Derrick in the idea which forms the basis of *Twins*, a three-act farcical comedy, first played at the Olympic Theatre on August 2. Originality of idea is neither expected nor wanted in a farcical comedy, provided that the piece be skilfully put together. But it is just in this particular that Mr. Derrick's new play is found wanting. Portions of the piece are undeniably funny, but most of the fun is allowed to evaporate while some unnecessary scene takes place. The play wants cutting and “reining in,” if I may be allowed the

expression. Nor are the characters, as a rule, very vividly depicted. But, apart from the weakness of its construction, and the feebleness of the characterisation, there is much to commend in the play; but some of the coarse, not to say gross, lines, which occasionally offend even the least squeamish of the spectators, should never have been heard. It was a happy thought to make the more important of the two brothers a benevolent, bland, good-tempered, rubicund gentleman of

middle age, who comes to England to collect subscriptions for providing clothes for the naked savages. Such a character is not at all improbable, and an admirable contrast is afforded in making the brother of the mild, unoffending professor a boisterous waiter, ready to fill his wife's basket with his master's victuals, eager to accept any amount of "tips," and with a mind for an occasional indulgence in alcoholic stimulants. The plot of the piece may be told in few words. The professor comes on a visit to a city man, who bows low before anyone of reputation, and is surrounded by a numerous circle of friends, who



MR. EDWARD RIGHTON.
(*Twins.*)

share his opinion. Astonishment reigns supreme when they think they recognise the professor in the person of the upstart waiter, and the astonishment is still further increased when their elected one is claimed by the waiter's irrepressible wife and his troop of children. In the end affairs are conveniently adjusted, Mr. Titus Spinach pairing off with a rich lady who has a fancy for him, while his brother, Timothy, is restored to the arms of his disconsolate wife. A capital effect is made in the second act, where the professor comes to the hotel, and is taken by the

servants for the waiter in a foolish disguise, but the play is not very brilliantly illuminated by wit. The twins are the principal characters, the other parts being little better than mere suggestions of character. Fortunately, an able exponent of these twins was found in Mr. Edward Righton, who contrasted the two characters very cleverly, and with excellent taste.

Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft having temporarily vacated the Haymarket Theatre, this house was opened for a summer season on the 9th of this month by Mr. Charles Brookfield, who produced, under the title of *Evergreen*, a neat version, by Mr. W. H. Pollock,* of *Le Réveil du Lion*. This piece had already been made familiar to middle-aged playgoers by *The Roused Lion*, brought out at the Haymarket Theatre on November 15, 1847. Thanks to the acting of the late Benjamin Webster and Mrs. Keeley, as Stanislas de Fonblanche and Mdlle. Suzanne Grasset respectively—the characters ably assumed by Mr. Brookfield and Miss M. A. Victor in the new version of the comedy—the piece made a great success. Mr. Howe was then Ernest de Fonblanche, and the late Alfred Wigan made capital out of the character of Hector Mauléon.

Evergreen was preceded on the first night by Charles Dibdin's ballad opera, *The Waterman [or, The First of August]*. It is an interesting fact that between the first performance of this piece and its last revival, precisely one hundred and ten years have passed. The opera was first produced at the old Haymarket Theatre on August 8, 1774: it was revived at the new Haymarket on August 9, 1884. To think of Tom Tug is to call to mind a host of famous names. First of all there is brilliant Charles Bannister, the originator of the part. The body and volume of his voice were only equalled by its sweetness and interest. But he could act as well as he could sing, and when he sang "The Water parted from the Sea" in O'Keefe's farce, *The Son-in-Law*, with as much taste, sweetness, and variety as Tenducci, he introduced a degree of burlesque that was inimitable for its sly humour. We are told, and can imagine, how John Braham used to trill forth so sweetly, "And have you not heard of a jolly young waterman?" When Incledon took his farewell of the stage, he brought down the house by his magnificent delivery of "Farewell, my trim-built wherry." Both the elder Mathews and Edmund Kean used to

* Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, the editor of the *Saturday Review*, who recently honoured me with an undeserved and very obvious attempt to "slate" an unpretentious little volume of mine.

give imitations of Incledon in Tom Tug. Mathews excelled in portraying the great vocalist's face, but Kean's singing was as delicious and touching as even Incledon's itself. It was on June 3, 1822, that Kean, ostensibly for his own benefit, but really for that of the starving Irish—to the fund for the relief of whom he handed over the entire proceeds, £500—played Tom Tug, and more than once moved a large portion of his audience to tears. Last on the list of famous representatives of the character is Mr. Sims Reeves. It was probably his success that induced his son, Mr. Herbert Sims Reeves, to choose Tom Tug for the character in which, on the occasion under immediate notice, he made his first appearance on the London stage. To say that Mr. Reeves was amateurish would be to pass far too mild a criticism on his performance. His acting was painfully dull, uninteresting, weak, and vapid. So lamentable and deplorable a failure I have not witnessed. Having failed completely in the acting, it might have been expected that Mr. Reeves would have created an effect by his singing. His method and his cleverness did not suffice to hide the poorness of his voice, nor did he once touch a chord of emotion, or in any way redeem a performance at once hopelessly bad and depressing. Miss Julia Gwynne made an attractive Wilhelmina, and won the only encore of the evening by her singing of "Cherry Ripe." Mr. Reeves, it may be added, did not remain many nights before the London public in the character of Tom Tug.

Twelfth Night was given for the last time at the Lyceum on the 22nd, *The Bells*, with Mr. Irving as Mathias, being presented the following evening. *Louis XI.* was acted on the 26th, and, on the 28th, the season closed with a representation of *Richelieu*, Mr. Irving appearing as the Cardinal. Mr. Irving's second American tour commenced at the Opera House, Quebec, on September 30, 1884, and concluded at the Star Theatre, New York, on April 4, 1885. Miss Mary Anderson, it should be here noted, reappeared at the Lyceum, on September 6, as Galatea, and Clarice in *Comedy and Tragedy*.

A little piece of unusual worth is Mr. F. W. Broughton's comedietta, *Written in Sand*, acted at the Olympic on the 29th. Since the production of *Withered Leaves* and *Ruth's Romance*, the author of those charming pieces has remained in comparative obscurity. If he has occasionally emerged from his retirement he has not taken the pains to distinguish himself very greatly. Those who rejoiced in his first successes and welcomed his pieces for their graceful fancy, and entertaining, smooth,

and witty dialogue, were afterwards disappointed in the author's work, and had despaired of his again arousing himself to any worthy effort. But Mr. Broughton proved in his latest play that he still possesses the old charm of simplicity and grace, and that he can write as delicately and as gracefully as ever. Those who know his previous work will not look in his new play for any intricacy of plot or subtlety of thought. When they see a girl engaged to a man she does not love they will be certain that she will ultimately marry the man who really has her affection; and when they see a surly, frowning man, they will be quite sure that he is a scoundrel who will be unmasked before the play is over. When they hear of a subterranean passage leading to a dried-up well, they will not be surprised to see a scapegrace cousin of the heroine's emerge from the said well with the evidence of the villain's guilt in his pocket; and they will not trouble to discover the meaning attached to the title of the play, for is it not very natural that the heroine should trace in the sand at her feet the name of the man she loves? Although Mr. Broughton composed his plot of such slight materials as these, his little play is so well written that it holds, in silken bonds, the entire interest and sympathy of the spectator from beginning to end. His play bears the stamp of literature, and it would stand the searching test of being printed —no slight indication of its value in these days of flimsy writing and slipshod dialogue.

IX.

SEPTEMBER.

The Babes ; or, W(h)ines from the Wood.—Saints and Sinners.

Mr. J. L. Toole being occupied with a tour in the provinces, Messrs. Lionel Brough and Willie Edouin took possession of the theatre in King William Street, which they opened on September 9, with a burlesque, written by Mr. Harry Paulton, entitled *The Babes ; or, W(h)ines from the Wood*. The piece was originally brought out at the Birmingham Theatre Royal on June 9, 1884. It had a successful career of over a hundred nights at Toole's Theatre, the run terminating at the end of March, 1885. Much of this success was due to Miss Alice Atherton, who gave a wonderfully clever burlesque of a child. Miss Grace Huntley, who has a pretty face and a pleasing voice, and who can play a burlesque boy without any trace of vulgarity

or suggestiveness, also merits much commendation for her performance. Mr. Lionel Brough, as a reckless freebooter, and

Mr. Willie Edouin, as the boy "babe," were also of great assistance to the burlesque.

On the 25th, the Vaudeville Theatre was the scene of the production of a new and original drama, in five acts, written by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and entitled *Saints and Sinners*. In this, the first important play that Mr. Jones has produced without the aid of a brother dramatist, the author attempted to set forth his drama by means of the various characters introduced. That is to say, he thought less of purely theatrical effect than of painting his characters boldly and as they exist in actual life. Each of his characters is drawn with



MISS ALICE ATHERTON.
(*The Babes.*)

the skill of a master in the art of characterisation. There is no person in the drama who is at all unreal. Each individual character is perfectly natural; his, or her, prototype may be met with in everyday life. There is nothing uncommon or improbable in the play. But its interest depends almost entirely upon the characters rather than in the piece itself. The story thus told is more suited to a novel than the stage. Those who see it will be instantly reminded of other characters in other plays, or in novels. The various incidents will recur to them again and again. But their enjoyment of the play will not be marred by these frequent recollections. The story is human and consistent, and that is enough. Briefly it is this: The minister of a quiet parish in the country has an only daughter, whom he values beyond his life. The girl is loved by an honest yeoman, but she is giddy and thoughtless, and foolishly listens to the

false passion vows of a heartless young military officer. She is placed in the power of the latter, not altogether against her own will, by a slight chain of circumstances. She is taken from home, deluded and betrayed by the captain. Her retreat is discovered by her father and the young farmer. Her father arouses her better nature, and she returns home with him, while the hand of the avenger seems likely to be placed upon the author of the mischief. At this point a more practical dramatist would have concluded his piece. But Mr. Jones carries his play still further, and gives us an additional couple of acts. With the return home of father and daughter, a new drama commences. The girl's shame is unknown to all the members of the congregation, save the minister's senior deacon, a vindictive, canting humbug, who threatens to expose the girl unless her father will assist him in a fraud. The minister naturally refuses the proposal, and he informs his parishioners of his daughter's disgrace. When we next see him, he is on the



MR. THOMAS THORNE AND MISS CISSY GRAHAME.
(*Saints and Sinners.*)

brink of starvation, while his daughter is slowly recovering from a long illness. But peace and happiness are at hand. The farmer, now wealthy, returns from abroad, to make the girl his wife, and the minister is restored to his former post. It will thus be seen that a simple story is somewhat unnecessarily protracted for presentation on the stage. It should be added that the dialogue of the play is written skilfully, and that it bears, moreover, a marked literary excellence. "In a play," I wrote in *The Theatre*, "where the characters are so admirably and so strongly drawn, there is ample scope for excellent acting.

In most of the characters, particularly the lesser ones, the author is capitally represented. Mr. Thomas Thorne, as the minister, will be once more welcomed to the London stage. In the early parts of the drama the cheerful, gentle nature of the man is admirably shown by him. In the last act, too, where the old man endeavours to stimulate himself to work, by the thought of better days to come, he is particularly good, and he gives, altogether, as pleasant a rendering of the part as possible. It may as well be confessed that Mr. Thorne is unequal to the stronger passages in the character, but these, for their proper delivery, would require an actor capable of as great an expression of force and pathos as Robson. To my mind, a perfect representative of the heroine is found in Miss Cissy Grahame. She fulfils every requirement of the character. She is bright, lovable, tender, and playful in the first act, and here she succeeds perfectly in showing the fascination of the girl under the powerful influence of a stronger nature than her own. Then the wavering, hesitating manner when the girl is striving against her own secret desire, is excellently brought out. She is thoroughly equal to the more trying scenes later on, and her pathos is never strained. A rare intelligence, and true womanly feeling, are the more striking qualities in an impersonation that is also distinguished for its gentleness and feminine charm, its grace, consistency, and truth. Mr. Henry Neville is at hand to play the lover with his old strength and fire, his breadth of style and persuasiveness. He interests his audience from the first moment he steps on the stage, and he never once relaxes his hold on the spectators. He gives yet another of those bold, manly pieces of acting that immediately win sympathy. Mr. H. B. Conway gives an original view of a decidedly original villain. The strength of purpose, the fixed determination of the man to win the girl, in spite of herself, are admirably shown by him."

X.

OCTOBER.

The Sorcerer at the Savoy.—*Hamlet* at the Princess's.

The Sorcerer, by Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, originally produced at the Opéra Comique, under the management of Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, on November 17, 1877, is in many respects superior to the succeeding works of the same author

and composer. Its revival at the Savoy Theatre on October 11 was a decided success. Mr. R. Temple as the polished Sir Marmaduke, Mr. Rutland Barrington as the Vicar, and Mr. George Grossmith as John Wellington Wells, successfully resumed their original characters. Mr. Durward Lely was the Alexis, Miss R. Brandram was an admirable representative of Lady Sangazure, and Miss Ada Dorée was good as Mrs. Partlet. Miss Leonora Braham gave a capital interpretation of the part of Aline, and sang charmingly; while the sympathetic voice and manner of Miss Jessie Bond were of great advantage to the character of Constance. A beautiful painting by Mr. W. Beverley, representing the exterior of Sir Marmaduke's mansion, constituted the scene of the entire play, the action of the first act taking place at mid-day, that of the second act at midnight.

Hamlet was revived by Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess's

Theatre on the 16th. The following notice of this revival appeared in *The Stage*:—

"It has been truly said that it is the ambition of every serious actor to play Hamlet. That Mr. Wilson Barrett was early imbued with this ambition we have for proof his assurance that twenty-five years ago he resolved to become an actor, to obtain the management of the Princess's Theatre, and to enact the character of Hamlet in the same house where such marked success in the part had been attained by the learned Charles Kean, the handsome, lymphatic Fechter, and the scholarly



MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON, MISS ADA DORÉE,
AND MISS JESSIE BOND.
(*The Sorcerer*.)

Edwin Booth. As it is a truism that every actor aspires to impersonate Hamlet, so is it a fact that no actor of any moment has ever failed in the part. Mr. Wilson Barrett's early ambition, and the encouragement extended to his recent efforts on the metropolitan stage are sufficient warranty for his essaying, at a fitting opportunity, this important Shakespearean rôle. That Mr. Barrett's production of *Hamlet* will be a great popular success is probable; but we doubt if his interpretation of the character will meet with the approval of the highest critical authorities. In one important point, that of Hamlet's age, Mr. Barrett has dared to be original. He has made his Hamlet a youth scarcely out of his teens, and, as youthfulness is the keynote to Mr. Barrett's rendering of the character, we propose to inquire into the authority for this adoption. Hamlet's age is settled by the remarks of the Gravedigger in the last act. The first folio (1623) of Shakespeare and all the quartos, save the first (1603), made the Gravedigger say that Yorick's skull had lain in the earth twenty-three years. Now, as Hamlet's recollection of Yorick was so vivid, and his sadness so great when gazing at the jester's skull—

"Alas! poor Yorick, I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of most infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft,—

&c., it is only reasonable to suppose that Hamlet was at least seven years old at the time of Yorick's death. Therefore, Hamlet has hitherto been represented on the stage as being thirty years of age. In favour of this argument, also, may be adduced Hamlet's speech to his mother in the closet scene—

" You cannot call it love; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment.
* * * * *

O, shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will."

Moreover, the interest in a boy of twenty is not so great as in a man; he would very properly be regarded as an impetuous, headstrong youth. Against these arguments Mr. Barrett places the fact that the quarto of 1603 gives Yorick's skull as

having lain in the earth only twelve years, as witness the words of the Gravedigger—

“Look you, here’s a skull hath bin here these dozen yeare.
Let me see, I ever since our last King Hamlet
Slew Fortinbrasse in combat, young Hamlet’s father.”

This first quarto is held by some Shakespearean student (Mr. Furnivall, we think) to be the first rough sketch of the play which Shakespeare afterwards improved so wonderfully; and in many respects it resembles the ‘*Hystorie of Hamblet*,’ on which Shakespeare worked, wherein, indeed, Hamlet does ‘sweep to his revenge,’ and further, becomes King of Denmark, is twice married, and dies in battle. The ‘youth’ of Hamlet is frequently alluded to in the text; but, in Shakespeare’s time, a man was younger at thirty than he is now, and might well have been termed a youth, even at that age. Hamlet would also be called ‘young Hamlet’ to distinguish him from the elder Hamlet, his father. But after all, the question of Hamlet’s age is not so material if the actor retains all the poetry and full significance of the part. In this, we think Mr. Barrett fails, and we question, in going back to this early Hamlet, this Hamlet of the ‘*Hystorie*’ and of the first quarto, if he does full justice to the matured Hamlet whom Shakespeare depicted, and as the character is represented in the first folio. The chief objections to this passionate, youthful Hamlet, apart from the question whether the actor is, or is not, representing Shakespeare, are that after he had seen his father’s spirit, this Hamlet would have killed Claudius without more ado, and there would have been no need for the play to proceed



MR. WILSON BARRETT.
(Hamlet.)

beyond the second act. Nor is it probable that this Hamlet would have inspired such an ideal and heart-breaking affection for him as that of Ophelia. The breaking down of a boy's spirit is not so terrible a spectacle as the annihilation of a man's nature. Ophelia, in this case, is older than Hamlet, and if she loved him at all it would rather be for his position and his title than for himself. Disagreeing, then, with Mr. Barrett's conception of the character, let us see how far he realises that conception. Hamlet enters in the first act in the well-known Court scene, closely following the King and Queen. At the first words of the King, he rises as though resentful at being spoken to, and his reply to his mother, 'Seems, madam? nay, it is; I know not seems,' &c., bears a tone of indignation. By his manner, Hamlet is convinced, in his own mind, of the King's guilt, and he regards his mother with no filial devotion. Indeed, Mr. Barrett's Hamlet shows no tenderness for his mother or anyone else in the play. When Hamlet is left alone he delivers the speech commencing, 'Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,' with his gaze attracted in the direction whither the King and Queen had gone, by the sound of laughter at the words, 'That it should come to this.' Here, also, he produces the medallion of his beloved father, which he fondly regards. He is quite prepared for the supernatural visitation, for when Horatio tells him that he had seen his father, Hamlet gives the 'Saw? Who?' in a quick tone of interroga^ttion, as though he was not at all surprised at such an event. This previous belief in the appearance of his father's ghost robs the meeting of Hamlet with the ghost of all awe and terror. Hamlet had expected to see the ghost, and consequently he is not terrified at its appearance. In the scene with Ophelia, in the second act, Mr. Barrett's Hamlet is quite free from all show of tenderness, a somewhat remarkable point, as in this he differs from nearly all previous representatives of the part. This lack of tenderness may be accounted for by a movement behind the tapestry, showing Hamlet that he is being overheard by Polonius. The play scene, acted, as we have already intimated, outside the castle, is where Mr. Barrett makes the only 'point' in his impersonation, by standing aloft on the mimic stage as he declaims on the confusion and departure of the King, and then sinks exhausted into Horatio's arms. Mr. Barrett is careful to avoid point-making, and he studiously avoids all traditional business. He aims at a perfect rendering of his conception of the character, and not at success in any particular scene, or in

the delivery of any prominent speech. In this he is to be commended, but at times he might with considerable advantage to himself give more prominence to familiar passages. Thus, to take one instance out of many, Hamlet's well-known exclamation in the graveyard scene, 'What, the fair Ophelia!' is spoken so colloquially by Mr. Barrett as to be almost unnoticed by the audience. The fencing bout is excellent, and the interchange of the foils is adroitly executed. Mr. Barrett's Hamlet is a quick, passionate, impetuous piece of acting, and, if we are to accept Hamlet as being nearer twenty than thirty years of age, it is a fine rendering of the character. However much one may disagree with his idea of the part, the spectator cannot deny that, so far as it goes, it is a highly commendable performance. But the sad, dreamy, poetical Hamlet is lost sight of in Mr. Barrett's terribly earnest, determined, and youthful hero. In many respects his Hamlet is like Charles Mayne Young's, one of the most popular Hamlets at the beginning of this century. Young's great hits were made in the play scene, and in the fencing bout in the last act, where his nature was better suited than in the scenes with Ophelia and his mother. These lacked tenderness, and were given with a great show of irritability that was bad in contrast to the pathos and tenderness of previous Hamlets in them. His Hamlet was, as is Mr. Barrett's, fiery and impetuous. As Young's rendering was in favour fifty years ago, Mr. Barrett's Hamlet is likely to become exceedingly popular with the playgoing public, and students of the stage will find in his interpretation ample room and



MISS EASTLAKE.
(*Hamlet.*)

necessity for reflection. After all, the question to be decided is simply this: Has Mr. Barrett given us the true Hamlet? If so, all the Hamlets we have seen must be wrong; if not, Mr. Barrett has taken a bold step, and he is, no doubt, prepared to stand or fall by the result. Apart from Mr. Barrett's acting of the character, one or two of his readings of the text are likely to provoke discussion. Thus, in the very first line that Hamlet speaks, there is a reading given that is new to the stage. The King, after addressing Laertes, turns to Hamlet: 'But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,' to which Hamlet answers, 'A little more than kin, and less than kind,' pronouncing 'kind' short, as in 'tinder,' and the German word for child, and meaning 'a little more than cousin but less than child.' The word so pronounced is still in use in several districts in England, and its introduction here is in excellent taste. Not so, however, the use of this pronunciation in the speech beginning, 'Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!' Here, the new Hamlet speaks of the King as a 'kindless villain,' meaning 'childless villain.' (It will be remembered that Claudius has only been recently married to Hamlet's mother.) Again, in the first act, where Hamlet comes on the ramparts to watch for his father's ghost, Mr. Barrett adopts the wording of the first folio, and instead of remarking, 'The air bites shrewdly. It is very cold,' he addresses the latter remark to his companions as an interrogation, 'Is it very cold?' Now, if Mr. Barrett's Hamlet was a dreamy, meditative person, this reading would be quite permissible, as a prince, unused to the midnight air about the castle walls, might, feeling chilled, ask his companions, who were more used to the exposure, if it was really cold, in order to convince himself that he felt no unusual chill at the approach of his father's spirit. But Mr. Barrett's Hamlet would have been so thoroughly convinced that the air was cold that he would not have thought of inquiring of his companions as to whether it was so or not. In the 'To be or not to be' speech, Mr. Barrett adopts Theobald's suggestion of a '*siege* of troubles' instead of a '*sea* of troubles,' and, in the play scene, in reply to the King's 'What do you call the play?' he answers: 'The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Trapically,' thus giving the reading of the first quarto instead of the word ordinarily used, 'Tropically,' meaning 'figuratively.' For the rest, Mr. Barrett deserves the sincere praise of every lover of the drama for giving to the stage, for the first time, the tragedy as Shakespeare wrote it, in as perfect a form as is possible

within the limits of the stage. Fontinbras, of course, has to be excluded from the play, but Mr. Barrett has shown great intelligence and considerable generosity in his arrangement of the scenes. It has always been the custom to end the second act with Hamlet's 'The play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.' But, in the Princess's version, the action continues until after the scene with Ophelia, the act ending with the King's 'Madness in great ones must not unwatched go.' The third act is principally occupied by the play scene and the closet scene, the King again ending the act. The remainder of the play is, in arrangement, much the same as in the ordinary acting versions. Mr. Barrett has here presented the play in the most perfect form that it has ever been acted on the stage, and in thus rigidly adhering to Shakespeare's construction he has given Hamlet simply as one character out of many on the stage, and has not sacrificed the poet's meaning in order to make Hamlet the central and only figure in a great tragedy. Mr. J. R. Crauford's Horatio is an uninteresting performance. All the poetry of this splendid part is missing, and Horatio becomes little more than a lay figure, and a very bad foil to Hamlet. Mr. Frank Cooper's Laertes is a passable, but an unimpressive and colourless assumption of the character. The Ghost of Mr. John Dewhurst, though considerably improved, be it noted, since the first night, is not awe-inspiring, and suggests nothing of the supernatural element that should surely be imparted to it by the actor. Miss Mary Dickens, as the Player Queen, attempts too much, and consequently fails. The Rosencrantz of Mr. G. R. Foss is too villainous in



MR. GEORGE BARRETT.
(*Hamlet.*)

appearance, and the Guildenstern of Mr. C. Fulton is too clerical in manner. It is a more grateful task to refer to the acting of the other characters. Mr. E. S. Willard, as the King, has the advantage of having in his hands, thanks to the arrangement of this version, opportunity never before afforded the impersonator of this character of giving a very fine piece of acting. Mr. Willard makes excellent use of the opportunity, and gives a most intelligent, picturesque, vivid presentation of the character. His conception of the part and his execution of it are alike admirable. The despair of the King as he begins to fear Hamlet, and gradually comes to feel in danger from him, is excellently portrayed. The working out of this phase of the character is as fine as anything we remember to have seen on the stage. The King's first speech has never, we feel confident, been so well delivered. The triumphant bearing of Claudius in the first act is a fine contrast to the dismay pictured so vividly by the actor, when the King hears of Hamlet's return to Denmark. Next to Mr. Willard in point of excellence is Mr. Walter Speakman, whose elocution and acting, as the first player, are perfect. High praise is also due to Mr. George Barrett, who gives an unconventional and amusing rendering of the First Gravedigger. Miss Eastlake's Ophelia is the best impersonation she has given for some time. The earlier scenes, owing, no doubt, to nervousness, lacked variety on the first night, but this defect has since been remedied. Miss Eastlake, however, is seen at her best in the mad scene, which she acts with intensity and pathos. Mr. Clifford Cooper is good as Polonius, and Mr. Neville Doone, though somewhat scurvily treated by the first night's audience, is efficient as Osric. Miss Margaret Leighton imparts much interest to the character of the Queen, and plays it with considerable power. We have no doubt that Mr. Godwin's archæology of the costumes and furniture is strictly correct, but picturesque effect has been sacrificed in order to obtain this absolute correctness—a very undesirable and unnecessary sacrifice. Some of the costumes are positively ugly, and out of keeping with the characters. Nothing could be worse than the dresses assigned to Laertes and, in the last act, to Horatio. Most of the scenery has been provided by Mr. Walter Hann, but Mr. Beverley is seen at his best in an admirable bit of painting which forms the first scene of the third act."

XI.

NOVEMBER.

Romeo and Juliet at the Lyceum.—*Young Mrs. Winthrop*.—*Diplomacy* at the Haymarket.—*The Grand Mogul*.—*The Candidate*.

On November 1st another revival of *Romeo and Juliet* took place at the Lyceum, Juliet being represented by Miss Mary Anderson, Romeo by Mr. William Terriss. The following notice of the production, written by Mr. Clement Scott, appeared when the tragedy was still being played:—

"The splendid revival of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum, interesting as it may be to the spectator, is not convincing to the Shakespearian student. We are gradually overdoing spectacle so much that poetry must suffer in the long run. The question is no longer how this or that character in Shakespeare ought to be played, but how much money can be spent on this or that scene. The stage decorator, the costumier, and the carpenter are in the ascendant. Silks and satins, stuffs and tapestry, the shape of a shoe, the cut of a gown, the form of a lamp, the topography of a street, are preferred to the interpretation of any one given part. Juliet may smirk when she should be natural; Romeo be sulky where he should be sad; and Mercutio commonplace where he should be found pathetic; but all these are nothing in these days, when a play by Shakespeare is reduced to the level of an ordinary show play or melodrama. The whole of the stage seems to be sacrificed to the harvest of the eye, and not to the satisfaction of the senses. Acting is more and more made subordinate to mere



MISS MARY ANDERSON.
(*Romeo and Juliet*.)

scenic success. There are plenty of people to tell us how Juliet went to bed, and what kind of a couch wooed her to sleep; dozens of authorities as to where certain pines or orange-trees grew in Verona; gentlemen with ready pencils who can reproduce bits of Veronese architecture; fashioners, modellers, scene-painters, dressers, dressmakers by the dozen; but apparently not one who can instruct the younger generation how to deliver the Queen Mab speech; not a human being who can persuade a popular actress that the love of Juliet is something superior to that of Mary Jane flirting over the garden wall. That the play is superbly mounted no one can doubt. It dazzles and it delights the stupid and unimaginative. Stage machinery has become a miracle. Houses change into gardens, palaces are whirled into prisons, cloisters are transformed into tombs. It is a lovely panorama, and little else. The manager has done his part. He has spent at will and lavishly; but on what? Certainly not on acting that shines out through all this luxury; certainly not on art that is equivalent in distinction. It is too early to decide if the mounting of the play crushes the poetry of the acting, or if it conceals its baldness and inefficiency. We apprehend the latter. Never before in our memory have we seen *Romeo and Juliet*, on the whole, rendered in such a listless and unimaginative fashion. When Stella Colas played Juliet at the Princess's Theatre years ago, the play was sufficiently but not elaborately mounted. Through all these years has been treasured the memory of an enchanting performance. Mr. George Henry Lewes is entitled to his own opinion, but, on the whole, I have never seen a better Juliet than Stella Colas, before or since. When Adelaide Neilson played Juliet, there was not much fuss made about the scenery or the dresses. She might have played it in a barn, but we should remember her tear-stained face as she stood, in pure white satin, before the nurse, and reproached her for her insult to the memory of Romeo. That is a picture that no years can destroy. We recall the actress, the Juliet, not the scenery or dresses. Gorgeously mounted as was Mr. Irving's revival only recently, our thoughts go back to Ellen Terry and Henry Irving, not to the show. Even when Modjeska was the Juliet of the cast, it was the Mercutio of Wilson Barrett that survived all the prettiness and taste that were doubtless present. And of this *Romeo and Juliet* what shall we remember in after-years? Why this: a Juliet beautiful but self-conscious, never absorbed or abstracted; modern, unideal, and unexaggerative in every tender scene; a Juliet who

acts with her lips, not with her heart; a lady of immense physical resource, but little power of applying it; a voice, a presence, and a power such as few actresses possess; a trick of coyness, a trick of innocence, a trick of indignation, a trick of fear—all, all trick, and artificial to the last degree. An ambitious, popular, beautiful, self-confident lady, but as far from Juliet as darkness from dawn. What is it then? A most excellent representation of Miss Mary Anderson, the favourite of the hour. She has never come out of herself. She appears as Parthenia, Pauline, Galatea, the French actress in *Comedy and Tragedy*, but she is always Miss Mary Anderson. Never once is she anyone else. The best of it is, the public does not want her to be anyone else. They want to see Miss Mary Anderson, and that is all. They are content, and that is all that is wanted; but why any trouble should be taken to mount *Romeo and Juliet*, when Miss Mary Anderson looks just as well, if not better, on a pedestal as Galatea, puzzles the uninitiated. Where-



MR. WILLIAM TERRISS.
(*Romeo and Juliet.*)

ever you go and wherever this subject is discussed, the question of Shakespeare and Juliet is begged altogether. Miss Anderson is a fascinating woman, and that is enough. The Romeo of Mr. Terriss is by far the best thing yet done by this energetic young actor, and he has a future before him if he will take pains. He has a good voice and an excellent presence. He is distinct and picturesque. When he puts himself into the soul of Shakespeare, students of the play will be more satisfied. The performance is striking, but deficient in ‘sweetness and in light.’ It is bold, but it is not poetical. But then the play is a

melodrama as acted here, not a poem. The *Nurse of Mrs. Stirling* and the *Friar of Mr. Arthur Stirling* could not be better. There is the true Shakespearian ring about both of them."

Mr. Bronson Howard's comedy, *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, was produced at the Court Theatre on the 6th. The play was first represented, for the purpose of securing the copyright, at the Marylebone Theatre on September 21, 1882, when an account of the plot appeared in these pages. This is a play of dialogue, not action, and therefore not quite suited to the tastes of a modern audience. Certainly, the dialogue is skilful and polished, but dialogue alone is scarcely sufficient to sustain a piece where the interest is so very slight as in this. The success of the comedy, therefore, was not remarkable.

The revival at the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday, November 8, of *Diplomacy*, was attended with marked success. This version of Mr. Sardou's powerful drama, *Dora*, first presented at the Théâtre du Vaudeville, Paris, on January 18, 1877, was acted at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on January 12, 1878. This event must still be fresh in the minds of many of my readers, who will, no doubt, remember the large amount of popularity which the play then attained. The political events referred to in the piece were then fresh in people's memory, and it might have been thought that the play would seem somewhat dulled when viewed in the light of other years. But the main interest of the piece is so strong and so well sustained, that the drama secured a marked success on its revival. The adaptors were no longer disguised as Saville Rowe and Bolton Rowe, but frankly declared themselves as Messrs. Clement Scott and B. C. Stephenson. The cast of characters was materially different from the original one. The heroine, Dora, was impersonated by Miss Calhoun, who stood in unavoidable contrast to Mrs. Kendal. It cannot be said that Miss Calhoun passed unscathed through the fiery ordeal, but she decidedly succeeded beyond expectation. Her earlier scenes wanted, perhaps, sympathy and feminine charm, but in the third act, where Dora is accused by her husband of having stolen the despatch, she played with feeling and rare power. The impersonation was not quite perfect, but it was a great advance for so young an actress. The Countess Zicka was admirably acted by Mrs. Bernard-Beere, while Mrs. Bancroft gave life and buoyancy to the first half of the play by her spirited impersonation of Lady Fairfax. Miss Le Thièrè resumed the part of the Marquise de Rio-Zarès with success, though she gave no distinction to the character. A

bright and clever rendering of the French maid, Mion, was given by Miss Polak, who, in this part, made her first appearance on the stage.

Mr. Bancroft appeared as Henry Beauclerc, a character in which he was seen to great advantage, while his original part of Orloff was acted with skill, ease, and gentlemanly bearing by Mr. Maurice Barrymore. It goes without saying that Mr. Forbes - Robertson was earnest and impressive as Julian Beauclerc. Mr. Elliot was a trifle too heavy as Algie Fairfax, and Mr. C. Brookfield quite failed to grasp the character of Baron Stein.

"Those who are acquainted with M. Edmond Audran's previous compositions," wrote a well-known journal, "experienced a decided disappointment in his new work, *The Grand Mogul*, on the first representation in England of this piece at the Comedy Theatre on the 17th. The opera labours under several disadvantages, but first and foremost must be placed the relatively poor quality of the music. The bright and tuneful airs of *Olivette* and *La Mascotte* had given rise to reasonable hope that M. Audran's more recent production would have been, at least, quite as likely to take the popular ear as either of its predecessors. But the music of the new piece, although most skilfully composed, is almost totally devoid of that quality which, above all others, is necessary for entire success on the comic opera stage, namely, tunefulness. It contains scarcely a single number that catches the ear or is likely to be retained in the memory. It is pretty, but no more, and in works of this



MISS CALHOUN.
(*Diplomacy.*)

class mere prettiness is not of much avail. The most striking and the really only beautiful composition in the opera is the legend of 'The Two Mice,' and whatever success it may obtain will be due in a great measure to its exquisite rendering by Miss Florence St. John. Certainly the music is not of the required standard, but the story of MM. Chivot and Duru is lamentably feeble even for comic opera. And Mr. H. B. Farnie's 'book' does not possess a redundancy of humour. Then, again, it is a doubtful matter whether 'real live' snakes are sufficient compensation for poverty of music and absence of fun. For ourselves, we confess that we do not see any special attraction in witnessing a beautiful woman (Miss St. John, we hope, will not deny the soft impeachment) encircled round the neck and arms by an affectionate snake. Reptiles may possibly serve some useful purpose in the world, but their place is neither on the stage nor at the breast of a popular singing-actress. There may be people to whom such an exhibition is a delight, but we make bold to say that the majority of an audience would prefer a property serpent to any number of real ones. We have had real cabs, and real horses, and real water on the stage, and now we come to real snakes. What next, and next? The white mouse which Miss St. John fondles and allows to run about her arm is not a pleasant spectacle, but it may be pardoned. Not so, however, the display of a woman entwined by a young boa constrictor. The plot of the piece may be told in a few words: An English medical student, travelling in India as a conjurer, is betrothed to and is accompanied by his cousin, a fascinating girl who charms men as well as serpents. She attracts the attention of Prince Mignapour, the heir to the Mogul throne, who has promised to wed the Princess Bengaline. If the prince is unfaithful in his vows to the princess, a pearl necklace which he wears will, it is said, turn black, and the prince will then be disinherited. The Englishman, being jealous of the prince's attentions to the pretty snake-charmer, induces the latter to substitute a black necklet for the pearls. The prince is accordingly disgraced for the time being, but, of course, the imposture is eventually discovered; Prince Mignapour is reunited to the princess and enthroned, while the Englishman and his future wife depart for their native land. It will thus be seen that the story is very slight and not deeply interesting. Unfortunately, little ingenuity has been used in the telling of it. It is particularly weak in the last act, where much time is wasted in some stupid business incidental to the grilling of what is sup-

posed to do duty for an English beefsteak." It is only necessary to add that *The Grand Mogul* did not prove a hit at the Comedy, and, as a matter of course, its withdrawal from that theatre followed soon after its production there.

The most legitimately amusing and one of the few successful plays of 1884 is *The Candidate*, a farcical comedy in three acts, produced at the Criterion Theatre on the 22nd. Rumour had stated that the play was the work of a member of the present Parliament, and that the piece dealt largely with political matters, so that expectation as to its success did not run very high on the first night. But the new piece proved to be no more than a new, clever, and exhilarating version of the story previously told in *The Serious Family*, and more recently by Mr. Burnand in *The Colonel*. True, it contains political references, and the outward dressing deals with politics, but the main story is one of interesting and everyday life, and is easily comprehended. Most of the political hits are exceedingly bright and happy, though one or two of the allusions are not always in the best possible taste. The scene of the three acts is laid at Oldacre, where we find Viscount Oldacre, played by Mr. Wyndham, persecuted by an obtrusive mother-in-law, who insists upon his standing for Parliament. This offers an excellent excuse for Lord Oldacre to enjoy a visit to London, while he sends his secretary, Baffin, to represent the constituency for which his relatives wish him to stand. But it unfortunately happens that the Conservative notions of the Oldacre family are not shared by Baffin, who, to tell the truth, is an out-and-out Radical. Baffin gives vent to his Liberal notions, and, impersonating Lord Oldacre, becomes elected by the delighted constituents. Trouble in the Oldacre family is, of course, the natural result, and the comedy terminates with a reconciliation between Oldacre and his wife, a severe lesson having been administered to the meddling mother-in-law. The comedy has been anonymously adapted from *Le Député de Bombignac*, of M. Alexandre Bisson, produced unsuccessfully at the Théâtre Français, on May 28 of this year. The English version was most cleverly done, with a result that the piece is still (April, 1885) running, and as popular as ever. Much of the success of the comedy is undoubtedly due to the capital acting of Mr. Charles Wyndham and Mr. George Giddens. Mr. Wyndham rattles through the part of the pleasure-seeking Lord Oldacre in admirable style, his animation always keeping the play alive with fun and spirit. Mr. Giddens is quite as successful, in his

way, as the unfortunate Baffin; and a charming, light, and natural presentation of Oldacre's young sister is given by Miss Kate Rorke.

XII.

DECEMBER.

The Children's *Pirates of Penzance*.

The only theatrical event worthy of note in these pages, of the last month of the year, was a performance given entirely by children at the Savoy Theatre on December 23 and successive afternoons. It is now little more than five years since Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte hit upon the novel plan of having a comic opera performed entirely by young people not out of their teens, so that an amusement beyond pantomime might be given to children who are taken to the theatre at Christmas time. So a company of clever little people were engaged, Mr. Richard Barker was secured to drill and instruct them in the business of the stage, and Mr. Frank Cellier was at hand to conduct them through the music. Accordingly, on December 16, 1879, the comic opera of *H.M.S. Pinafore*; or, *the Lass that Loved a Sailor*, written by W. S. Gilbert, and composed by Arthur Sullivan, was represented by a company of children at the Opéra Comique Theatre, and the performances of the juvenile artists gave delight not only to children of their own age, but to those of greater years. The success then achieved induced Mr. Carte to make another similar experiment, with the result that *The Pirates of Penzance*; or, *The Slave of Duty*, was acted entirely by children on the date above named. If ever a children's entertainment deserved to succeed this does. It drew large and delighted audiences to the Savoy for several weeks during the Christmas season, and it is now giving pleasure to provincial playgoers. The general excellence of the performance is its most striking merit. Nothing in the representation is out of place; the principal characters are filled by young people who are wonderfully successful, and the singing of the various choruses is really excellent. One and all concerned in the production are good. The singing of the famous policeman's chorus, "Tar-an-ta-ra," is a thing that will be remembered and talked of when the little choristers have developed into manhood. But apart from the general excellence of the representation, some of the impersonations are of a great merit,

and far better than might have been reasonably expected. I doubt if the music allotted to Frederick, the pirate apprentice, has ever been more clearly and charmingly sung than by Master Tebbutt, whose voice is of unusual power and expression. Miss Elsie Joel, as Mabel, also sings with rare taste, sweetness, and expression. To hear Miss Joel and Master Tebbutt in the duet of the second act is a rare treat. The diminutive Major-General of Master Percy is a capital bit of acting. The boy possesses the manner and carriage of an aristocratic old gentleman, and he rattles through his patter song with an ease that is seldom met with in older actors. The Pirate King is capitally acted by Master Stephen Adeson, whose brother, Master C. Adeson, is immensely amusing as the sergeant of police. But, to my mind, the best performance, because it is most promising, is the Ruth of Miss Esmond. This young lady shows such an evident talent for acting that I shall be surprised if she does not in the future make a mark upon the stage. It is a pleasure to watch her intelligent face and to note how earnestly and well she fulfils her part. Miss Alice Vicat as Edith, Miss Warren as Kate, and Miss Montrose as Isabel, who are very good in their respective parts, complete an excellent cast.



MASTER H. TEBBUTT AND MISS ELSIE JOEL.
(*The Pirates of Penzance.*)

NEW PLAYS AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS,

FROM DECEMBER 31st, 1883, TO DECEMBER 31st, 1884.

WITH THE DATES OF PRODUCTION AND CASTS OF CHARACTERS.

JANUARY, 1884.

5th. **Savoy.** First Performance.**PRINCESS IDA; or, CASTLE ADAMANT.**

Comic Opera, in a Prologue and Two Acts, written by W. S. GILBERT, composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

<i>King Hildebrand</i>	{ Mr. Rutland Barrington.
<i>Hilarion</i>	Mr. Brady.
<i>Cyril</i>	Mr. Durward Lely.
<i>Florian</i>	Mr. Ryley.
<i>King Gama</i>	Mr. George Grossmith.
<i>Arac</i>	Mr. R. Temple.
<i>Guron</i>	Mr. W. Grey.
<i>Scynthius</i>	Mr. Lugg.
<i>Princess Ida</i>	Miss Leonora Braham.
<i>Lady Blanche</i>	Miss Brandram.
<i>Lady Psyche</i>	Miss Kate Chard.
<i>Melissa</i>	Miss Jessie Bond.
<i>Sacharissa</i>	Miss Sybil Grey.
<i>Chloe</i>	Miss Heathcote.
<i>Ada</i>	Miss Twyman.

5th. **Novelty.** Revival.**THE NEW MAGDALEN.**

Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts, by WILKIE COLLINS.

<i>Julian Grey</i>	Mr. Frank Archer.
<i>Ignatius Wetzel</i>	Mr. Fred. Kerr.
<i>French Captain</i>	Mr. Perceval Clark.
<i>French Surgeon</i>	Mr. A. G. Stewart.
<i>Police Officer</i>	Mr. Yates.
<i>James</i>	Mr. B. Bucalossi.
<i>Max</i>	Mr. Talbot.
<i>Horace Holmcroft</i>	Mr. Mark Quinton.
<i>Grace Roseberry</i>	Miss Louise Willes.
<i>Lady Janet Roy</i>	Miss Le Thiére.
<i>Mercy Merrick</i>	Miss Ada Cavendish.

12th. **Globe.** First Performance.**LOW WATER.**

Original Comedy in Three Acts, by A. W. PINERO.

<i>Lord George Or-</i>	{ Mr. Charles Cart-
<i>molu</i>	wright.
<i>Mr. Veriker, Q.C.</i>	Mr. Carton.
<i>Captain Tod-</i>	{ Mr. R. Dartrey.
<i>hunter</i>	
<i>Mr. Algernon</i>	
<i>Linklater</i>	{ Mr. J. F. Young.
<i>Josey</i>	Mr. E. H. Bell.
<i>Dicky Smallpage</i>	Mr. J. L. Shine.

<i>Chevalier de Montgallet</i>	{ Mr. C. A. Smily.
<i>Mr. Dottridge</i>	Mr. T. Squire.
<i>Rev. Mr. Charlsworth</i>	{ Mr. Frank Evans.
<i>Dr. Medwin</i>	Mr. Harry Leigh.
<i>Mr. Passmore</i>	Mr. Richardson.
<i>Shillister</i>	Mr. E. W. Gardiner.
<i>Slowman</i>	Mr. A. Chevalier.
<i>Servant</i>	Mr. W. Guise.
<i>Anne</i>	Miss Compton.
<i>Rosamond</i>	Miss Abington.
<i>Miss Butterworth</i>	Miss Marian Daly.

12th. **Opéra Comique.** First Performance.**THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.**

Adaptation by CHARLES DICKENS from his father's novel.

<i>Little Nell and the Marchioness</i>	{ Miss Lotta.
<i>Quilp</i>	Mr. Robert Pateman.
<i>Grandfather Trent</i>	{ Mr. S. Calhaem.
<i>Dick Swiveller</i>	Mr. F. Wyatt.
<i>Kit</i>	Mr. C. Coote.
<i>Sampson Brass</i>	Mr. Howard Russell.
<i>Fred. Trent</i>	Mr. Cecil Rayne.
<i>Mr. Witherden</i>	Mr. T. Merridew.
<i>Jowle</i>	Mr. Henry.
<i>List</i>	Mr. James.
<i>Slum</i>	Mr. John Phipps.
<i>Constable</i>	Mr. Smith.
<i>Mrs. Quilp</i>	Miss Bella Howard.
<i>Mrs. Jarley</i>	Miss Lavis.
<i>Sally Brass</i>	Miss F. Coleman.

18th. **Prince's.** Revival.**THE PALACE OF TRUTH.**

Fairy Comedy in Three Acts, by W. S. GILBERT.

<i>King Phanor</i>	Mr. G. W. Anson.
<i>Prince Philamir</i>	Mr. Kyrle Bellew.
<i>Chrysal</i>	{ Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree.
<i>Zoram</i>	Mr. George Temple.
<i>Aristaeus</i>	Mr. Braggington.
<i>Gelanor</i>	Mr. John Maclean.
<i>Queen Altemire</i>	Miss Florence Marryat.
<i>Princess Zéolide</i>	Miss Lingard.
<i>Mirza</i>	Miss Sophie Eyre.
<i>Palmis</i>	Miss Arnold.
<i>Azéma</i>	Miss Tilbury.

26th. Lyceum. First Performance.
COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

Original Drama in One Act, by W. S. GILBERT.

<i>Duc d'Orléans</i> ..	Mr. J. H. Barnes.
<i>D'Aulnay</i> ..	Mr. George Alexander.
<i>Doctor Choquart</i> .	Mr. E. F. Edgar.
<i>Abbé Dubois</i> ..	Mr. E. March.
<i>De Grancy</i> ..	Mr. Frank Griffin.
<i>De la Ferté</i> ..	Mr. Arthur Lewis.
<i>De Courcelles</i> ..	Mr. Francis Raphael.
<i>Viscomte de Mauzun</i> ..	Mr. Newton Chisnell.
<i>De Broglio</i> ..	Mr. Gillespie Lewis.
<i>Joseph</i> ..	Mr. Walter Russell.
<i>Pauline</i> ..	Miss O'Reilly.
<i>Clarice</i> ..	Miss Mary Anderson.

26th. Gaiety. First Performance.
CAMARALZAMAN.

Burlesque Fairy Drama, in a Prologue and Three Acts, by F. C. BURNAND.

<i>The Shah</i> ..	Mr. W. Elton.
<i>Camaralzaman</i> ..	Miss E. Farren.
<i>The Shahrina</i> ..	Miss Ball.
<i>Wun Lung</i> ..	Mr. T. Squire.
<i>Mons. Le Duc d'Embroglio</i> ..	Mr. Soutar.
<i>Lo Slang</i> ..	Miss Handley.
<i>Zee Zning</i> ..	Miss Ross.
<i>Toko</i> ..	Miss E. Broughton.
<i>Badoura</i> ..	Miss C. Gilchrist.
<i>The Djin Darnach</i> ..	Mr. E. Terry.
<i>Li Kwinki</i> ..	Mr. Warde.
<i>Mainmouné</i> ..	Miss P. Broughton.
<i>Stella</i> ..	Miss M. Watson.
<i>Gemma</i> ..	Miss P. Watson.
<i>Lucida</i> ..	Miss Oliver.

FEBRUARY.

7th. Avenue. First Performance.
NELL GWYNNE.

Opéra Comique, in Three Acts, written by H. B. FARNIE, music by ROBERT PLANQUETTE.

<i>Charles the Second</i> ..	Mr. A. Wheatman.
<i>Buckingham</i> ..	Mr. M. Dwyer.
<i>Rochester</i> ..	Mr. A. Cadwaladr.
<i>Falcon</i> ..	Mr. Henry Walsham.
<i>Talbot</i> ..	Mr. Cecil Crofton.
<i>Weasel</i> ..	Mr. Arthur Roberts.
<i>The Beadle</i> ..	Mr. Lionel Brough.
<i>Hodge</i> ..	Mr. D. St. John.
<i>Podge</i> ..	Mr. Hunt.
<i>Peregrine</i> ..	Miss Agnes Lyndon.
<i>Nell Gwynne</i> ..	Miss Florence St. John
<i>Clare</i> ..	Miss Agnes Stone.
<i>Jessamine</i> ..	Miss Giulia Warwick.

<i>Marjorie</i> ..	Miss Victoria Reynolds.
<i>Prue</i> ..	Miss Bessie Bell.
<i>Sue</i> ..	Miss Richards.

14th. Toole's. First Performance.
PAW CLAWDIAN; or, THE ROMAN-AWRY.

Travestie of "Claudian," in One Act, by F. C. BURNAND.

<i>Clawdian Andlitzates</i> ..	Mr. J. L. Toole.
<i>Coal-Holey Clement</i> ..	Mr. E. D. Ward.
<i>Theorus</i> ..	Miss Bella Wallis.
<i>Zosimus</i> ..	Miss Kate Carr.
<i>Volpas</i> ..	Mr. W. Cheeseman.
<i>Symachus</i> ..	Miss Lydia Rachel.
<i>Sesiphon</i> ..	Mr. H. Cushing.
<i>Demos</i> ..	Miss Wolseley.
<i>Alserena</i> ..	Miss Emily Thorne.
<i>Little Don'tcaris.</i>	Master Jones.
<i>Sambo</i> ..	Mr. C. Brunton.
<i>Thari-o-galus</i> ..	Mr. George Shelton.
<i>Agazil</i> ..	Mr. W. Brunton.
<i>Almi-i-da</i> ..	Miss Marie Linden.
<i>Scrogginos</i> ..	Mr. Jackson.
<i>Hodgos</i> ..	Mr. Tompyns.
<i>Belos</i> ..	Mr. Wall.
<i>Tria</i> ..	Miss Montague.
<i>Threeta</i> ..	Miss M. Siddons.
<i>Konstabularii</i> ..	Mr. Carlisle.
<i>Heranthera</i> ..	Miss Lawiss.

16th. Haymarket. Revival.
PERIL.

English Version, in Four Acts, by CLEMENT SCOTT and B. C. STEPHENSON, of SARDOU'S "Nos Intimes."

<i>Sir George Ormond, Bart.</i> ..	Mr. Forbes-Robertson.
<i>Sir Woodbine Grafton, K.C.S.I.</i> ..	Mr. Alfred Bishop.
<i>Captain Bradford</i> ..	Mr. H. B. Conway.
<i>Dr. Thornton</i> ..	Mr. Bancroft.
<i>Mr. Crossley Beck</i> ..	Mr. C. Brookfield.
<i>Percy Grafton</i> ..	Mr. H. Eversfield.
<i>Meadows</i> ..	Mr. Percy Vernon.
<i>Kemp</i> ..	Mr. Stewart Dawson.
<i>Lady Ormond</i> ..	Mrs. Bernard-Beere.
<i>Lucy Ormond</i> ..	Miss Julia Gwynne.
<i>Mrs. Crossley Beck</i> ..	Mrs. Canninge.
<i>Sophie</i> ..	Miss Augusta Wilton.

18th. Court. First Performance.
"MARGERY'S LOVERS."

Original Comedy, in Three Acts, by J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

<i>Colonel Maitland</i> ..	Mr. Edmund Maurice.
<i>Lewis Long</i> ..	Mr. John Clayton.

<i>Richard Blackburn</i>	..	Mr. Arthur Cecil.
<i>Señor Lopez</i>	..	Mr. Mackintosh.
<i>Algic Fielding</i>	..	Mr. C. Cartwright.
<i>Mr. Grant</i>	..	Mr. Charles Coote.
<i>Jules</i>	..	Mr. Gilbert Trent.
<i>Margery Blackburn</i>	..	Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree.
<i>Mrs. Sara Webster</i>	..	Mrs. John Wood.

MARCH.

3rd. Prince's. First Performance.

BREAKING A BUTTERFLY.

Play, in Three Acts, by HENRY A. JONES and H. HERMAN.

<i>Humphrey Goddard</i>	..	Mr. Kyrle Bellew.
<i>Philip Dunkley</i>	..	Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree.
<i>Martin Grittle</i>	..	Mr. John Maclean.
<i>Dan Bradbury</i>	..	Mr. G. W. Anson.
<i>Flora Goddard</i>	..	Miss Lingard.
<i>Agnes Goddard</i>	..	Miss Helen Mathews.
<i>Mrs. Goddard</i>	..	Mrs. Leigh Murray.
<i>Maid</i>	..	Miss Annie Maclean.

6th. Court. Revival.

DAN'L DRUCE, BLACKSMITH.

New and Original Drama, in Three Acts, by W. S. GILBERT.

<i>Sir Jasper Combe</i>	..	Mr. John Clayton.
<i>Dan'l Druce</i>	..	Mr. Hermann Vezin.
<i>Reuben Haines</i>	..	Mr. Mackintosh.
<i>Geoffrey Wynyard</i>	..	Mr. Charles Hawtrey.
<i>Marple</i>	..	Mr. Edmund Maurice.
<i>Joe Ripley</i>	..	Mr. Gilbert Trent.
<i>Sergeant</i>	..	Mr. Maitland Marler.
<i>Soldier</i>	..	Mr. Charles Seyton.
<i>Dorothy</i>	..	Miss Fortescue.

29th. Prince's. First Performance in London.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Farcical Comedy, in Four Acts, adapted from VON MOSER'S "Der Bibliothekar," by C. H. HAWTREY.

<i>Mr. Marsland</i>	..	Mr. A. Beaumont.
<i>M.F.H.</i>	..	Mr. G. W. Anson.
<i>Harry Marsland</i>	..	Mr. H. Reeves Smith.
<i>Mr. Catermole</i>	..	Mr. W. J. Hill.
<i>Douglas Catermole</i>	..	Mr. R. C. Carton.
<i>Rev. Robert Spalding</i>	..	Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree.
<i>Mr. Sidney Gibson</i>	..	Mr. G. Ogilvy.
<i>John</i>	..	Mr. Chalinor.
<i>Porter</i>	..	Mr. Hilton.
<i>Gardener</i>	..	Mr. H. Parry.

<i>Edith Marsland</i>	..	Miss Lucy Buckstone.
<i>Eva Webster</i>	..	Miss Tilbury.
<i>Mrs. Stead</i>	..	Mrs. Leigh Murray.
<i>Miss Ashford</i>	..	Mrs. Stephens.

APRIL.

12th. Lyceum. First Performance in England.

YORICK'S LOVE.

Play, in Three Acts, adapted from the Spanish by W. D. HOWELLS.

<i>Master Yorick</i>	..	Mr. Lawrence Barrett.
<i>Master Heywood</i>	..	Mr. Louis James.
<i>Master Walton</i>	..	Mr. James Fernandez.
<i>Master Edmund</i>	..	Mr. Mark Quinton.
<i>Master Woodford</i>	..	Mr. Philip Ben Greet.
<i>Gregory</i>	..	Mr. Fred. W. Irish.
<i>Thomas</i>	..	Mr. Hamilton Bell.
<i>Mistress Alice</i>	..	Miss Marie Wainwright.
<i>Mistress Dorothy</i>	..	Miss Annie Rose.

12th. Alhambra. First Performance.

THE BEGGAR STUDENT.

Comic Opera, in Four Acts, adapted from the German by WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON, music by CARL MILLÖCKER.

<i>Countess Palmatica</i>	..	Miss Madge Stavart.
<i>Laura</i>	..	Miss Marion Hood.
<i>Stephania</i>	..	Miss Irene Verona.
<i>General Ollendorf</i>	..	Mr. Fred. Mervin.
<i>Major Wangenheim</i>	..	Miss Marie Williams.
<i>Capt. Schleinitz</i>	..	Miss Alma Stanley.
<i>Capt. Arnhelm</i>	..	Mr. Albert Sims.
<i>Lieut. Richthoffen</i>	..	Miss Emily Duncan.
<i>Lieut. Henritz</i>	..	Miss Maggie Rayson.
<i>Ensign Rochhoff</i>	..	Miss Violet Melnotte.
<i>Ensign Poppenberg</i>	..	Miss Laurie Trevor.
<i>Conrad Malitzki</i>	..	Mr. Henry Hallam.
<i>Simon Romantovich</i>	..	Miss Fannie Leslie.
<i>Burgomaster</i>	..	Mr. A. Collini.
<i>Schnapps</i>	..	Mr. Aynsley Cook.
<i>Kummell</i>	..	Mr. G. Sinclair.
<i>Gilka</i>	..	Mr. W. Husk.
<i>Wurst</i>	..	Mr. T. Hodges.
<i>Onuphrie</i>	..	Mr. Geo. A. Honey.

12th. Royalty. First Performance in London.

LA COSAQUE.

Comic Opera, in Three Acts, adapted from the French by SYDNEY GRUNDY, music by HERVÉ.

Prince Gregoire.. Mons. Marius.

Prince Feodor ..	Mr. Sidney Harcourt.
Prince Cyrille ..	Mr. H. Williams.
Count Moleskin ..	Mr. H. Robinson.
Pierre Strogoff ..	Mr. B. Holmes.
Jules Primitif ..	Mr. Henry Ashley.
Madame Dupotin ..	Miss Amalia.
Mdlle. Phémie ..	Miss Scott.
Princess Ma-chinskoff ..	Miss Kate Santley.

17th. St. James's. First Performance.

THE IRONMASTER.

English Version, in Four Acts, by A. W. PINERO, of "Le Maître de Forges" of GEORGES OHNET.

Duc de Bligny ..	Mr. Henley.
Octave (Marquis de Beaupré) ..	Mr. Geo. Alexander.
Baron de Préfont ..	Mr. H. Waring.
Philippe Derblay ..	Mr. Kendal.
Général de Pontac ..	Mr. Brandon.
Moulinet ..	Mr. J. F. Young.
Béchelin ..	Mr. J. Maclean.
Dr. Servan ..	Mr. A. Knight.
Old Gobert ..	Mr. R. Cathcart.
Young Gobert ..	Mr. Day.
Mouchot ..	Mr. Daniels.
Servant of the Marquise ..	Mr. De Verney.
Servant of Philippe Derblay ..	Mr. T. Lovell.
Marquise de Beaupré ..	Mrs. Gaston Murray.
Baronne de Préfont ..	Miss Linda Dietz.
Claire de Beaupré ..	Mrs. Kendal.
Athénaïs ..	Miss Vane.
Suzanne Derblay ..	Miss Webster.
Brigitte ..	Miss Turtle.

17th. Empire. Revival.

CHILPÉRIC.

Comic Opera, in Three Acts, adapted by H. HERSEE and H. B. FARNIE, music by HERVÉ.

Chilpéric ..	Mr. Herbert Standing.
Siegbert ..	Mr. Henry Wardroper.
Divilitacus ..	Mr. Westlake Perry.
Rigolboche ..	Mons. Paulus.
Álvarez ..	The Brothers Tacchi.
Bim-bom-bo ..	
Brathvan ..	Mr. Felix Bury.
Taska ..	Mr. Lopresti.
Toc ..	Mr. James T. Powers.
Sieur de Gruelle ..	Mr. Harry Paulton.
Frédégonda ..	Mdlle. Camille D'Arville.
Landry ..	Miss Agnes Consuelo.
Casan ..	Miss Clara Graham.
Fana ..	Miss Katherine Gardiner.

Alfred ..	Miss Ivy Warner.
Victor ..	Miss Kate Howard.
Raoul ..	Miss Ada Hill.
Bruneaut ..	Miss Clara Douglas.
Navette ..	Miss Rosée Heath.
Don Nervose ..	Miss Mattie Wynne.
Yvonne ..	Miss Ruth Avondale.
Hermance ..	Miss Lina.
Dona Tuberosa ..	Miss Sallie Turner.
Galsuinda ..	Miss Madge Shirley.

17th. Globe. First Performance.

DICK.

Comic Opera, in Two Acts, written by ALFRED MURRAY, music by EDWARD JAKOBOWSKI.

Alderman Fitz-warren ..	Mr. J. L. Shine.
Blobbs ..	Mr. F. H. Laye.
Hobbs ..	Mr. De Lange.
The Emperor of Morocco ..	Mr. C. Cartwright.
Jack Joskins ..	Mr. Charles Lyall.
Landlord ..	Mr. W. Guise.
Edgar ..	Miss Hetty Chapman.
Albert ..	Miss K. Bellingham.
Hassan ..	Mr. W. Warde.
Dick Whittington ..	Miss Camille Dubois.
Princess Badoura ..	Miss Gladys Homfrey.
Bulbul ..	Miss L. Allen.
Zobeide ..	Miss Violet Leslie.
Fatima ..	Miss Alice Holt.
Miss Priscilla Skeggs ..	Miss Ewell.
Edith ..	Miss Georgie Grey.
Maude ..	Miss V. Noad.
Blanche ..	Miss F. Harcourt.
Alice Fitzwarren ..	Miss Ethel Pierson.

28th. Lyceum. Revival.

RICHELIEU.

Lord Lytton's play, in Five Acts.

Cardinal Richelieu ..	Mr. Lawrence Barrett.
Louis XIII. ..	Mr. Mark Quinton.
Gaston, Duke of Orleans ..	Mr. Mervyn Dallas.
Chevalier de Mauprat ..	Mr. Louis James
Baradas ..	Mr. James Fernandez.
De Beringhen ..	Mr. Philip Ben Greet.
Joseph ..	Mr. Fred W. Irish.
Huguet ..	Mr. J. A. Rosier.
François ..	Mr. Hamilton-Bell.
Clermont ..	Mr. A. Lotto.
First Secretary ..	Mr. G. Lewis.
Second Secretary ..	Mr. Francis Raphael.
Third Secretary ..	Mr. Charles Cecil.
Julie de Mortimer ..	Miss Marie Wainwright
Marion de Lorme ..	Mrs. Digby Willoughby.

MAY.

1st. Court. First Performance.
DEVOTION.

Play, in Four Acts, by DION BOUCICAULT, Jun.

Duc de Chevreuse	Mr. John Clayton.
Comte de Chalais	Mr. H. B. Conway.
Abbé de Gondi	Mr. D. Boucicault, Jun.
Duc de Monbazon	Mr. Edmund Maurice.
Aubry	Mr. Gilbert Trent.
De Fiesrue	Mr. G. F. Blackbourne.
De Suze	Mr. F. M. Paget.
Balagnier	Mr. Tresahar.
Soubise	Mr. Walter Russell.
Maubreuil	Mr. Chalinor.
Captain of the Guard	Mr. Gerald Godfrey.
Marie	Miss Ada Cavendish.
Geneviève	Miss L. Venne.

3rd. Haymarket. Revival.
THE RIVALS.

Sheridan's Comedy, in Five Acts.

Sir Anthony Absolute	Mr. A. W. Pinero.
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Mr. Alfred Bishop.
Captain Absolute	Mr. Forbes-Robertson.
Mr. Faulkland	Mr. Bancroft.
Bob Acres	Mr. Lionel Brough.
David	Mr. C. Brookfield.
Fag	Mr. Elliot.
Thomas	Mr. Percy Vernon.
Mrs. Malaprop	Mrs. Stirling.
Julia Melville	Mrs. Bernard-Beere.
Lydia Languish	Miss Calhoun.
Lucy	Miss Julia Gwynne.

20th. Prince's. First Performance.
CALLED BACK.

Drama, in a Prologue and Three Acts, by HUGH CONWAY and J. COMYNS CARR.

Gilbert Vaughan	Mr. Kyrle Bellew.
Arthur Kenyon	Mr. H. J. Lethcourt.
Anthony March	Mr. Frank Rodney.
Dr. Ceneri	Mr. G. W. Anson.
Paolo Macari	Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree.
Petroff	Mr. S. Caffrey.
Chief of the Police	Mr. Cordova.
Governor of the Prison	Mr. L. S. Dewar.
Captain Varlamoff	Mr. Ashman.
Martin	Mr. Hargrave.
Henri	Mr. Hilton.
Bolstie	Mr. H. Cameron.
Abrossimoff	Mr. Vandeleen.
Pauline	Miss Lingard.
Mary Vaughan	Miss Tilbury.
Mrs. Wilkins	Miss C. Parkes.
Susan	Miss Aylward.

22nd. Princess's. First Performance.

CHATTERTON.

Play, in One Act, by HENRY A. JONES and H. HERMAN.

Thomas Chatterton	Mr. Wilson Barrett.
Nat Boaden	Mr. George Barrett.
Lady Mary	Miss Emmeline Ormsby.
Cecilia	Miss Mary Dickens.
Mrs. Angel	Mrs. Huntley.

29th. Court. Revival.

PLAY.

Comedy, in Three Acts, by the late T. W. ROBERTSON.

The Chevalier Browne	Mr. John Clayton.
The Hon. Bruce Fanquehere	Mr. Mackintosh.
Frank Price	Mr. H. B. Conway.
Mr. Bodmin Todder	Mr. Arthur Cecil.
The Graf Von Staufenberg	Mr. Edmund Maurice.
Captain Stockstadt	Mr. Gilbert Trent.
A Croupier	Mr. Gerald Godfrey.
A Waiter	Mr. Chalinor.
A Flower Girl	Miss Ward.
Amanda	Miss Amy Roselle.
Mrs. Kinpeck	Miss M. A. Victor.
Rosie	Miss L. Venne.

JUNE.

2nd. Strand. Revival.

OUR BOYS.

Comedy, in Three Acts, by the late HENRY J. BYRON.

Sir Geoffrey Champneys	Mr. Frank Archer.
Talbot Champneys	Mr. Charles Sugden.
Perkyn Middlewick	Mr. David James.
Charles Middlewick	Mr. H. Reeves Smith.
Kempster	Mr. Chester.
Poddles	Mr. Howard.
Violet Melrose	Miss Lucy Buckstone.
Mary Melrose	Miss Fortescue.
Clarissa Champneys	Miss Roberta Erskine
Belinda	Miss Cicely Richards.

23rd. Criterion. First Performance.

FEATHERBRAIN.

Comedy, in Three Acts, adapted from the French of BARRIÈRE and GONDINET, by JAMES ALBERY.

Samuel Coney	Mr. Mackintosh.
Valentine Day	Mr. George Giddens.

Ferdinand Pettigrew ..	Mr. W. Blakeley.
Don Stephano ..	M. Marius.
Ruy Gomaz ..	Mr. H. Saker.
Tipper ..	Miss Marie Jansen.
Mrs. Coney ..	Miss Rose Saker.
Mrs. Pettigrew ..	Miss Isabelle Evesson.
Miss Eurydice Mole ..	Miss Annie Rose.
Nelly ..	Miss R. Norreys.
Gimp ..	Miss E. Vining.

JULY.

8th. Lyceum. Revival.

TWELFTH NIGHT; or, WHAT YOU WILL.

Shakespeare's Comedy, in Five Acts.

Malvolio ..	Mr. Henry Irving.
The Duke Orsino ..	Mr. Terriss.
Sir Toby Belch ..	Mr. David Fisher.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek ..	Mr. Francis Wyatt.
Fabian ..	Mr. Andrews.
Clown ..	Mr. S. Calhaem.
Sebastian ..	Mr. F. Terry.
Antonio ..	Mr. H. Howe.
A Sea Captain ..	Mr. Tyars.
Valentine ..	Mr. Mellish.
Curio ..	Mr. Haviland.
A Friar ..	Mr. Harbury.
First Officer ..	Mr. Archer.
Second Officer ..	Mr. Harwood.
Olivia ..	Miss Rose Leclercq.
Maria ..	Miss L. Payne.
Viola ..	Miss Ellen Terry.

22nd. Novelty. First Performance.

LOVE'S MESSENGER.

Poetical Play, in One Act, by ALFRED C. CALMOUR.

Sir Philip Sydney ..	Mr. F. H. Macklin.
Mary Herbert ..	Miss Kate Rorke.
Lady Constance Howard ..	Miss Maud Milton.
Lucette ..	Miss Leslie Bell.

AUGUST.

2nd. Olympic. First Performance.
TWINS.

Farcial Comedy, in Three Acts, by JOSEPH DERRICK.

Titus Spinach ..	Mr. Edward Righton.
Timothy Spinach ..	Mr. Lawrence Cautley.
Mr. Billings ..	Mr. H. H. Vincent.
Adolphus Billings ..	Mr. Fred. Desmond.
The O'Haversack ..	Mr. J. G. Wilton.

Richards ..	Mr. Edmund Lyons.
Mr. Rollox ..	Mr. Herbert Akhurst.
Rampunkah ..	Mr. J. W. Bradbury.
Hon. Mrs. Granby ..	Miss Carlotta Leclercq.
Miss Edith Granby ..	Miss E. Rosier.
Mrs. Billings ..	Miss Ethel Hope.
Lydia O'Haver sack ..	Miss Emma Ritta.
Matilda Spinach ..	Miss Eliza Rudd.

9th. Haymarket. First Performance.
EVERGREEN.

New Version, in Two Acts, by W. H. POLLOCK, of "Le Réveil du Lion."

M. Stanislas de Fonblanche ..	Mr. C. Brookfield.
Ernest de Fonblanche ..	Mr. Maurice.
Hector Mauléon ..	Mr. H. B. Conway.
Gustave D'Arcy ..	Mr. H. Reeves.
Alexis Rouvière ..	Mr. Leonard.
François Bellot ..	Mr. Beasley.
Baptiste ..	Mr. Eaton.
Charlotte de Villemeyer ..	Miss M. A. Victor.
Léonie ..	Miss Julia Gwynne.
Madame de Miravel ..	Miss Maud Williamson.
The Baronne Cabrion ..	Miss Jenny Lefevre.

29th. Olympic. First Performance.
WRITTEN IN SAND.

Comedy, in One Act, by F. W. BROUGHTON.

Frank Seaton ..	Mr. H. H. Vincent.
Fairfax Rendall ..	Mr. Laurence Cautley.
Tom Potts ..	Mr. J. W. Bradbury.
Kate Shirley ..	Miss Edith Jordan.

Sister Winifred .. Miss A. Montagu.

SEPTEMBER.

9th. Toole's. First Performance in London.

THE BABES; or, W(H)INES FROM THE WOOD.

Burlesque, in Two Acts, by HARRY PAULTON.

Sir Rowland Buttre ..	Mr. Charles E. Stevens.
Lady B. ..	Miss Carlotta Zerbini.
Patty Buttre ..	Miss Edith Vane.
Bertie Patchoulie ..	Miss Alice Esden.
Victor ..	Miss Laurie Trevor.
Toffie ..	Miss Emmie Graham.
Reginald ..	Miss Florrie Melville.
Dolly ..	Mr. Willie Edouin.
Tessie ..	Miss Alice Atherton.
Governess ..	Miss Kate Searle.
Ralph Reckless ..	Miss Grace Huntley.
Bill Booty ..	Mr. Lionel Brough.

<i>Maude</i>	Miss Ada Warden.
<i>Mudge</i>	Miss Amy Trevelyan.
<i>Bolus</i>	Mr. E. Fyfe-Scott.
<i>Ben Bosun</i>	Miss Fanny Moore.
<i>Nathaniel</i>	Mr. E. St. Albyn.

25th. Vaudeville. First Performance.

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

Play, in Five Acts, by HENRY A. JONES.		
<i>Jacob Fletcher</i>	Mr. Thomas Thorne.
<i>George Kingsmill</i>	Mr. Henry Neville.
<i>Captain Fanshaw</i>	Mr. H. B. Conway.
<i>Samuel Hoggard</i>	Mr. Mackintosh.
<i>Lot Burden</i>	Mr. F. Thorne.
<i>Prabble</i>	Mr. E. M. Robson.
<i>Peter Greenacre</i>	Mr. W. Lestocq.
<i>Raddles</i>	Mr. F. Grove.
<i>Leeson</i>	Mr. W. Howe.
<i>Letty Fletcher</i>	Miss Cissy Grahame.
<i>Lydia</i>	Miss Kate Phillips.
<i>Mrs. Parridge</i>	Miss M. A. Giffard.
<i>Fanny Partridge</i>	Miss L. Peach.

OCTOBER.

11th. Savoy. Revival.

THE SORCERER.

Comic Opera, in Two Acts, written by W. S. GILBERT, composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

<i>Sir Marmaduke</i>	Mr. Richard Temple.
<i>Pointdextre</i>	
<i>Alexis</i>	Mr. Durward Lely.
<i>Dr. Daly</i>	Mr. Rutland Barrington.
<i>Notary</i>	Mr. Lugg.
<i>John Wellington</i>	Mr. George Grossmith.
<i>Wells</i>	
<i>Lady Sangazure</i>	Miss R. Brandram.
<i>Aline</i>	Miss Leonora Braham.
<i>Mrs. Partlet</i>	Miss Ada Dorée.
<i>Constance</i>	Miss Jessie Bond.

16th. Princess's. Revival.

HAMLET.

SHAKESPEARE's Tragedy, in Five Act.

<i>Hamlet</i>	Mr. Wilson Barrett.
<i>Ophelia</i>	Miss Eastlake.
<i>Claudius, King of Denmark</i>	Mr. E. S. Willard.
<i>Ghost of Hamlet's Father</i>	Mr. John Dewhurst.
<i>Polonius</i>	Mr. Clifford Cooper.
<i>Horatio</i>	Mr. J. R. Crawford.
<i>Laertes</i>	Mr. Frank Cooper.
<i>First Actor</i>	Mr. Walter Speakman
<i>Second Actor</i>	Mr. Williamson.
<i>Rosencrantz</i>	Mr. G. R. Foss.
<i>Guildenstern</i>	Mr. C. Fulton.
<i>Osic</i>	Mr. Neville Doone.
<i>Marcellus</i>	Mr. H. Evans.
<i>Bernardo</i>	Mr. W. A. Elliott.
<i>Francesco</i>	Mr. H. De Solla.

<i>First Gravedigger</i>	Mr. George Barrett.
<i>Second ditto</i>	Mr. H. Bernage.
<i>Priest</i>	Mr. M. Cleary.
<i>Messenger</i>	Mr. H. Besley.
<i>Sailor</i>	Mr. Lennox.
<i>Gertrude, Queen</i>	Miss Margaret Leigh-of-Denmark.
<i>Player Queen</i>	Miss Mary Dickens.

NOVEMBER.

1st. Lyceum. Revival.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SHAKESPEARE's Tragedy, in Five Acts.

<i>Romeo</i>	Mr. W. Terriss.
<i>Mercutio</i>	Mr. Herbert Standing.
<i>Tybalt</i>	Mr. J. Anderson.
<i>Paris</i>	Mr. E. Maurice.
<i>Montague</i>	Mr. De-Cordova.
<i>Capulet</i>	Mr. George Warde.
<i>Friar Laurence</i>	Mr. Arthur Stirling.
<i>Friar John</i>	Mr. W. Russell.
<i>Apothecary</i>	Mr. Ben Greet.
<i>Prince Escalus</i>	Mr. Harwood.
<i>Benvolio</i>	Mr. Arthur Lewis.
<i>Balthazar</i>	Mr. K. Black.
<i>Peter</i>	Mr. H. Kemble.
<i>Sampson</i>	Mr. Murray.
<i>Gregory</i>	Mr. Lewis Gillespie.
<i>Abram</i>	Mr. Millward.
<i>Lady Montague</i>	Miss O'Reilly.
<i>Lady Capulet</i>	Mrs. Charles Calvert.
<i>Nurse to Juliet</i>	Mrs. Stirling
<i>Juliet</i>	Miss Mary Anderson.

6th. Court. First Regular Performance in London.

YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP.

Play, in Three Acts, by BRONSON HOWARD.

<i>Douglas Winthrop</i>	Mr. H. B. Conway.
<i>Herbert</i>	Mr. H. Reeves Smith.
<i>Dick Chetwry</i>	Mr. Frederick Kerr.
<i>Buxton Scott</i>	Mr. Arthur Cecil.
<i>John</i>	Mr. Whitmore.
<i>Mrs. Douglas</i>	Miss Marion Terry.
<i>Winthrop</i>	
<i>Mrs. Winthrop</i>	Miss Lydia Foote.
<i>Edith</i>	Miss Norreys.
<i>Mrs. Dick Chetwry</i>	Mrs. John Wood.

8th. Haymarket. Revival.
DIPLOMACY.

English Version, in Four Acts, by CLEMENT SCOTT and B. C. STEPHENSON, of SARDOU'S "Dora."

<i>Henry Beauclerc</i>	Mr. Bancroft.
<i>Julian Beauclerc</i>	Mr. Forbes-Robertson.
<i>Algie Fairfax</i>	Mr. Elliot.
<i>Count Orloff</i>	{ Mr. Maurice Barrymore.
<i>Baron Stein</i>	Mr. C. Brookfield.
<i>Markham</i>	Mr. York.

<i>Antoine</i>	Mr. Charles Eaton.
<i>Shepherd</i>	Mr. Mitchelson.
<i>Lady Henry</i>	Mrs. Bancroft.
<i>Fairfax</i>	
<i>Marquise de Rio-</i>	
<i>Zarès</i>	Miss Le Thiére.
<i>Countess Zicka</i>	Mrs. Bernard-Beere.
<i>Dora</i>	Miss Calhoun.
<i>Mion</i>	Miss Polak.

17th. Comedy. First Performance.

THE GRAND MOGUL.

Comic Opera, in Three Acts, adapted from the French by H. B. FARNIE, music by EDMOND AUDRAN.

<i>Ayala</i>	Mr. Frederick Leslie.
<i>Prince Mignapour</i>	Mr. Henry Bracy.
<i>The Capitaine Coquelouche</i>	Mr. Frank Wyatt.
<i>Jugginsee-Lal</i>	Mr. Arthur Roberts.
<i>Djemma</i>	Miss Florence St. John.
<i>Sara</i>	Miss Farebrother.
<i>Orissa</i>	Miss Clara Graham.
<i>Patchouli</i>	Miss Rosée Heath.
<i>Bengaline</i>	Mdlle. Berthe Latour.

22nd. Criterion. First Performance.

THE CANDIDATE.

Comedy, in Three Acts, adapted from the French.

<i>Viscount Oldacre</i>	Mr. Charles Wyndham.
<i>Alaric Baffin</i>	Mr. George Giddens.
<i>Barnabas Goodeve</i>	Mr. W. Bakeley.
<i>Amos Martlett,</i>	Mr. Alfred Maltby.
<i>Esq.</i>

<i>Captain Hazel-</i>	} Mr. W. Gregory.
<i>foot</i>	
<i>Jacobs</i>	} Mr. W. Barron.
<i>Dowager Coun-</i>	
<i>tess Osterley</i>	} Miss Fanny Coleman.
<i>Lady Clarissa</i>	
<i>Oldacre</i>	} Miss Florence Beale.
<i>Lady Dorothy</i>	
<i>Osterley</i>	} Miss Kate Rorke.
<i>Mrs. Amos Mart-</i>	
<i>lett</i>	

DECEMBER.

23rd. Savoy. Revival.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE;
or, THE SLAVE OF DUTY.

"Melo-Dramatic" Opera in Two Acts, written by W. S. GILBERT, music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

(Performed entirely by children.)

<i>Major - General</i>	} Master Edward Percy.
<i>Stanley</i>	
<i>The Pirate King</i>	} Master Stephen Ade-
<i>Samuel</i>	
<i>Frederick</i>	} Master Harry Tebbutt.
<i>Sergeant of Police</i>	
<i>Mabel</i>	} Master Charles Adeson
<i>Edith</i>	
<i>Kate</i>	} Miss Elsie Joel.
<i>Isabel</i>	
<i>Ruth</i>	Miss Alice Vicat.
	Miss Eva Warren.
	Miss Florence Mont-
	rose.
	Miss Georgie Esmond.

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"THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL."
(*THE MIKADO.*)



Dramatic Notes

A Year-Book

OF

THE STAGE

BY

AUSTIN BRERETON

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS PORTRAITS

SEVENTH ISSUE

LONDON

C A R S O N A N D C O M E R F O R D

CLEMENT'S INN PASSAGE, STRAND, W.C.

1886

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRODUCTIONS AT

DRURY LANE THEATRE,

Whilst under the Management of

AUGUSTUS HARRIS,

IN THE YEARS

1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886,

*And during which Period many Millions of Persons
have Paid for Admission.*1879
Nov. 1 HENRY V. *Shakespeare*Dec. 26 BLUE BEARD (Pantomime)
*Brothers Grinn (E. L. Blanchard)*1880
Mar. 29 LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT
*Ch. Lecocq*Mar. 29 LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET *R. Roberts*
May 31 AS YOU LIKE IT *Shakespeare*July 31 THE WORLD
*Merit, Pettitt, and Augustus Harris*Dec. 27 MOTHER GOOSE (Pantomime)
*E. L. Blanchard*1881.
Mar. 4 THE WORLD (Revival)
Mar. 14 THE STORES
*Bucalossi, Rose, and Augustus Harris*John McCullough's Season.
April 25 VIRGINIUS *Sheridan Knowles*
May 14 OTHELLO *Shakespeare*Season of the Ducal Court Company
*Saxe-Meiningen.*Under the Patronage of H.R.H. the Prince
of Wales.May 30 JULIUS CÆSAR *Shakespeare*
May 31 TWELFTH NIGHT *Shakespeare*
June 6 DIE RAUBER *Schiller*
June 9 WILHELM TELL *Schiller*
June 13 WINTER'S TALE *Shakespeare*
June 16 DIE AHNFRAU *Grillparzer*
June 18 IPHIGENIE AUF TAURIS *Gæthe*
June 20 FIESCO *Schiller*
June 27 DAS KÄTHCHEN VON HEILBRONN
*Von Kleist*July 4 PRECIOSA *A. Wolf*
July 19 WALLENSTEINS LAGER *Schiller*
July 19 DER EINGEBILDETE KRANKE
*Adopted from Moliere*Aug. 6 YOUTH *P. Meritt & Augustus Harris*
Dec. 26 ROBINSON CRUSOE (Pantomime)
*E. L. Blanchard*Franke and Pollini's German Opera
1882 Season.May 18 LOHENGRIN *Wagner*
May 20 DER FLIEGENDE HOLLANDER *Wagner*
May 23 TANNHAUSER *Wagner*
May 24 FIDELIO *Beethoven*
May 30 DIE MEISTERSANGER *Wagner*
June 14 EURYANTHE *Weber*
June 20 TRISTAN AND ISOLDE *Wagner*Madame Ristori's Season.
July 3 MACBETH *Shakespeare*
July 14 ELIZABETH *Giacometti*Aug. 5 PLUCK *Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris*
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1883
Mar. 26 ESMERALDA *Marzials, Randegger, and Goring Thomas*
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Mar. 31 THE BOHEMIAN GIRL *Balfe*
April 3 IL TROVATORE *Verdi*
April 7 MARITANA *Wallace*
April 9 COLOMBA *Hueffer and Mackenzie*
April 10 FAUST *Gounod*
April 14 MIGNON *Ambreise Thomas*April 28 YOUTH (Revival) *G. F. Rowe and Augustus Harris*
Aug. 4 FREEDOM *G. F. Rowe and Augustus Harris*
Sept. 8 THE OPERA-CLOAK *L. D. Powles and Augustus Harris*
Oct. 15 A SAILOR AND HIS LASS *Robert Buchanan and Augustus Harris*
Dec. 26 CINDERELLA (Pantomime) *E. L. Blanchard*The Carl Rosa Opera Company.
1884
April 15 CARMEN *Bizet*
April 19 LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR *Donizetti*
April 28 CANTERBURY PILGRIMS *V. H. Stanford*Sept. 12 WORLD (Revival) *G. F. Rowe and Augustus Harris*
Dec. 26 WHITTINGTON (Pantomime) *E. L. Blanchard*The Carl Rosa Opera Company.
1885
April 16 NADESHDA *Goring Thomas & Sturgis*
May 7 MANON *Massenet and Bennett*
May 30 MARRIAGE OF FIGARO *Mozart*June 15 A TRUE STORY *Elliot Galer*
July 27 IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND *Charles Reade*
Sept. 12 HUMAN NATURE *Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris*
Dec. 26 ALADDIN *E. L. Blanchard*
1886
April 24 HUMAN NATURE (reproduced)

P R E F A C E.

In producing the seventh issue of DRAMATIC NOTES, mention of the purpose of the work may not be out of place here. The work is designed as a critical record of the London stage. Such new plays and important revivals as are likely to call for reference hereafter, supply the material for a chronicle which has already proved useful, and which, under more advantageous conditions than have hitherto been afforded it, may be of still greater interest and value in the time to come. Never before has a similar account of the London plays and players been attempted, and it is hoped that the lover of the Stage may turn to these pages with a satisfactory result when he wants to find a notice of a prominent play and of the acting of it, or when he wishes to discover the date of its production, or to see the cast of the original performers in it.

It is proper to acknowledge here that this annual was first brought into life by Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe, who edited the volume dealing with the stage of 1879. My connection with the publication commenced in 1881, and has continued up to the present time.

The date of each issue has varied considerably. Indeed, the publication of the number for 1883 was deferred until last spring, when it made its appearance together with that for 1884. Then came the liquidation of the late publisher, who owned the copyright, which only recently has come into my possession. The law's delay must be my excuse for the late appearance of this number. The illustrations are not what were originally intended for it, but, conscious as I am of the defects of the work in this respect, it is my hope that it will be acceptable to those who have the six previous issues, while I can safely promise that the next issue—which will complete the second volume—will appear punctually in the early part of January. It will be illustrated by sketches of scenes and characters, specially drawn for it, and it will be improved in other respects. Thus, continuing from year to year a critical and unbroken record of the London stage, a useful purpose may be accomplished, and it is further hoped that the playgoer of to-day and the yet unborn student of the stage may alike find the work interesting.

A. B.

QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY.

MAY, 1886.

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Dramatic Notes.

1885.

JANUARY.

La Princesse Georges.—*In His Power*.—*As You Like It* at the St. James's.—*The Opérette Ring*.

THE dramatic year opened badly, with the production, on January 20, at the Prince's Theatre, of *La Princesse Georges* of the younger Dumas. The play failed, signally and deservedly. The tone of such a work is utterly unsuited to English tastes, but the play, in itself, has not the elements for success on the stage. Even the genius of Aimée Desclée, who created the character of Séverine, the heroine, on the first representation of the drama, at the Gymnase, Paris, on December 2, 1871, could not secure the verdict of the public in favour of the piece. Mrs. Langtry, who played the principal part in the English version, had not then the necessary passion, power, and pathos for a brilliant rendering of the character. This particular play by M. Dumas, like so many works by the same author, breathes an unhealthy atmosphere of vice, vulgarity, and sentiment run mad. It has an impure air from beginning to end, with no fresh and worthy object to relieve, even for a moment, the nauseous taint which is attached to almost every character in it. In plain words, it is a drama of adultery, dishonour, and death. Only, M. Dumas's favourite theme is not treated with the adroitness, cleverness, or perception, call it what you will, necessary to make such a strong dish palatable to any decent-minded spectator, English or foreign. What does this drama teach? it may be asked, and silence will be the best answer that can be given. But we may go still further, and question as to the characters in the play. Is there one lovable, or

even good man or woman in the entire piece ? The answer, it must be confessed, is decidedly in the negative. The Prince de Birac is a wholly worthless creature. He has married for wealth, has naturally tired of his wife, and has borrowed her money, so that he may live in luxury with his mistress. Take the Prince's wife, the Princess George. She believes that her husband is unfaithful. She makes her maid play the spy upon him, finds that she is dishonoured, but allows herself to be persuaded by her worthless husband that he is innocent. More proof being placed in her hands, she tells the husband of her own husband's mistress that his wife has a lover. The husband jealously waits for his man, shoots him down like a dog, and the audience then discover it is not the Prince who is killed, but another lover of the same woman's. This tricky scene, effective enough in the original, was clumsily managed in the otherwise literal translation of Dumas, for the Prince was kept on the stage while the shot was fired, so that the audience were spared even the excitement of a melodramatic situation. The other characters are on a level with the two already named. Sylvanie, Comtesse de Terrémonde, is a hard-hearted adventuress, who deceives her husband and her lover. The mother of the Princess is a scandal-monger of the worst type; Galanson, the lawyer, is a fussy and weak old bore ; even the servants are shown as deceiving their master and mistress in most deplorable fashion. It is conceivable that such a set of people might have been made tolerable had they been skilfully handled ; as the case stands, they are badly manipulated, and consequently ineffective. They neither move, nor do they even interest the spectator. The piece appears, at first sight, to have been written to prove that vengeance is the prerogative of a dishonoured wife ; but when M. Dumas takes his audience in with a paltry trick, it becomes a little difficult to understand his motive. The action in the piece is infinitesimal when compared with the dialogue. But fortunately the drama is short—perhaps its greatest merit. Mrs. Langtry was supported by Mr. C. F. Coghlan, as the Prince, and Miss Amy Roselle, who played her one great scene with admirable power, intensity, and effect.

On the 21st of this month, a drama, new to the London stage,

called *In His Power*, and written by Mr. Mark Quinton, was brought out with considerable success at the Olympic Theatre. It had been previously produced, on September 20, 1884, at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. This is a strong, healthy drama, of a sensational, but probable kind, interesting, and extremely well put together. It would be an easy task to point out the weak parts of the play, but it must be taken into consideration that this drama is the first work of a young author, whose faults are merely those of inexperience, and will disappear in his future efforts. The most noticeable defect, and one that Mr. Mark Quinton should strive to overcome, is the weakness and prolixity of his dialogue. There is too much dialogue in the play, and what there is is not by any means as strong, terse, and to the purpose as it should be. Then, again, the last of the three acts contains much that is quite unnecessary. No one cares to hear a bad imitation of the yells and hooting of an infuriated mob, and a desperate, but badly managed fight between the spy and his boyish dupe is not an interesting spectacle. It would be quite sufficient for the audience to know that the villain had met his just reward, and the sound of the distant shots of the soldiers would be far more effective than all the noise, and turmoil, and yells and execrations of the citizens. Mr. and Mrs. Walker, the comic characters, are quite unnecessary, and are merely introduced for the sake of gaining a laugh from some injudicious gallery spectator. They do not assist the play in the slightest degree, nor are they by any means original. For the rest of his work, Mr. Quinton is deserving of commendation. The action of the drama occurs during the Siege of Paris in 1871, and, although Mr. Quinton gives a somewhat rosy-coloured view of Parisian life during that eventful period, his drama is stirring enough for all that. His principal characters are picturesquely treated. The heroine, Marie Graham, has married without telling her husband that she had previously contracted a marriage with Eugène Scara, which turned out to be bigamous, Scara having a wife alive. She believes Scara to be dead, but he turns up as a spy in the employ of the Germans, forces the wife to aid him in copying an important despatch which had been entrusted to the keeping of her husband,

and, on being discovered, Scara denounces Marie as his former mistress. This scene closes the second act, and is skilfully worked up. But the drama falls off thereafter, and the third and last act is not nearly so good as the others. It is almost needless to say that husband and wife are reconciled, and that the villain stands confessed, and meets a traitor's fate. The heroine was excellently portrayed by Miss Ada Cavendish.

The most interesting event of the month was the revival, at the St. James's Theatre, of *As You Like It*. The general representation savoured but little of the true Shakespearian spirit, the note of sadness which runs through the comedy was entirely lost, and an idea seemed to be present in the minds of the principal performers that a rather boisterous merriment should prevail. Brilliance of effect in scenery and costumes was obtained at the expense of the poetry of the story. Mr. Lewis Wingfield, who was responsible for the adornment of the play, laid the action in the time of Charles VII. of France, and dressed it accordingly. His guards were doubtless attired with perfect accuracy; and I do not dispute the statement that Celia "might have walked out of one of Froissart's illuminated pages." But the appearance of the guards was certainly grotesque, and Celia's head-dress was exceedingly trying to the actress. However, these blemishes belong to the first act only. Thereafter the costumes were rich in material and exquisite in design, although, Mr. Wingfield's opinion notwithstanding, the spirit of the comedy was not sustained by the abolition of the customary suits of Lincoln-green. When Orlando saw the courtly and gaily-caparisoned foresters, he would not have delivered himself so roughly, and his well-known apostrophe to the Duke would have been quite unnecessary. The same light touch belonging to the scenery and costumes was attached to the new vocal and instrumental music specially composed by Mr. Alfred Cellier. It is no disparagement to the composer of *The Sultan of Mocha* to say that his music did not evince the Shakespearean spirit, or assist the words. It was far too light, and suggestive of comic opera, and not to be compared for a moment to the compositions for the same play of Dr. Arne. It was good, in its way, but



MRS. KENDAL
As ROSALIND.

scarcely suited to its purpose. Mrs. Kendal's Rosalind was a clever rather than a *spirituelle* performance. It was greatly lacking in impulse, spirit, spontaneity. It was a little too studied at times; measured rather than arch; calculating, not vivacious. Points were made needlessly intense, and speeches were rendered unduly long. For instance, instead of expressing a joyous surprise when Rosalind finds Orlando's rhymes, Mrs. Kendal read the lines with a dramatic intensity quite out of place. Again, when Rosalind discovers that Orlando is in the forest, Rosalind's "Alas, the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose?" was spoken as though the actress were at the height of a tragic scene. It is conceivable that Rosalind would be startled at the idea of her lover discovering her in man's apparel, but her dismay would hardly take such a forcible expression as Mrs. Kendal gave to it. Then Rosalind's "O ominous! he comes to kill my heart," was delivered with a look of terror and apprehension such as might be fittingly worn on the approach of an assassin, and with a distressing pause between each word. Mr. W. H. Kendal was a well-looking, but not an interesting representative of Orlando, and Mr. John Hare was far too dapper, precise, and incisive as Touchstone.

The Opal Ring, acted at the Court Theatre on the afternoon of the 28th, was a cleverly-written adaptation, by Mr. G. W. Godfrey, from *Péril dans la Demeure* of Octave Feuillet. The French original first saw light at the Comédie Française, on April 19, 1855. Tom Taylor adapted it for the Adelphi, under the title of *The "House" or the Home*, and this version was acted on May 16, 1859, with Mr. John Billington and Mrs. Alfred Wigan in the cast. The play runs on very old lines. An overbusied husband, who has no time to make love to his young wife, a handsome stripling, who is extremely anxious to undertake the love-making for him, a good genius in the shape of his mother, a neglected wife; these are the *dramatis personæ*, and the mere enumeration of them suffices to tell the tale. In but one instance only does Mr. Godfrey break fresh ground, and that is towards the conclusion, when, contrary to the precedent afforded by the two preceding plays, he leaves Sir George Carteret in happy

ignorance of the storm that has been brewing around him. Having made this alteration, it is to be regretted that the present adapter did not carry his work of renovation somewhat farther. The play would be strengthened, and gain greatly in interest if we were permitted to make the heroine's acquaintance before the second act; and the inability of Sir George to recognise the handwriting of one of his own clerks does not say much for his sagacity or penetration. From an exceptionally strong cast Mr. Arthur Cecil must be selected for especial praise. His portrayal of a gouty old gentleman was most lifelike, and it is to be regretted that the word "perfection" has become too hackneyed to convey an adequate idea of the extreme polish of his acting. Voice, manner, gestures, were all in keeping, and in this addition to his fine portrait gallery of old men, Mr. Cecil surpassed himself. Equally at home was Mr. John Clayton as Sir George Carteret. In his endeavour to play in an unconventional and manly fashion, this actor has occasionally shown himself somewhat too bluff in his dealings with women, but in this impersonation this tendency was checked with the happiest results. The ladies' parts were less satisfactorily filled. Miss Marion Terry acted very prettily as the young wife, but the fatal mistake of not letting her be seen until the second act heavily handicapped her. A part of the clever scheming widow was utterly alien to the gentle, sympathetic acting of Miss Lydia Foote, and it is highly creditable to her resources as an artist that it was but very rarely that this knowledge was forced upon her audience. Mr. H. B. Conway played with his usual earnestness.

II.

FEBRUARY.

The School for Scandal at the Prince's.—*The Denhams* at the Court.—*The Hunchback* at the Lyceum.—*Junius; or, the Household Gods*.—*The Colour-Sergeant*.—Farewell performances of *Masks and Faces* at the Haymarket.

In the revival of *The School for Scandal*, which took place at the Prince's Theatre on February 10, Mrs. Langtry, as Lady Teazle, happily dispelled the ill-impression caused by her appearance the previous month in *La Princesse Georges*. She acted Lady Teazle with great spirit and captivating grace. It would be idle to pretend that she made a distinct dramatic success in the part, but her charm of voice and manner certainly captivated the spectators. Strange to say, having exchanged the costume of modern Paris for that of the latter end of the eighteenth century, she appeared more at her ease, and carried herself with a far more natural bearing than she did as the Princess George. Mrs. Langtry was naturally seen at her best in the earlier portions of the comedy, where the high spirits and gaiety of Lady Teazle were admirably depicted by her. The quarrel scene with Sir Peter was quite one of the most successful of her efforts on the stage. But in the more serious passages she, not unexpectedly, failed to convey the correct impression to the audience. After the fall of the screen, Mrs. Langtry's success as Lady Teazle concluded. There was a hollowness, an insincerity, an inability to use the pathetic stop in her voice, which quite marred the effect that should be caused by Lady Teazle's address to Sir Peter. In short, the comedy in Lady Teazle's character was quite excellently shown by Mrs. Langtry, but the dramatic side of the character was entirely ignored. The support accorded the actress was strangely varied. Mr. William

Farren, repeating his well-known impersonation of Sir Peter Teazle, imparted to the part the true air of old comedy, and helped the play more than anyone else in the cast. But Mr. Beerbohm-Tree surprisingly misconstrued Joseph Surface. He was too palpable a villain to deceive anybody for a moment. The persuasiveness of the character was entirely lost by him, and, consequently, Joseph became rather a bore. Mr. Tree is such an artist that not a little surprise was caused by his misconception of the part. He "let the play down," as the phrase goes, to an enormous extent in the screen scene with his long pauses and melodramatic intensity. Despite his fine dresses, there was no polish, refinement, or "sentiment" in his voice, carriage, or acting. It was a thoroughly disappointing performance all through. The Charles Surface of Mr. C. F. Coghlan deservedly met with the warmest applause from the audience. Mr. Coghlan is undoubtedly the best representative of Charles that I have seen. He was easy, graceful, full of good spirits and abandonment, without the slightest trace of affectation. Mr. F. Everill acted with his customary skill and ability as Sir Oliver, and considerably helped the play whenever he was on the stage. Mrs. Arthur Stirling's experience greatly assisted the somewhat risky part of Mrs. Candour, but Miss Kate Pattison failed to catch the spirit of the part of Lady Sneerwell. She was fidgetty and nervous throughout.

The Denhams, Mr. James Albery's adaptation of *Les Fourchambault* was revived at the Court Theatre on the 21st of this month. M. Emile Augier has a habit of moralising, and exalting virtue on the stage. But his morality often leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth, and a little too much vice has to be exhibited before virtue can be depicted in its full glory of stainless innocence. Mr. Gilbert's "young lady of fifteen," who is supposed to sit in judgment of English authors on the first night of each new work, would certainly be shocked at any of M. Augier's thoughtful, clever, and polished productions. Had she been present at the Théâtre Français in April, 1878, when *Les Fourchambault* was acted for the first time, the spectacle of the grey-haired, betrayed mother, the

picture of the loud, extravagant wife, and the portrait of the insolent, but otherwise incomprehensible, son, would certainly have given a severe shock to her sensitive nature, and would have caused her to turn against the unpleasant nature of the story. Nor could she, despite the fine acting of Sophie Croizette and Mdlle. Agar, and the superb impersonations afforded by Got and Coquelin, have forgiven the sin of calumny which is the theme of the play. However, the comedy made a distinct success, and its presentation on the English stage became inevitable. Mr. James Albery took the task in hand, with the result that *The Crisis* was brought out at the Hay-market on December 2, 1878, and secured a run of thirteen weeks. Mr. H. Howe was the putative father, Mr. Denham ; Mr. W. Terriss acted the unaccountable character of Fawley Denham ; Mr. David Fisher, junr., was the designing Lord William Whitehead ; the late Charles Kelly was the illegitimate and effusively affectionate son, John Goring ; Mrs. John Wood was the extravagant and witty Mrs. Denham ; Miss Lucy Buckstone appeared as Blanche Denham ; Miss Louise Moodie acted the betrayed Mrs. Goring ; and Miss Eastlake was the wrongly suspected Haidée Burnside. Mr. Albery's task was a difficult and a delicate one, but he accomplished it fairly well. He preserved the original story as well as might have been expected, and his dialogue is bright, witty, and to the purpose, although it occasionally oversteps the bounds of propriety and, in the stronger passages is considerably strained. Not content, however, with giving the French story and, for the most part, his own dialogue, he went further, and endeavoured to adapt the play ; in short, he made an effort at Anglicising a story and characters which do not admit of change. French Madame Fourchambault became in name only English Mrs. Denham, and the other names were altered in like manner. But the change went no further. It was impossible for Mr. Albery to take away the French sentiment, and so his "adaptation" remains English in name only. However, it is a good work of its kind, and for the one sensitive young lady of fifteen whom it would shock there are hundreds of persons of a mature age who may find ample enjoyment in so cleverly-constructed and well-written a comedy.

The play was, in most respects, better acted on its revival than it was at the Haymarket. Mr. John Clayton was well fitted as John Goring, a character which he played with admirable discretion, fine power, and much pathos. Mrs. John Wood was the only member of the original cast who appeared in the revival. Her impersonation afforded evident and extreme delight to her audience.

Miss Mary Anderson appeared at the Lyceum, on the 24th, as Julia in *The Hunchback*. Sheridan Knowles's play was found to be too artificial and out of date, and this accomplished actress vainly strove to galvanise it into life.

The most important dramatic event of the early part of the year was the production, on the 26th, at the Princess's Theatre, of the late Lord Lytton's five-act play, *Junius; or, the Household Gods*, concerning which the following notice appeared:—"The length of time that has elapsed between the writing of the play by the late Lord Lytton which has just been brought out by Mr. Wilson Barrett, and its production on the stage may be accounted for by several reasons. In the first place, we hold that the piece possesses but little interest for the popular ear. The outrage practised on Lucrece is naturally repulsive rather than interesting, and the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome is not a subject of great attraction to the play-going public. Few plays devoid of a love interest have lived upon the stage. Twist or turn it what way you will, introduce it how you may, a love interest must be attached to a play that is intended to win public approbation. Again, when the two leading male characters are of equal strength and importance the sympathy of the audience becomes divided, and vacillates between one character and the other, never becoming firmly and wholly centred in one of the two characters. Lord Lytton's play suffers from all these disadvantages. It is a beautiful piece of work in many respects—noble in its language, lofty in its thought, simple, yet powerful in its expression, skilful in its painting of character. It is devoid of the trick, the artifice, the mechanical effort which so often mar the beauty of the author's previous work; each scene springs naturally out of the other, and the spectator does not feel that he is being deluded by a show

of mere cleverness or a palpable theatrical effect. The play, indeed, is distinctly non-theatrical. That is to say, it is free from the tinsel and tawdriness, the bombast and affectation, the unreality and the obviously mechanical effort which, in plays of this class, too often take the place of elevated thought and poetical language. To say this is to give the work high praise. *Junius; or, the Household Gods*, is worthy of the support of the intelligent and the thoughtful, but, for the reasons we have suggested, we doubt if it will satisfy the general public and secure their strong support. The repulsive crime which is the pivot of the drama can hardly be expected to gain the same amount of attention from the playgoer as is won by a love interest. The love for the State is here made to do duty for the love of man for woman, and such a change of feeling on the stage is not very acceptable to the multitude. In omitting to give his play the love element, perhaps Lord Lytton wished to avoid the suggestion of imitation from the most celebrated of the previous plays on the same subject. We allude, of course, to John Howard Payne's tragedy of *Brutus; or, the Fall of Tarquin*, in which the love of Titus, the son of Lucius Junius Brutus, for the daughter of the Tarquin, is introduced, and eventually leads up to the finest scene in the play:— Titus has been endeavouring to escape from Rome with Tarquinia, he is caught and condemned to death, and his father has to give the signal for his execution. In Payne's play, also, the character of Brutus is allowed to predominate and absorb the greater part of the interest, Sextus Tarquin playing a very insignificant part on the stage. In Lytton's work, however, it is different; Brutus and Tarquin are characters of equal importance. They vie with each other for interest, if not for sympathy. The handsome Tarquin, with his love for wine and women, surrounded by slaves and sycophants, reigning through the fear, though not the affection, of his subjects, is a grand contrast to the wronged and innocent, but, be it confessed, the somewhat dull and preachy Brutus. Even after the committal of his outrage, interest is felt for Sextus Tarquin, and it is only in the final scene of all, and at the last moment in the play, when Tarquin quails before stern Brutus, that the sympathy of the spectator entirely

departs from him. It will thus be seen that the two characters run each other closely all through the drama for sympathy. The attention thus becomes divided, and is not bestowed on either one character or the other. As we have endeavoured to show, the disadvantages under which the play labours are considerable. We have dwelt upon these disadvantages, because it will be interesting in aftertimes to note the fate of a play so handicapped as this. There is no necessity to repeat the story that has been so vividly told by Shakespeare in his "Rape of Lucrece." The story of Tarquin's outrage on Lucrece, of the death of Lucrece by her own hand, of her calling on the Romans to avenge her honour, of the reputed fool, Brutus, taking the lead in the revolt against Tarquin, and the latter's overthrow, is known all the world over. The first two acts of Lord Lytton's play are undeniably dull. They deal with Tarquin's desire to possess Lucretia, and the first signs of the coming revolt. The third act is entirely devoted to Tarquin's visit to Lucretia, the fourth to Tarquin's guilty remorse after his vile deed and the telling by Lucretia of the outrage, while the last act depicts the overthrow of Sextus Tarquin, and the consequent freedom of Rome—Sextus being stabbed to death by Brutus on the steps of his throne. Mr. Wilson Barrett is the Lucius Junius Brutus, a part which he acts with great skill, tenderness, and, where it is required, with fine power; his admirable elocution is of invaluable service to the somewhat long and talkative passages allotted to Brutus. More than this, however, cannot be said of his acting, for the character, to our thinking, is not particularly good on the stage, inasmuch as it does not demand more than ordinary ability from the actor. The Sextus Tarquin of Mr. E. S. Willard is a fine performance, instinct with thought, feeling, and expression. Mr. Willard succeeds in obtaining a thorough grasp of the character, and in depicting it with a vivid and forcible art. In Sextus Tarquin, as personated by Mr. Willard, we see the growing passion and desire for Lucretia gradually rising to fever heat; we see the almost tigerish ferocity and thirst of the man as he slinks into Lucretia's chamber; and in that scene where the guilty prince returns after he has satisfied his lust,



MR. WILSON BARRETT.
(*JUNIUS.*)

we call to mind Shakespeare's fine description of the abashed slayer of his kinsman's honour. It is pleasant to be able to congratulate Miss Eastlake on the advance which she has made by her acting as Lucretia. She has cast aside the mannerisms which have previously disfigured her performances, and acts with a more natural manner than is general with her. Her interpretation of the character is eminently touching, her description of the outrage, in particular, being given with keen insight and nice discretion." *Junius*, it may be added, was withdrawn after a run of thirty nights.

This ill-fated play was preceded on the first night by *The Colour-Sergeant*, a new and original one-act drama from the pen of Mr. Brandon Thomas. This little play is excellent in its way. Its story is interesting, its treatment is effective, and its dialogue is to the point. Its author possesses the happy gift for a dramatist of knowing where to stop. He does not let his characters run away with their thoughts, or speak too much. The story which he sets forth is consequently told with more than ordinary effect. The scene of the drama is laid in a barber's shop, kept by a retired colour-sergeant, who has been robbed and wounded by a gang of thieves, amongst whom he believes his son to have been. He has sworn never to acknowledge the boy again. The young man, who is secretly married to his father's adopted daughter, has become a soldier. He returns home, and is repulsed by his parent. But, on throwing open his coat and revealing the badge of a colour-sergeant, and on producing other testimonials of bravery and good conduct, a reconciliation takes place, father and son are reunited, and peace is restored to the domestic hearth. The character of a "bargee," who has much to do with the reconciliation, found a life-like embodiment in Mr. George Barrett, one of our ablest comedians.

The farewell performances of *Masks and Faces* by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, previous to their retirement from the stage, were commenced at the Haymarket on the 28th. This three-act comedy, it may be noted, was first produced at the Haymarket Theatre, on Saturday, November 20, 1852, when the late Benjamin Webster was the lessee of the house. Mrs. Stirling was the original representative

of Peg Woffington in Messrs. Charles Reade and Tom Taylor's play, and Leigh Murray, who was equally at home as the lover of light comedy or the more serious lover of drama, was Sir Charles Pomander. The accomplished lessee was the first and, according to those who can remember his performance, the only Triplet. "That is a charming scene," wrote Professor Henry Morley, in his "*Journal of a London Playgoer*," "where Peg visits the poor poet in his garret, while his ailing wife and starving children are sadly interrupting the flow of its comic muse. Nothing here was lost in Mr. Webster's hands—the angry fretfulness followed by instant remorse, the efforts of self-restraint which are but efforts in vain, the energy that fitfully breaks out, and then pitifully breaks down, and the final loss of hope, even of faith, in a better providence which is to set right all that misery and wrong—the picture was complete, and set forth with its immemorial Grub Street appendages of no shirt, but ragged and ample cuffs." The next important occasion on which the piece saw the light was at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in November, 1875, with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft respectively as James Triplet and Peg Woffington, Mr. Coghlan as Sir Charles Pomander, Mr. Frank Archer as Ernest Vane, and Miss Ellen Terry as Mabel Vane. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft revived the comedy again at the Haymarket Theatre on February 5, 1881, themselves re-appearing in the characters they undertook in 1875, Mr. H. B. Conway acting Sir Charles Pomander, Mr. Arthur Dacre playing Ernest Vane, Mr. Arthur Cecil representing Colley Cibber, and Miss Marion Terry, following her sister as Mabel Vane. In the revival under notice Mrs. Bancroft impersonated Peg Woffington "for the last times," Mr. Bancroft again giving his admirable rendering of Triplet.

III.

MARCH.

The Mikado ; or, the Town of Titipu.—The Magistrate.

The month of March was made memorable by the production of *The Mikado* and *The Magistrate*, the two most successful plays of the year. *The Mikado ; or, the Town of Titipu* is the full title of the new and original Japanese opera, written by W. S. Gilbert, composed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and brought out on March 14 at the Savoy Theatre, where it is still in the full tide of its popularity. Gilbert and Sullivan have long been popular, not only with the playgoer, but in the domestic circle. Their works are heard with acclamation in the theatre, they are presented on the public platform, they are given on land and sea, they are known to the ardent first-nighter and the secluded parson alike. In short, the works of this popular author and this gifted musician are veritable household words. In London they have filled first the Opéra Comique, then the Savoy Theatre through season after season, from year's end to year's end. They have established for themselves a special class of playgoers and an exceptionable body of supporters. They have become not only a fashion, but a permanent institution with us. If Londoners were suddenly deprived of the Savoy Theatre, with its talented composer, its witty author, and its enterprising manager, there would be a positive blank in our midst. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan have done more good work for the drama than is generally recognised. They have, to a great extent, abolished the meretricious opera-bouffe and the flimsy, vulgar burlesque, and have given us in place of these noxious productions, a style of entertainment which pleases the imagination

and is absolutely free from that touch of coarseness which so often degrades the modern school of comic opera. Gilbert and Sullivan have brought out over six comic operas, which have sustained one theatre continuously for as many years. And every year their task grows more and more difficult. The author, on the one hand, is expected to imbue his book with more original ideas and brighter language than before, while, on the other hand, the composer is expected to produce far better music than he has previously composed. Starting so well as Gilbert and Sullivan did, their new productions have yearly grown unusually difficult. The success which has hitherto attended their efforts is sufficient proof of the manner in which they have set aside every obstacle in their path. It is well to note that they have success in their own hands. They have obtained such a hold upon the public, that it was scarcely necessary for them to exert themselves very greatly in their new efforts. Yet, in each successive year we find librettist and composer advancing in rapid strides in their respective vocations. Mr. Gilbert still, it is true, keeps to his original idea of turning everything topsy-turvy, and taking a Dundrearean idea of the world and its doings; but his lyrics are quite as graceful now as they were in the days gone by, and his book is as witty, as clever, and as diverting as any of his previous libretti. But, it must be confessed, Sir Arthur Sullivan advances far quicker than does his collaborateur. The trio of the Japanese maidens, "Three little maids from school!" is quite as quaint and catching as anything that has previously emanated from the same composer, and there is a patter song which is fit to rank with "The ruler of the Queen's navee," or any one of the other songs of a similar character which have helped to bring Sir Arthur Sullivan into so much prominence. But, apart from catchy airs and laughter-provoking patter songs, the present opera is, from a musician's point of view, a vast advance upon its fellows. It possesses, at times, the touch of grand opera, as, for instance, the finale to the first act, the orchestration of which is perfect and worthy of a nobler subject. The music of the new opera is, in itself, quite sufficient to make a success, but it is ably supported by the excellent



MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.
(THE MIKADO.)

libretto, the pretty dresses, the handsome setting, and, in most cases, by the acting and singing. The story of the piece may be briefly related. Nanki-Poo, the son of the Mikado, has fallen in love with Yum-Yum, one of the three wards of Ko-Ko, the Lord Chief Executioner of Japan. But Nanki-Poo has offended his father by not marrying Katisha, an elderly lady of the Court, and he is obliged to travel about as a minstrel. Yum-Yum loves him, but, unfortunately, she is engaged to marry Ko-Ko. By the law of the country, every criminal is his own executioner, so that no executions take place. The Mikado, consequently, complains about the dearth of executions, and also announces that one must take place within a month. Ko-Ko is at his wit's end to obey the royal mandate, and he arranges with Nanki-Poo that he is to be beheaded at the end of a month, Nanki-Poo being allowed to marry Yum-Yum prior to his decapitation. The Mikado arriving, it is necessary for proof of an execution to be furnished, so Ko-Ko states that Nanki-Poo has been beheaded. The erstwhile minstrel is then declared to be the son of the Mikado, and the supposed executioner and his accomplices are condemned to suffer a horrid death for having been concerned in the demise of the prince. But Katisha discovers the real state of affairs, Ko-Ko and his friends are pardoned, and all ends happily. I have merely given an outline of the story, leaving to those who see the opera the pleasure of following the plot in its quaint intricacies and enjoying the witty libretto. The acting success of the piece is undoubtedly made by the ladies. Miss Leonora Braham sings most charmingly as the heroine, and exactly catches the spirit of the part. Miss Jessie Bond is dainty and interesting as one of the three maidens, and Miss Rosina Brandram gives a dramatic piece of acting as the elderly lady who vainly loves the handsome Nanki-Poo. Miss Sybil Grey also sings well in her small part. Mr. Durward Lely is a capital representative of Nanki-Poo. Mr. George Grossmith fails, in my opinion, to elicit any humour out of the Lord Chief Executioner. Mr. Rutland Barrington is admirable as a gentleman who rolls many offices into one for the purpose of accumulating sordid wealth. Mr. R. Temple is an excell

representative of the Mikado, who only appears in the latter of the two acts. The opera has been mounted in the most lavish manner, Mr. Hawes Craven's scenery being in quite the best style of that artist.

Mr. A. W. Pinero's merry three-act farce, *The Magistrate*, was acted at the Court Theatre, on the 21st, and has only just ceased its prosperous career at that house. This piece is brimful of good, honest fun, with all the briskness of the Palais-Royal pieces, without any of their objectionable features. Although the motive is not strong, it is so well celebrated, the dialogue is so smart, and every opportunity capable of producing laughter is so well treated, that the farce proved one of the most amusing productions of the English stage for some years past. Mrs. Posket, with the not unusual objection that ladies have to letting their actual age be known, has married Mr. Posket, an exemplarily mild and philanthropic magistrate, and led him to believe that she is five years younger than she really is. To carry out this story she has represented Cis Farringdon, her son by a former marriage, as being only fourteen instead of nineteen. The young gentleman is precocious even beyond his real number of years, but being dressed by his mother as an Eton boy, is petted by the ladies and treated only as a child. He, however, indulges in all the pleasures of a young man—has a room at the Hôtel des Princes, where he gives suppers and generally runs riot. To this hotel he induces Posket, his respected stepfather, to come one evening and sup with him. On the same evening Mrs. Poskett had learned that Colonel Lukyn, an old friend of her husband's and her boy's god-father, has been asked to dine at her house. With the view of begging him not to divulge the secret of her son's age, she goes to his lodgings with her sister, but finding he has gone to the Hôtel des Princes, follows him there. Colonel Lukyn is going to sup with a friend, Captain Vale, engaged to Charlotte, Mrs. Posket's sister. He hears her story and promises not to betray her, offers them refreshment, but they stay so long that the landlord announces that the police are at the door, intending to search the house to see if there are any visitors in it after prohibited hours, and that all must hide.

The lights are put out. Mrs. Posket gets under the table, and is soon joined there by her husband, who unwittingly has crept to the same place of refuge in endeavouring to escape from the next room. The police enter, and discover the concealed ones, with the exception of Posket, who has in the confusion been dragged out on to a balcony by Cis, and, crashing through a skylight, these two escape. The Colonel, objecting to the ladies not being allowed to go free after giving their addresses, commits an assault on the police, and so they are all locked up. The next morning they have to appear at Mulberry Police Court before Mr. Posket, who, having been chased all night by the officers of the law, is in a terrible plight, and, in his nervous state of mind, sentences the party to "seven days." In the last act, at Posket's house, a brother magistrate manages to set matters straight by having re-heard the case and upset the conviction on the plea that the prisoners were all guests of the precocious youth who is to be shipped off to Canada as soon as he is of age and has married a *protégée* of his stepfather's, to whom, as well as to the cook, he has been making fierce love. Mr. Arthur Cecil, as the innocent magistrate who is taught the mysteries of a game of cards, called "Fireworks," by the hopeful Cis Farringdon, was the very perfection of the character. His description of the night's horrors when being chased by the police was inimitable in its mock tragic description. Mrs. John Wood played the deceiving and indignant wife in her usual laughter-provoking manner, and fairly convulsed the house. Mr. John Clayton adopted quite a new line as the retired, "bluff," and yet sententious, Colonel Lukyn. His make-up was excellent, and his acting replete with clever touches. Miss Marion Terry made much of the small part of Charlotte Verinder. Her love scenes with Captain Horace Vale, a thorough "heavy swell," were full of humour.

IV.

APRIL.

Under Fire.—*The Last Chance*.—*Peril at the Prince's*.—*The Excursion Train*.—*Open House*.—*Old Harry*.—*Ours* at the Haymarket.—Mr. John S. Clarke's re-appearance.—Miss Mary Anderson's Farewell.—*Bad Boys*.

The first production of April, occurring on the ominous first day of this month, was an ill-fated comedy, in four acts, by the veteran dramatist, Dr. Westland Marston, entitled *Under Fire*, and brought out at the Vaudeville. For purposes of reference the story of the play may be given here. The curtain rises on the exterior of Lady Fareham's house, on the borders of Wales. Lady Fareham has been married when extremely young, so that she and her only child, Carrie, are more like two sisters than mother and daughter. Lady Fareham is a widow. She is surrounded by her friends, and all is happiness itself, when a certain Mrs. Naylor arrives. A sarcastic but witty gentleman, Charles Wolverley, in search of a heroine for a novel which he is about to write, appeals to the guests to help him out of his difficulty, and, from some suggestions given by Mrs. Naylor, it appears that she is possessed of an unfortunate incident in Lady Fareham's life. She wishes to extort money from Lady Fareham as the price of her silence, hence her visit. A poor, but honest, straightforward gentleman-farmer, Guy Morton, is in love with Carrie Fareham. He proposes for the girl's hand, but is rejected. Lady Fareham, however, learns, before Guy Morton hears the news, that he is the possessor, through the sudden death of a near relative, of a title and rich estates. She accordingly leads him to hope that he

may win Carrie for his wife, this scene closing the first act. In the second act we learn Lady Fareham's secret. It seems that her father, who was a strolling player in a company of French comedians, had been convicted of the crime of murder. She has passed herself off among her late husband's relations as the daughter of a younger branch of an illustrious family. Her story is known only to Mrs. Naylor, who threatens to reveal it. But Sir Guy Morton has a hold over Mrs. Naylor; he possesses the proofs of a forgery committed by her. So Lady Fareham tells her secret to her daughter, whom she induces to promise to marry Sir Guy, so that she may be free from any possible annoyance from Mrs. Naylor. A scene occurs in this act, when Lady Fareham and Mrs. Naylor cleverly fence with each other before a room full of people, the latter being finally worsted by her antagonist and ordered from the house. In the third act, Sir Guy discovers that Carrie loves the showy gentleman, Charles Wolverley, and accordingly resigns her hand. The last act takes place at Tenby. Lady Fareham, thanks to the inquisitiveness and utter selfishness of Wolverley, is confronted by her former manager, M. de Bellecourville, who, however, fails to recognise in the elegant and apparently self-possessed lady of society the once popular singer and actress of his troupe. It now transpires that Lady Fareham's father was quite innocent of crime, so there is no longer any need for subterfuge. Wolverton, having proved himself a thorough scoundrel, is, of course, rejected by Carrie Fareham, who bestows her hand on the honest Sir Guy Morton, and all ends happily. The most onerous task of the evening fell to Miss Amy Roselle, who played Lady Fareham to perfection. She was elegant and distinguished all through. She held her audience from her very first scene to her last. In the strong passage in the second act, the duel between the two women, she was quite admirable. It was, in short, a performance of rare grasp of character, finish, and completeness.

On the 4th, a new and original drama by George R. Sims, in five acts, called *The Last Chance*, was brought out at the Adelphi. Concerning this play, a notice something similar to the following

appeared in print at the time : It cannot be contended that this piece as a dramatic work, pure and simple, deserves much success. Mr. Sims has before now told us, in other form, of the sorrows of "Outcast London"; he has vividly pictured the wretchedness of life in the courts and alleys of the East End ; and it is to the realisation of a scene from this sad life that he looks for sympathy in his new drama. Sharing as we do the sympathy which Mr. Sims feels and expresses for the unfortunate class of people whose cause he has espoused, we cannot help feeling that Mr. Sims has been a little too zealous in his cause, for he has sacrificed dramatic effect for the sake of obtaining sympathy for and exposing the miseries of the outcasts of the metropolis. His story professes to deal with the adventures of a young man who has been ousted from his rich estates, who is reduced to extreme poverty for a while, to receive, in the end, his property, and to see the cause, or, rather, one of the causes, of his misfortunes handed over to justice. But it is not the life and trials of Frank Daryll which gain the attention, applause, and sympathy of the audience ; they care very little about him, and pay far more attention to and are far more greatly moved and excited by the scene at the docks, where a crowd of starving men wait in the hope of getting a day's work—a scene which, after all, has little connection with the drama itself. Mr. Sims also does not seem as yet to be able to graphically depict his principal characters. His hero and heroine, his faithless woman, and his bad man, even his low comedian, are familiar types of character, but, as presented by Mr. Sims, they lack consistency, breadth, vigour, pathos—they are, in fact, imperfect sketches, which are alike disadvantageous to the play and the actor. Mr. Sims is far happier with the small fry of the drama. His minor characters live far longer in the memory than his principal ones. His Irish lodging-house keeper is a far better sketch of character than is his hero, and far more carefully depicted. Again, Mr. Sims generally ignores the ordinary ideas of construction. His drama is the most extraordinary combination of plots and counter-plots, of puzzling scenes and strange complications that ever was. Those who are accustomed to witnessing plays night after night are

amazed at the extraordinary involvements here presented. To accurately describe the plot within reasonable limits of space is an almost impossible task, yet we will attempt it for the benefit of the curious in these matters. The first scene of the five acts opens at Haddon Hall, Derbyshire, where we are promptly introduced to familiar characters: the young hero who, having sown his wild oats, has secretly married; the squire, who has a skeleton in the family cupboard; and the villain, who betrays the trust and virtue of a confiding girl. Richard Daryll, now surrounded by wealth, a trusting wife, and his dearly beloved son, is suddenly brought face to face with Marion Lisle, a Russian adventuress to whom he had been married in his early life, and whom, together with her son, he believed to be dead. For this bringing of the dead to life he has to thank an old enemy, one James Barton, who formerly loved Marion Lisle, and now produces her, so that she may shame Richard Daryll and obtain his wealth. For this purpose, Barton and Marion go to the Squire's house and obtain his promise to let the adventuress and her son have his money. The promise thus obtained is a somewhat odd incident. Richard Daryll knowing that his first son is the legitimate heir to his property, has made a deed of gift—duly signed and witnessed—transferring his money to Frank Daryll, and so disinheriting Rupert Lisle. James Barton sees this paper, and insists, at the price of Daryll's present wife being kept ignorant of the real state of affairs, on the Squire destroying the paper. The document is accordingly destroyed, and the act ends; but, so far as we can see, there is nothing whatever to prevent Daryll from preparing a new deed, for, in a case like this, a verbal promise might, in all conscientiousness, be broken. In the second act, little happens to advance the story. Richard Daryll dies, and Rupert Lisle, who thinks himself sure in possession of Daryll's wealth, is confronted by a cockney youth, who possesses a mysterious power over Lisle, and who insists on sharing his new fortune. The third act opens in Daryll's (hitherto known as the Lisles') house in London. The villain is living in affluence, and Barton, hitherto an out-and-out scoundrel, turns repentant, and turns against the adventuress, Marion, who, in

a scene which recalls a similar one in *Forget-Me-Not*, catches sight of a man who seeks her life for having betrayed her husband and caused his death. We then go to Blurton's Rents, Westminster, where Frank Daryll and his wife (a daughter, by the way, of James Barton) are starving. But it is impossible to feel sympathy for the strapping, well-dressed man who is represented by Mr. Charles Warner. A scene at the dock gates presents the crowd of hungry wretches alluded to above, who are waiting, as their "last chance," for a day's work. Daryll joins the crowd, gets selected for the overseer, and, in a scene which must be praised for its reality, is injured by the fall of a bale of goods. The fourth act takes us to Marion's apartments at Richmond, where, by means which we failed to discover, Daryll's wife has become a prisoner in Lisle's house. The woman, also—and for what reason is a like mystery—has lost the use of her senses. The gardens of Guy's Hospital at London Bridge present the convalescent Frank Daryll, who is threatened by Marion Lisle, but the lady is awed by the presence of the Nihilistic Karasoff, who is thirsting for revenge on her. The fifth and last act satisfactorily clears up matters; Marion Lisle goes to end her days in a convent, her son Rupert is arrested on a charge of murder, Frank Daryll is mysteriously restored to his house and money, and his wife is restored to him, and, on hearing the singing of a Christmas carol, her senses are restored to her. This act might appropriately have been described as the "Restoration Act." We have thus given an outline of the story, but of the thousand and one minor details which help to fill it out we have made no mention.

On the following Monday, the 6th, Mrs. Langtry made a successful appearance in *Peril*, at the Prince's Theatre, where the drama had a considerable run. Of this adaptation of Sardou's *Nos Intimes* it is not necessary to say much in this place. The original was produced at the Paris Gymnase in 1861. In 1871 it was represented by a French company in London. At the St. James's and Olympic it has been played under the titles of *Our Friends*, and *Friends or Foes*, and as *Bosom Friends* in America. The present adaptation, by B. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, was first produced at the late Prince



MRS. LANGTRY.

(*PERIL.*)

of Wales's Theatre in 1876, with Mrs. Kendal as Lady Ormond, and revived at the Haymarket on February 16, 1884, when Captain Bradford was played by Mr. H. B. Conway, Dr. Thornton by Mr. Bancroft, Sir Woodbine Grafton by Mr. Alfred Bishop, Sir George Ormond by Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and Lady Ormond by Mrs. Bernard-Beere.

On the same evening, *The Excursion Train*, an adaptation of *Le Train de Plaisir*, was brought out, under the management of Mr. David James, at the Opéra Comique, where its career was lamentably brief. The amusing French piece, in which no less than three writers—Alfred Hennequin, Arnold Mortier, and Albert de Saint-Albin—were concerned, was produced in Paris in April, 1884, and immediately secured a pronounced success. It was no matter for surprise, then, to find that the play had been bought for the English stage, and was in course of adaptation for that able comedian, Mr. David James. But it certainly was surprising to find that the adaptation had been accomplished in so slip-shod a manner that the humour of the original had been allowed to vanish, and even a good-natured holiday audience could find in it little cause for laughter. The combined efforts of the gentleman who chooses to be known as “the author of *The Candidate*” (a title which is open to dispute, for M. Alexandre Bisson is the *author* of that play), and Mr. W. Yardley, did not suffice to produce a satisfactory piece in *The Excursion Train*. The four acts of the original were reduced to three, and the fun of the original was lessened to the smallest possible quantity. The situations were treated to a process whereby they were rendered almost useless, while the dialogue was flat, bald, utterly wanting in spirit, and it only just succeeded in keeping the action of the farce from going to pieces. Had the piece been better acted its chance of success would have been greater. But on the first night the voice of the prompter was frequently heard, and it was abundantly evident that a few more rehearsals were sadly wanted. Mr. David James appeared as Aristides Cassegrain, a wealthy butcher, who marries his landlady's niece, and takes her to spend the honeymoon at Monaco. There he loses his money and that of his friends at roulette. The party being

without a single sou between them, enter a restaurant as servants pending the arrival of funds from Paris. Their extraordinary behaviour naturally attracts suspicion. They are arrested and cast into prison, to be duly released and restored to the pleasures of life.

Dr. Westland Marston's comedy, *Under Fire*, was succeeded at the Vaudeville, on the 16th of this month, by a new and original farcical comedy, in three acts, by the late Henry J. Byron, entitled *Open House*, which enjoyed a very little better fate than its predecessor. The following notice from *The Stage* proved singularly prophetic:—"The late Henry J. Byron's comedy, *Open House*, is an excellent example of the gifted author's style. The piece bristles with wit and smart sayings. It does not contain a single dull line from beginning to end, and the characters are depicted with life-like fidelity. But, be it said, the motive is of the very slightest possible interest, and no evidence of skill in its construction is visible. It is not to be compared in its interest to the immortal *Our Boys*, and, after witnessing the play when the audience comprised the general public, it does not appear at all surprising to us that it should have been kept on the managerial shelf for a couple of years. When it was first acted it was before a theatre filled with friends of the deceased author, people who knew him personally or through his work. They understood the author's method, they loved the man, and they consequently welcomed his posthumous comedy with extreme cordiality. We honestly doubt if the paying public will find so much good in the work. Since the time, short though it is, when Henry J. Byron wrote for the Vaudeville, audiences have changed. They have been treated to repeated doses of bustling, hilarious farce. They have been induced to put their faith in farcical plays of action, not in comedies of brilliant talk. We live in fever heat in these times. The hero of to-day is forgotten to-morrow; the remembrance of one great event is speedily merged in that of another. So it is with plays and playgoers. The great body of the public care little for the memory of a dramatic author or his style. They want to be amused, and are not particular who it is that supplies their wants. Byron was

extremely popular as a writer in his day, and his name is still a tower of strength to the theatrical manager. Possibly we may be wrong, but we cannot agree with those who think *Open House* a good play, or that it will secure a lasting success. In the author's lifetime it would have admirably suited a Vaudeville audience ; now, it is just a little behind the age. The story can be told in a few words. The scene of the three acts is laid in the house of a Mr. Cayley, a country gentleman, who keeps 'open house,' and, consequently, has a continued string of visitors. First of all, there is Jack Alabaster, a florid, sandy-haired, middle-aged man, who is constantly in a shooting-jacket and leggings, and sports a flower in his coat. He is a fixture in the house, being the bosom friend of Cayley, whose life he saved, an incident which he relates in an amusing speech. He passes for a classical scholar, and frequently misquotes familiar passages from Latin authors by way of showing his learning. He says 'bonus' for 'bonum,' and argues that he must be correct, because 'the Insurance offices say "bonus," and they ought to know.' Then there is Cayley's niece, Myra, a gushing young lady who is secretly married to Dormer, a former lover of Cayley's present wife. Of course, there is a testy old gentleman, who mistakes the ordinary attentions of pretty Myra for love, and imagines that he is to marry the girl. It would, of course, never do to leave the poor old fellow disconsolate, so a buxom widow is provided, and Mr. Drinkwater and Mrs. Penthouse—the elderly gentleman and the widow—are united. It is Cayley's desire that his niece should marry Jack Alabaster, but her former marriage makes this impossible. It then transpires that Jack Alabaster is an impostor. Cayley was rescued from drowning not by Alabaster but by Dormer (a precisely similar incident, it will be remembered, occurs in *Les Cloches de Corneville*). Cayley is then rejoiced at Myra having married the hitherto detestable Dormer, and the genial imposter, Jack Alabaster, is incontinently ejected from the house." Miss Cissy Grahame played charmingly in this piece.

Saturday, the 25th, was a particularly busy day for the dramatic critics. First of all, at Toole's Theatre, the popular lessee of that

house appeared, in the afternoon, as Dominique, in *Old Harry*, a romantic drama in two acts, adapted from the *Dominique* of R. d'Espigny, which was originally produced in Paris in 1831, and the best known version of which is *Dominique, the Deserter*. On the evening of this day, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft announced a farewell revival of the late T. W. Robertson's *Ours*. Then Mr. John S. Clarke made his re-appearance on the London stage, at the Strand Theatre, acting his celebrated character of Major Wellington de Boots in Stirling Coyne's comedy, *The Widow Hunt*, originally brought out at the Haymarket Theatre on April 2, 1859, with the late J. B. Buckstone in the principal character. On the same evening, Miss Mary Anderson concluded her brilliant engagement at the Lyceum Theatre. The popular actress appeared as Galatea in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's mythological comedy, and as Clarice in the same author's one-act drama, *Comedy and Tragedy*. The large audience filled every seat, and constantly bestowed warm applause upon the actress. At the close of the performance, Miss Anderson, in response to enthusiastic calls, stepped before the curtain and spoke as follows:—

"The dreaded 'last night' has come; dreaded by me, at least. I have to part with you who have been so kind to me. The delight I naturally feel at the prospect of returning to my native country is tempered with a great regret, saddened by the thought that I must leave you. I little imagined when I came before you for the first time, a stranger, feeling very helpless, tremblingly wondering what your verdict on my poor efforts would be, how soon I should find friends among you, or what pain it would cost me to say, as I must say to-night, 'Good-bye' to you. You have been very, very good to me. I have tried hard to deserve your goodness. Please do not quite forget me. I can never forget you or your kindness to me. I hope I am not saying 'Good-bye' to you for ever. I want to come back to you. Dare I hope you will be a little glad to see me again? I shall be very glad to see you. Until I do, 'Good-bye!' I thank you again and again."

This modest little speech was received with much good humour,

tempered with regret, and considerable applause. Miss Anderson having retired, the band played "Auld Lang Syne," and the audience separated.

At the beginning of February of this year an immense hit was made at the Vaudeville, Paris, by *Clara Soleil*, a farcical piece, in three acts, by MM. Gondinet and Paul Civrac. The play was admirably suited to Parisian tastes, and its ingenious motive, its clever situations, and its bright dialogue, backed up by excellent acting, secured for it a great success. The piece was forthwith bought by an enterprising manager, and adapted for England. Unfortunately, as in so many previous cases, it was necessary to so prune and alter the work before the adaptation could be made acceptable to English audiences that much of the fun of the original had necessarily to be sacrificed. The English version, entitled *Bad Boys*, and acted at the Comedy Theatre on April 29, is thus seriously hampered, as it lacks motive. Again, it could hardly be expected that a company unaccustomed to playing together, at any rate in pieces of this class, could rattle off a farce so as to make all the "points," or that they could act their parts with the care and success of actors more experienced in this kind of work. Without attempting to relate the details of the piece, the outline of the story may be briefly told. The action of the first three acts takes place near Canterbury, in the grounds attached to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Basevey, a young married couple. Edith Basevey believes her husband to be all that is good, while her bosom friend, Laura Chickweed, who has just married, and is on her wedding tour, believes her husband to be "more than good—innocent." Mrs. Basevey has got herself into ill favour with Nelly Nightingale "of the comic opera," of whom she has spoken slightly. The honeymoon couple, Mr. and Mrs. Chickweed, induce Mrs. Basevey to accompany them on their tour. No sooner has Edith Basevey left the house than Nelly Nightingale appears on the scene in search of her traducer. Meeting the meek and mild Claude Basevey, Nelly Nightingale hits upon a plan of revenging herself upon Mrs. Basevey, and induces the latter's husband to accompany her to Scarborough. The next act accordingly

brings us to this favourite watering-place, where Nelly Nightingale meets a wealthy uncle, and where she is mistaken for the wife of Claude Basevey. Matters are further complicated by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Chickweed and the real Mrs. Basevey, who chats confidently and innocently with the singer, Nelly Nightingale. Nelly's uncle, Colonel Hornblower, insists upon Claude Basevey showing himself before the assembled company, when Nelly Nightingale declares herself to be Mrs. Basevey. The indignant wife then announces that she is the notorious singer, the curtain being thus brought down upon an ingenious and comical situation. The two women having thus reversed their positions, it may be imagined that considerable opportunity for fun arises. The last act is devoted to clearing up the mystery, the different personages agreeably settling all difficulties. The play had a chequered career at the Comedy Theatre and, afterwards, at the Opera Comique.

V.

MAY.

The re-appearance of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry at the Lyceum.—*The Great Pink Pearl.*—*The Silver Shield.*—*Olivia* at the Lyceum.—*Katharine and Petruchio, Sweethearts, and Good for Nothing*, at the Haymarket.

The first important event of this month was the re-appearance, at the Lyceum Theatre, of Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum company, after Mr. Irving's second and final acting tour in America. *Hamlet* was selected as the opening play of Mr. Irving's season, which commenced on May 2. The night was made additionally memorable from the fact that Mr. Irving had inaugurated a system of booking the pit and gallery seats, and this gave rise, at the conclusion of the tragedy, to an unusual scene. When Mr. Irving first stepped upon the stage, in the character of Hamlet, he was applauded to the echo. Hands were clapped until their owners fairly wearied, ladies waved their handkerchiefs aloft, while many persons allowed their feelings so far to run away with them that they jumped upon their seats in the excess of excitement. A welcome equally spontaneous and hearty was extended to Miss Ellen Terry. Calls were enthusiastically made and oft repeated for both actors. Indeed, so glad were several of the spectators to see their favourites again that bouquets were thrown at most inopportune moments. All was, however, taken in good part by the majority of the audience, the play being listened to throughout with the utmost attention. At the close of the tragedy an extra-

ordinary scene was presented. Mr. Irving and Miss Terry had both, in response to loud and prolonged plaudits, presented themselves before the curtain; and Mr. Irving, being once more called, set about addressing a few words to the audience. It was with some little difficulty that the popular actor-manager gained a hearing for the first words of his speech. "Hamlet," he observed, "has just now said, 'The rest is silence,' but you don't seem to be entirely of that opinion," a remark which was received with cheers and groans. "I am pleased," he continued, "to have an opportunity of saying how glad and happy you have made me to-night. You have given us a welcome which has found an echo in our hearts. The ever-ready kindness and affectionate welcome which we received in that country from which we have just returned can never be effaced from our memories; yet, you will believe us when we say we are rejoiced to see you once again at home. (A voice: Don't go away again.) It is my intention, after one or two short revivals, to revive Mr. Wills's play of *Olivia*, which I hope will remain in the bills for a night or two. What I shall do afterwards must remain a profound secret—for it is a secret even to me." Mr. Irving then said that the company would not play in the country this year, but that the theatre would be closed in August, re-opening in September. "In the meantime," he added, "the theatre will be redecorated, and I will do all in my power to consult the comfort and convenience of my patrons." The latter part of this speech was the signal for an outburst of applause, and a counter demonstration immediately set in. "Where's the pit?" "Shut up the booking-office!" "No numbered seats," and similar cries were responded to with shouts of "Sit down," "Be quiet, pittites!" "Let him speak," and so on. All was confusion for a few moments, and Mr. Irving, proclaiming himself to be entirely in the hands of the audience, and stating that the only profit that could arise from the new arrangement of booking the pit and gallery seats was the knowledge that he pleased the public, surveyed the scene with an amused and puzzled expression. The confusing sounds still continuing, Mr. Irving remarked: "You see I can't exactly tell whether the new or old arrangements have it." The discussion, which was carried on all through in a good-humoured spirit of banter, was evidently not to be decided then and there, so Mr. Irving concluded his speech with

the following few words and happy quotation : "I will be guided entirely by your wishes, in token of which I think I can quote no better words than those of the play which you have just heard :—

‘ And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack.’ ”

Mr. Irving's well-meant effort on behalf of the occupants of pit and gallery was found not to work successfully, and was soon abandoned. Prior to the revival of *Olivia*, Mr. Irving re-appeared, on May 9, as Louis XI., on the 11th as Shylock, and on the 16th as Mathias in *The Bells*.

The Great Pink Pearl, a new and original farcical play, in three acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, was first played at a matinée at the Olympic Theatre, on the 7th of this month. It was placed in the regular bill of the Prince's Theatre subsequently, and there ran for several weeks. This is undoubtedly a clever play in every respect. Its story is interesting, its construction is quite admirable, and the dialogue is neat and to the purpose. No time is lost. Every line is appropriate, every sentence helps to unfold the plot. The situations, besides being merely clever, are really funny. The piece moves with briskness and with spirit. The fun is never allowed to flag for a single instant. A mere relation of the outline of the plot can give no idea of the merit of the work, but the principal features of the story deserve some record here. The first of the three acts represents the lodgings of a hard-working but impecunious journalist, Anthony Sheen, who is on the verge of being run off to court to answer a summons issued by his tailor. Relief comes in the shape of Patruccio Gormani, once a famous singer. This gentleman, blessed with a most pronounced Irish brogue, is but little better off than the slave of the pen. So that when a messenger from the Princess Peninkoff mistakes Sheen for an American millionaire of the same name, the long-headed Irish-Italian makes no attempt to explain the mistake. On the contrary, he insists upon Sheen accompanying him to Paris in order to see the Russian Princess, who wishes to dispose of a famous ornament, a pink pearl of priceless value. Sheen disposes of the pearl to his wealthy namesake, making a handsome profit on the transaction, the Princess obtaining a large sum of money,

and everyone concerned being satisfied. Before this happy state of affairs is reached, many complications and ludicrous situations, which it would be hardly fair to disclose, arise.

Another capital play, *The Silver Shield*, a comedy in three acts, by Sydney Grundy, was brought out at a morning performance, at the Strand Theatre, on the 19th of this month. Few modern comedies can compare to this in skill in construction, and witty and incisive polished dialogue. It may be that the play is a little above the heads of the modern audience, but its cleverness and wit cannot be denied. The idea which appears to have given birth to the comedy is this: Under what circumstances could a husband and wife be separated from each other, there being no real cause for such separation? The idea is thus worked out: A young husband is jealous of the attentions extended to his pretty wife. He watches her movements, and one day finds a portion of a letter apparently addressed to himself, in which his wife admits her preference for another man, and asks him to absent himself from her. He goes away immediately, and when the play commences six years have elapsed. The curtain rises upon the country home of Sir Humphrey Chetwynd, a gentleman of the "old school." Tom Potter, an artist and a distant relation of Sir Humphrey's, is at work upon the painting of a picture, called "*The Silver Shield*," which deals with the fable of two knights who had seen a certain shield. One declared it to be silver, the other avowed that it was gold. From words the knights passed to blows, and, in a duel, killed each other. After their death it was found that the shield was gold on one side, and silver on the reverse. Other members of the household are Lucy Preston, Sir Humphrey's ward, and the latter's son, Ned Chetwynd. Tom Potter proposes to Sir Humphrey for Miss Preston, and in doing so relates his past history. He had formerly lived in Melbourne, where he became jealous of his wife, and, in the manner above described, left her without so much as a single word. Coming to England, he changed his name, devoted himself to art, and one day read in a newspaper of his wife's death. Sir Humphrey has also a story to tell concerning Lucy Preston. Through no fault of her mother's, the girl, it seems, is illegitimate. This, in her guardian's opinion, is sufficient reason for her not being married to any of his family. Tom Potter, however,

thinks differently on the subject, and is on the point of proposing to Miss Preston when he catches sight of a new visitor to the house, a widow, who has gone on the stage under the name of Alma Blake, and who has earned fame as an actress. In her, Potter recognises the wife he thought dead, and hurriedly quits the house. The fact that he has asked Sir Humphrey for his consent to his marriage with Lucy Preston ekes out, with the result that Ned Chetwynd has to declare that he has been secretly married to the girl, the act ending with Sir Humphrey disowning the young couple and turning them out of doors. The second act takes place at young Chetwynd's house. Lucy, being young, is, not unnaturally, a little jealous of the attentions which her husband pays to the accomplished actress, Alma Blake. She finds a letter which her husband, who is writing a play, has apparently addressed to Miss Blake. The document is couched in the most amorous terms, and the young wife, heart-broken at the infidelity of her husband, quits his roof, the discovery of her flight concluding this act. Here, it must be confessed, is a weak point in the play. The repetition of the incident of the letter—which occurs to Tom Potter and to Lucy Chetwynd alike—may be pardoned. But it is improbable that a wife, particularly a young one, should be so ignorant of her husband's doings as not to know the name of the heroine of his play, and it is difficult to imagine a woman so ignorant as to mistake a sheet of author's manuscript for an amatory epistle unconnected with the work in course of preparation. If this flaw in Mr. Grundy's play be put aside, praise must certainly be accorded him for the ingenuity with which he has worked out the incident. The scene of the last act is laid in Miss Blake's boudoir, where, thanks to the kindly service of Sir Humphrey, the mistake of the letter is explained, and Tom Potter and his wife are re-united. What he had read was not intended for him at all, but for one of his wife's admirers. Alma Blake fortunately meets Mrs. Chetwynd, explains her mistake to her, and restores her to her husband, the play ending with a clever and excellently written "tag." Fortunately, the comedy was admirably acted. The leading character, Alma Blake, was played by Miss Amy Roselle with capital effect, polish, and ease. She acted the part perfectly, and delivered her lines in the most telling manner possible. She bore the weight of several of the most

important scenes, and in so doing helped not a little towards the favourable reception accorded the work. A success equally great, artistic, and marked was made by Miss Kate Rorke, a young actress whose valuable gifts for the stage I have recognised from the date of her first appearance on the boards. She appeared as Lucy Chetwynd in this play, giving a graceful, natural, and consistent interpretation of the character. Her acting in the scene where the wife discovers what she thinks is her husband's letter to Alma Blake, was marked by so much intelligence and truth to nature that the entire audience, with one impulse, rewarded her efforts with loud, prolonged, and well-deserved applause. There were no hysterical screams here, no clutching of the dress, no passionate sobbing. There was simply the dazed look of a woman who is robbed of that love which she holds dearer than life, a plaintive moan that was almost inaudible, and a tottering figure of a fainting, heart-broken wife. Far from being exaggerated, this scene was absolutely faithful to life, and the audience felt its truth. Another hit, but in a smaller way, was made by Mr. John Beauchamp, who gave an admirable sketch of the kind-hearted old fogey, Sir Humphrey Chetwynd. Mr. Charles Groves was also of excellent service in the rôle of a theatrical manager. Mr. Grundy's clever comedy was subsequently acted at the Comedy Theatre, on June 20.

Prior to the production of *Olivia* at the Lyceum, the play was generally declared to be "too small" for so large a stage. There were many who thought that the simple story of the pastor and his betrayed daughter which is here told was hardly of sufficient strength to secure the sympathies of an audience accustomed to plays of a far more exciting nature. The drama that had succeeded so well in a small theatre was considered by most people to be a little unfitted for the larger house. That Miss Ellen Terry was the most delightful of Olivias everyone at all versed in the affairs of the stage well knew. But doubts were expressed as to the fitness of the play itself for the Lyceum. Those doubts were speedily banished by the revival of this stage-poem on the 27th of this month. It is interesting to note that since 1766, the year in which "The Vicar of Wakefield" was first published, there has been no successful play founded upon the novel save that written by Mr. W. G. Wills. "The hero of this piece,"

wrote Oliver Goldsmith, "unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth: he is a priest, a husbandman, and the father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach and ready to obey: as simple in affluence as majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life will turn with disdain from his simple fireside; such as mistake ribaldry for humour will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as have been taught to deride religion will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity." These words are just as applicable now as they were a hundred and twenty years ago. Such a simple and homely story as is here presented does not appeal to all classes, nor is it specially adapted for transferring, as it stands, to the stage. Hence other versions of it have not secured much fame. In 1819, a burletta, or opera, founded on the novel, was produced by Thomas Dibdin, at the Surrey Theatre, and made a fair success; but another version, brought out at the Haymarket, on September 27, 1823, was only played for two nights. In the latter, Daniel Terry appeared as Dr. Primrose, Liston was the Moses, and Miss Chester the Olivia. In March, 1850, a version by Tom Taylor was given at the Strand. In the following month a two-act adaptation by J. Stirling Coyne was presented at the Haymarket Theatre with Benjamin Webster as Dr. Primrose, George Vandenhoff as Squire Thornhill, and Miss Reynolds as Olivia. By far the most successful version, however, is that written by Mr. W. G. Wills, himself a poet and, like Goldsmith, an Irishman. The play is said to be "founded on an episode in 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'" Therein lies the secret of its complete artistic success. It is no mere patchwork production, the result of putting a novel into shape for the stage, but a skilful and beautiful work, founded upon incidents in the book. The language of the novel is seldom heard, and all the characters and incidents of the book are not used. Thus the repentant schemer, Ephraim Jenkinson, is not seen, and those fast young persons, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs ("I love to give the whole name," wrote Goldsmith in the person of the vicar), have no place on the stage. The escapade of Moses at the fair is likewise omitted. Mr. Wills has presented the story of Olivia's flight from home, of her discovery of Squire

Thornhill's perfidy, and of her return to her father's house, in a singularly felicitous manner, and with a grace and delicacy entirely his own. The love of Mr. Burchell and Sophia may possibly be a little dull, but the play, as a whole, is interesting, adroit, and idyllic in its beauty. The grief of the old man when he finds his daughter has left him, and the Squire's confession of his deception in the third act, are in particular most admirably-written scenes. *Olivia*, it may be useful to record, was originally acted at the Court Theatre, under the management of Mr. John Hare, on Saturday, March 30, 1878, when it immediately made a great success, and afterwards enjoyed a long run. The cast was then as follows:—Dr. Primrose, Mr. Hermann Vezin; Moses, Mr. Norman Forbes; Dick, Miss L. Neville; Bill, Miss Kate Neville; Mr. Burchell, Mr. Frank Archer; Squire Thornhill, Mr. W. Terriss; Leigh, Mr. Denison; Farmer Flamborough, Mr. Cathcart; Mrs. Primrose, Mrs. Gaston Murray; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry; Sophia, Miss Kate Aubrey; Polly Flamborough, Miss M. Cathcart; and, Gipsy Woman, Miss Neville. When the play was produced in the provinces in the following autumn the principal characters were taken by the late Charles Calvert as Dr. Primrose, Mr. T. N. Wenman as Mr. Burchell, Mr. W. Herbert as Squire Thornhill, Miss Cicely Nott as Mrs. Primrose, Miss Florence Terry as Olivia, Miss Alice Hamilton as Sophia, and Miss Ada Blanche as Polly Flamborough. It will thus be seen that in Mr. Irving's revival of the play Mr. W. Terriss and Mr. Norman Forbes, in addition to Miss Ellen Terry, resumed their original characters, and Mr. T. N. Wenman repeated a performance which he had already given in the country. The acting honours of the revival naturally fell to Miss Ellen Terry as Olivia, although nothing could excel the gentleness, pathos, and fine feeling of Mr. Irving's portrayal of Dr. Primrose. Miss Terry's impersonation of Olivia is one of her most charming as it is one of her most brilliantly successful renderings. This is a rare performance of matchless, exquisite grace, and deep, tender, alluring pathos.

The Haymarket bill was again changed on the 30th of this month, when it was thus noticed:—"On the score of variety no complaint can possibly be lodged against the new programme of the Haymarket Theatre, which embraces simple farce, modern, delicate

comedy, and the more robust kind of ‘comic drama’ that was popular thirty years ago. On other grounds, however, the bill is not likely to be productive of very great favour. The plays in which Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft appear are well enough in their way, but something stronger and more suitable to the ordinary spectator will speedily, we imagine, have to take the place of the mutilated version of *The Taming of the Shrew*, which is the first item on the programme. The principal situations and some of the language of the Shakespearean play are to be found in a piece that was printed in 1594 with the following title:—‘A pleasant conceited historie called *The Taming of a Shrew*. As it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembrook his servants.’ The scenes between Katharine the Curst and Petruchio are those in which Shakespeare was most concerned, and it is these scenes which were retained by David Garrick in the version of the play produced at Drury Lane in 1756. *Katharine and Petruchio* was then played in three acts. It is presented at the Haymarket in what are practically four acts, the curtain descending three times in the course of the performance. The brevity of these acts may be gathered from the fact that the entire play is performed in less than fifty minutes. As may be easily imagined, it is impossible under these circumstances for justice to be done to the play itself, nor have the actors any opportunity of account for portraying character. Kate’s shrewish nature connot be properly indicated, and her sudden submission to her husband is far too precipitate. No high-handed woman, such as we know Kate to have been could have so quickly fallen from her pinnacle of authority. The motive of the piece is almost lost in this sad distortion, and we make bold to say that many of the wealthy personages who form the Haymarket audience are at a loss to understand the meaning of the play. Such a production must be almost unintelligible to the majority. Mrs. Bernard-Beere acts Katharine as well as possible under these circumstances. She presents the contrast between the shrew and the submissive spouse quite ably. It is not her fault that Kate’s nature is changed so instantaneously and without sufficient reason. Mr. Forbes-Robertson has been accused of being noisy and extravagant as Petruchio; but noise and extravagance are necessary for he character. Petruchio is a madman in his senses; Kate is mad,

and he will tame her by being as mad as she. A man who attires himself in such a fantastic array for his wedding, who swears broadly in church, beats the parson's head, throws the sops of the wine in the sexton's face, who will not even allow his wife to choose her own dress, who thrashes his servants and throws meat, dishes, and wine at them, is not generally considered a very quiet or sober individual. The excessive use of the whip, however, is not commendable, and the whip itself might advantageously be exchanged for one of a more correct pattern. Mr. H. Kemble's Grumio we do not care for. He is too feeble and weak in the hams for the knave. But Mr. C. Brookfield's Biondello is an excellent performance. Miss Julia Gwynne makes a pretty appearance as Curtis. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft probably place great reliance upon their popular performance in *Sweethearts*, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's two-act 'dramatic contrast,' which was first produced at the now defunct Prince of Wales's Theatre on Saturday, November 7, 1874, with Mrs. Bancroft then, as now, in the character of the heroine. This play, it will be remembered, relates how a girl toys with the passionate ardour of a young man who is on the eve of his departure to India. Harry Spreadbrow comes to say good-bye to Jenny Northcott, his childhood's companion. He declares his passion, but the thoughtless girl only laughs at him, and sends him away apparently heart-broken, only to find when he has left her that she loves him, and to fall in a flood of tears on the flower which she had carelessly flung aside when she received it from him. Thirty years elapse, and the lovers of the old days meet. But the man does not recognise his old companion. He has even forgotten the circumstances of his parting from her, while she has cherished his memory and remains single for his sake. Gradually the old affection returns, and as the couple go indoors together, 'so far from the play being over, the serious interest is only just beginning.' It is in the latter part of the play that Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are seen to the most advantage. The gentle old lady is admirably presented by Mrs. Bancroft, while a better impersonation than that of the slightly cynical old beau by Mr. Bancroft could not be desired. Wilcox, the gardener of the first act, is well played by Mr. Elliot, whose rendering of the character would be still better if the actor would keep to one dialect. The performance concludes with *Good*

for Nothing. This well-known little drama was first acted at the Haymarket Theatre in February, 1851, when it was described in the bill as "a new and original comic drama, by J. B. Buckstone, Esq." As a matter of fact, however, it was an almost literal translation of *La Gamine*, a vaudeville written by M. Deslandes, and brought out at the Variétés in the summer of 1850, with Mdlle. Virginie Duclay in the rôle of the heroine, Joséphine. The heroine, called Nan in the English, again finds a clever and popular impersonator in Mrs. Bancroft. Mr. C. Brookfield's make-up as Harry Collier is good. Mr. E. Maurice is manly as Charles, and Mr. Elliot is capital as the caddish and cowardly Young Mr. Simpson. Mr. H. Kemble, we think, greatly exaggerates the character of Tom Dibbles."

VI.

JUNE.

A True Story, at Drury Lane.—Gringoire.

Theatrically speaking, this was the least interesting month of the year. No event of great importance occurred during it. On the 15th, Mr. Elliot Galer's drama, *A True Story Told in Two Cities*, originally produced at Leicester in February, was brought out at Drury Lane, and on the afternoon of the 26th, Mr. Norman Forbes took a benefit at the Prince's Theatre, appearing as Gringoire in a one-act drama of that name adapted by W. G. Wills from the French of Théodore de Banville. This play was first acted at the Théâtre Français on June 23, 1866, with Coquelin in the principal part. When the Comédie Française visited this country in 1879, it was played at the Gaiety Theatre by MM. Coquelin, Maubant, Barré, Sylvain, and Mesdames Barretta and Provost-Ponsin. A version, by Mr. Alfred Thompson, entitled *The King's Pleasure*, has been acted by Mr. Lawrence Barrett, while yet another version, by Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. W. H. Pollock, has been made, though it has not yet been acted. That Mr. Wills' version is neat and poetical goes without saying; but the play belongs to that class of drama which demands the best possible and most varied kind of acting. A wealthy merchant of Tours has rendered Louis XI., when a Dauphin, a signal service, for which the King desires to dispatch Simon Fourniez as his ambassador. The merchant, however, cannot leave his only daughter, so the king resolves to find a protector for her in the shape of a husband. Louise is willing, and has ideas of a lover which are romantic, and, therefore, unpractical. Gringoire, a half-starved poet, is trapped into reciting a seditious ballad before the King, and is condemned to death for his pains. Louis grants pardon on condition that he makes love to the pretty Louise. This his honour will not allow him to do, so that when the girl discovers "how brave he has been" in not confessing his passion, she is only too glad to have him for a husband. The merchant receives his ambassadorship, and all ends happily.



MR. FELIX MORRIS.

(ON 'CHANGE.)

VII.

JULY.

On 'Change.—Cousin Johnny.—Retirement of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft.—It's Never too Late to Mend, at Drury Lane

On 'Change; or, the Professor's Venture, tentatively produced at the Strand Theatre on the afternoon of July 1, is an anglicised version of a straggling German farce by Herr Von Moser, the author of *Der Bibliothekar*, from which *The Private Secretary* was adapted. Its original is *Ultimo* ("settling-day"), and a version of it has been played in America under the title of *The Big Bonanza*, and, thanks in a great degree to the acting of that droll comedian, Mr. James Lewis, it achieved a great success. The German piece is in five acts, and so, practically, is the adaptation, although it is stated to be in only four. The original has been pretty closely adhered to in most respects, some of the scenes only being transposed. The piece has really two separate and distinct plots, and for this reason it can never be extremely popular. The interest swerves from one party to another, and is thus considerably weakened. The real story is, presumably, that of the rivalry between two elderly cousins, the one a rich and genial broker, the other an eccentric Scotch medical professor. The latter, in order to show how clever he is, resolves to speculate in stocks and shares for a month, during which time his domestic affairs are sadly neglected. At the end of the period allotted for his speculation he realises that he has lost, as he thinks, a large sum of money. But the foresight of his cousin, the stockbroker, has prevented such a fatality, and the professor, having been taught a lesson in minding his own business, finds himself a wealthy man, thanks to the opportune sale of a valuable patent. Side by side with this story runs that of a couple of pairs of lovers. Neither pair,

however, is worthy of much interest. An actor new to the English stage, Mr. Felix Morris made an excellent and thoroughly successful bid for favour as the Scotch professor. His acting was genuinely comic, and his accent was simply perfect. Despite its weak nature, *On 'Change* has met with a fair amount of success in London, a result mainly due to the clever impersonation of Mr. Morris. It was formally produced at Toole's Theatre on August 22, on November 30 it was transferred to the Strand Theatre, and subsequently it was placed in the regular bill of the Opera Comique.

Cousin Johnny, a "new and original" comedy, of a simple and old-fashioned nature, written by Messrs. J. F. Nisbet and C. M. Rae, was brought out at the Strand on the 11th. The story is related in the quietest and most direct manner possible. An innkeeper, named Timmins, has been entrusted with the care of Sir George Desmond's only son. The baronet, who has not set eyes on the boy since infancy, suddenly comes to the "Black Cow" Inn to claim his child, now grown to man's estate. Timmins is in distress, for he had lost the infant and is at a loss to account for his negligence. He is rescued from the dilemma by his wife, who proposes that the landlord's loutish son, Johnny, should be passed off as the baronet's boy. On the arrival of Sir George this plan is put into practice, and the baronet is disgusted at finding an obese, beer-drinking, lazy lout in the place of the intelligent young man he expected and whom he had destined to marry his niece. Bound to accept the situation, he takes "Johnny" to Granby Hall, where the tenants arrange an address for the heir. Cousin Johnny is on the point of delivering a stupid reply to the deputation when Timmins confesses the fraud he had practised on Sir George. The real son turns up in the person of Sir George Desmond's former secretary, Hugh Seymour, who is in love with the niece, so that the play ends with the customary marriage. The authors apparently do not set much value upon detail, for it is not satisfactorily explained how Timmins came to lose the child with which he had been entrusted, and a little more evidence, we think, would be required in a court of law for the identification of the real son than the word of a scatter-brained drunkard. Tacked on to the main story are the adventures of a couple of betting men and a lady of lax manners, who is familiarly called "Filly" by her sporting

companions. The burden of the piece was sustained by Mr. John S. Clarke, whose droll acting, however, failed to galvanise the play into a success.

The night of July 20, 1885, will be long remembered in the annals of the stage. It was on that evening that those faithful servants of the playgoer and of the drama, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, took their farewell at the Haymarket Theatre of the profession they had for so many years adorned. The Prince and Princess of Wales and other representative members of society, men and women prominent in art, science, literature, and the drama were assembled in strong force to do honour to the occasion. So great, indeed, was the demand for places, that the ordinary velvet-covered seats in the orchestra and balcony stalls were removed for the nonce, and were replaced by narrow cane-bottomed chairs. The majority of the large audience was seated by eight o'clock, when the first act of Lord Lytton's comedy, *Money*, was presented with the following cast :—Lord Glossmore, Mr. Alfred Bishop; Sir Frederick Blount, Mr. Charles Wyndham; Sir John Vesey, Mr. Charles Collette; Captain Dudley Smooth, Mr. Frank Archer; Mr. Graves, Mr. Arthur Cecil; Mr. Stout, Mr. David James; Alfred Evelyn, Mr. C. F. Coghlan; Mr. Sharp, Mr. W. Blakeley; Groom, Mr. Charles Sugden; Butler, Mr. John Clayton; Lady Franklin, Mrs. Stirling; Clara Douglas, Miss Ellen Terry; Georgina Vesey, Mrs. Langtry; and, maid-servant, Mrs. John Wood. This, the first item in the historical bill, gave evident delight to the audience, Miss Ellen Terry as Clara Douglas and Mr. David James as Mr. Stout being especially liked. A hearty reception was accorded to each performer, Mrs. Stirling and Miss Terry in particular being received with loud applause. After the scene from Lord Lytton's play the famous scene from Dion Boucicault's *London Assurance*, in which Lady Gay Spanker describes the hunt, was acted with the parts thus distributed: Sir Harcourt Courtly, Mr. John Hare; Charles Courtly, Mr. W. Terriss; Dazzle, Mr. W. H. Kendal; Dolly Spanker, Mr. A. W. Pinero; Max Harkaway, Mr. F. Everill; servant, Mr. Kyrle Bellew; Lady Gay Spanker, Mrs. Kendal; and, Grace Harkaway, Miss Carlotta Addison. It is to be noted that the ladies and gentlemen who had so far played on this eventful evening had previously acted under the management of Mr.

and Mrs. Bancroft. Next in order came the second and third acts of *Masks and Faces*. Mr. Bancroft as Triplet and Mrs. Bancroft as Peg Woffington were, of course, the recipients of a loud and long continued burst of applause on making their appearance in the play. A considerable share of applause also fell to Miss Calhoun, who repeated her interesting performance of Mabel Vane. As in the case of Mabel Vane, the other parts in the play were taken by the same people who had appeared in the Haymarket revival of the piece. When the curtain was next raised, Mr. Henry Irving who had broken the run of *Olivia* at the Lyceum, for the occasion, and had appeared in the shorter play of *The Bells*, appeared and recited a "valedictory ode," written by Mr. Clement Scott for the occasion. Speeches by Mr. Toole and Mr. Bancroft brought the memorable evening to a close.

The revival at Drury Lane, on the 27th, of the late Charles Reade's drama, *It's Never too Late to Mend*, met with the warmest of welcomes. The picturesque farm-yard scene, with its solidly built cottages, its live poultry, and other appurtenances of a farm-yard, showed that Mr. Augustus Harris had determined to mount the play in no niggardly spirit. The prison scene with its long and dismal vista of lights was most realistic in its sombre tone, while for brightness and colour, there was the Australian landscape with its real and unusually natural-looking waterfall, and the change of colour consequent upon the representation of the passing of night to the warm glow and glamour of sunrise. These scenic effects, aiding in a great measure the strength and vividness of the drama, secured hearty applause for the more telling moments in the play. The denunciation of Mr. Meadows by the Jew, Isaac Levi, and the famous prison scene were singled out for special approbation. All this enthusiasm, taking place nearly twenty years after the first production of the play, is significant of the strength, dramatic vigour, and human interest displayed by Mr. Reade in the composition of this drama. *It's Never too Late to Mend* was first acted, in its present form, at the Leeds Theatre Royal, in 1864. It was first played in London, at the Princess's Theatre, on Wednesday, October 4, 1865, when it attained a run of nearly half-a-year's duration, not being withdrawn until one hundred and forty consecutive performances had been given.



MISS CALHOUN.

ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY
57 AND 61, EBURY STREET, S.W.

The piece had, however, been produced in another form, and under the title of *Gold*, at Drury Lane, on January 10, 1853, under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, with Mr. Henry Wallack as Tom Robinson, Mr. E. L. Davenport as the young farmer, Mr. Edward Stirling as the Jew, and Mrs. F. Vining as Susan Merton. Owing chiefly to the length of its dialogue it did not then meet with public favour. The last noteworthy revival of the drama took place at the Adelphi on November 8, 1881, with Mr. Charles Warner as Tom Robinson, Mr. F. W. Irish as Peter Crawley, the late E. H. Brooke as George Fielding, Mr. James Fernandez as Isaac Levi, Mr. Stanislaus Calhaem as Jacky, and Miss Gerard as Susan Merton. In the revival under notice, Mr. Warner re-appeared as Tom Robinson, a character which he plays with requisite force, pathos, and picturesqueness.

VIII.

AUGUST.

Hoodman Blind. —Miss Mary Anderson as Rosalind.

The only production of importance in the London theatres during August was that of *Hoodman Blind*, a drama by Messrs. Wilson Barrett and Henry A. Jones, at the Princess's Theatre, on the 18th. The following notice of this piece is extracted from *The Stage* :—“The applause so plentifully bestowed on the new Princess's play on Tuesday night indicates that a large amount of popularity is in store for the piece. The drama, which is a more or less modernised version of the jealousy of Othello, is chiefly noticeable for its intense earnestness. A firm belief in the morality of their ethics appears to have predominated the authors. Their belief in the principles which they here lay down is evidently firm and sincere. That these principles are sometimes wrong will presently be shown. With all their intense feeling, the authors have strangely erred in the matter of that backbone of a good drama which consists in arousing and holding sympathy for its hero and heroine. The honest, hot-blooded, good-hearted, ill-treated yeomen, Jack Yeulett, is no new figure in the domains of drama, but the determinate, clever, ascetic, loving, yet hating landowner, Mark Lezzard, though not, perhaps, an entirely new figure to the stage, is far more striking, far more absorbingly interesting than that of the Buckinghamshire farmer. To the elaboration of this character the authors have devoted great care, and they have, fortunately, been assisted by the ability of an actor whose insight, whose skill, whose splendid resources of art have never been

so well displayed as now. Besides this gloomy, terror-haunted, love-lorn man, he who should be the real hero passes from sympathy and remembrance. In depicting this character of Mark Lezzard, the authors have strangely neglected that of Jack Yeulett. Throughout the play the former is far the more fascinating of the two men, while the balance in his favour is considerably augmented in the very last scene of all, where, as will be seen, Yeulett directs the concluding note of interest, the final touch of sympathy, to his better delineated rival. The authors have obviously left their typical hero to himself, and in so doing have lent additional strength and vitality to the villain of the play, with the result that the doings of Mark Lezzard, the bold, scheming lover, are of more interest to the spectator than those of honest Jack Yeulett. On this extraordinary account alone the play should be seen; but there are other reasons, such as an ingenious story, nervous and forcible dialogue, good acting, and pretty scenery, why the drama should secure popular favour. The story does not move as swiftly as it should, one or two whole scenes being presented which are not necessary to its development, and some minor characters which, it is safe to prophesy, will be speedily cut out, are feebly drawn, and now bar the progress of the story. But, despite these smaller faults, and the still graver defect of a divided interest, *Hoodman Blind* will doubtless, as we have already said, become popular. But that popularity will always depend, in a great degree, upon the ability of the actor to adequately, if not brilliantly, portray the character of Mark Lezzard. The despair of a baffled love, and the jealousy of a too credulous husband, form the elements of this drama. Nance Lendon, when a girl just budding into womanhood, has innocently kissed her guardian, the steady and thrifty Mark Lezzard. That kiss aroused the passion of the man, who loved the girl with a strength, a fervour, a burning thirst, beside which the simple affection of a Jack Yeulett sinks into insignificance. Had his affection been returned he would have been, probably, a good man to the end of his days; certainly he would have been a great one. But it was not to be. The girl married the young farmer, struggling under the burden of a heavy mortgage, and her elder and more passionate admirer, unable to obtain the love for which he yearned, wavered for a time betwixt love and hate. Eventually the evil passion obtained com-

plete hold over him, and he set to work to encompass the downfall of the woman he had loved. He, together with his partner, Kridge, has defrauded Nance of money sent her from abroad by her long-absent father. When the play opens, the latter seeks for his daughter at the house of Mark Lezzard, her late guardian. He is on the point of death while waiting here for his child, and he makes his will. This document is witnessed by Lezzard and Kridge, who, thinking Lendon to be dead, proceed to destroy the will. They are in the act of doing so when Lendon revives and calls for help. He is roughly thrust back upon the couch by Lezzard, dead. All traces of his identity are destroyed, the partners securing the dead man's money. Green Riddy Farm, the next scene, introduces Jack Yeulett and his comely wife Nance, together with their little boy. Nothing of consequence transpires here beyond the fact that Kridge, who, with his partner, holds the mortgage over the farm, threatens Yeulett with a foreclosure. In the parlour of the 'Crooked Billett,' the opening scene of the second act, it is related that Mrs. Yeulett has been seen caressing a gipsy. Jack, not believing in the story, gives the lie to the villagers and leaves them. Before he returns home Lezzard has prepared a device with which he readily ensnares the easily led Yeulett. The scene is in the back of the farmhouse. Lezzard meets Nance, and, with the memory of that fatal kiss still clinging to his heart, he, in a burst of fierce passion, attempts to embrace the woman. Repulsed, mad with shame and mortification, he espies a female, the living semblance, in outward appearance, of Nance Yeulett, in the arms of a gipsy tramp. He bribes the couple to caress each other—not that they want much inducement to do that—and to await his coming by a moonlit road. To make the deception the more complete, he envelopes the woman in Mrs. Yeulett's cloak. When the yeoman, conducted to the place by his 'friend,' Mark Lezzard, witnesses the gipsy folding his companion in his arms, he no longer doubts the story of the frequenters of the 'Crooked Billet.' He flies back home, accuses his wife, who has been out to pay a bill to an importunate creditor, of infidelity, dashes her to the floor, and forthwith quits Green Riddy Farm. The arrangement of this act is ingenious, and the last scene of it is strongly worked out. But it may be doubted if even so impulsive and credulous a person as Jack Yeulett would leave wife



MR. E. S. WILLARD.

(*HOODMAN BLIND.*)

and child and home with no more conclusive proof of his wife's shame and his own dishonour than that accorded to the young farmer. The first two scenes of the next act depict Nance Yeulett living in penury in London by lace-making, while her husband is starving at the 'rat's roost'—a riverside shed. Then comes a scene which, as we think, is entirely unconnected with the development of the story, where the woman, now worn-out, pale, wretched, and on the brink of death, who bore such an outward resemblance to the heroine, implores the gipsy to take her back to him in place of the buxom wench for whom she has been abandoned. From this picture of degradation we are taken to the Thames Embankment, by Charing-Cross, where the deserted woman whom we have just seen casts herself into the silent river, whence she is rescued by Jack Yeulett, who at first believes that he has saved his own wife from drowning. The truth comes to light, and the dying creature confesses the deceit which had been practised on the believing Yeulett, who hurries back to Abbot's Creslow with thoughts only of revenge raging within his breast. He hunts down Lezzard, drags him to the market-place, and there relates his story to the enraged villagers. This done, he hurls his weak victim to the infuriated mob, and gloats as they endeavour to rend him to pieces, an inhuman act which, to many minds, strips every shred of sympathy from the ostensible hero. Sorrow either softens or hardens human nature; it seldom endows a man with the fury of a wild beast. A great wrong done frequently causes resentment for the injury, but the doctrine to be inculcated on the stage is that, as we take leave to think, of forgiveness rather than revenge. Moreover, in this particular case the wrong is not great, nor is it permanent. A fond but foolish husband has suspected his wife of infidelity. For four months he has endured the torture of remorse, she the cruelty of suspicion. Then all is well. Husband, wife, and child are restored to one another, lands lost and money misappropriated are regained, and the author of all the mischief, being rescued from the hands of the mob, is handed over to the law. Consequently, such a violent conclusion to the drama is unnatural and impotent, and, being so, misses its designed effect. The honours of the acting fall, as we have already indicated, to Mr. Willard, who plays the striking character of Mark Lezzard. Although Lezzard is a scoundrel, he is a very different

type of man to the 'Spider' of *The Silver King*, and that class of part with which Mr. Willard's name is chiefly connected. The actor has admirably succeeded in grasping the character of the man whose life is destroyed by a hopeless passion. He carries despair and hate in his face, in his voice, in his bearing. Nothing could be better than his tiger-like burst of passion in the second act, where Lezzard tries to snatch a kiss from the lips of his friend's wife. The performance is excellently sustained throughout, despite the fact that in the whole of the third act the actor has only a very short scene, and might, therefore, be expected to fall off in his acting. The impersonation is full of thought, it is determinate, incisive, picturesque, and nervous, and quite the best piece of acting which we have yet seen from Mr. Willard. The honest, hot-blooded Jack Yeulett has a popular, and a sound, manly, vigorous representative in Mr. Wilson Barrett, who is, indeed, quite admirable in the part. Although the character he has allotted to himself is much inferior of the two principal male ones, he makes it stand out forcibly by his vigorous performance. Miss Eastlake is of great service to the play in the dual rôle of the two women resembling each other so much in personal appearance. She is at her best as the tramp's companion, in which part her comedy is capital and her pathos effective. The comic portion of the play is ably sustained by Mr. George Barrett, whose impersonation of the village blacksmith, who keeps a watchful eye on his young wife, is not only a vastly humorous piece of acting, but an artistic one into the bargain. Mr. Edward Price as a detective officer gives a good little sketch, while Mr. Clifford Cooper, Mr. C. Fulton, Mr. H. Evans, Mr. H. Burnage, Mr. George Walton, Mr. W. A. Elliott, Mrs. Huntley, Miss Alice Cooke, Miss Alice Belmore, Miss L. Garth, and two clever child actresses, Miss Maudie Clitherow and Miss Phœbe Carlo, are eminently satisfactory in some of the smaller portion. Great credit is due to Mr. Walter Hann, who has supplied the greater portion of the pretty scenery. Mr. T. E. Ryan is also to be commended for his delightful painting of the last scene. A word of praise, too, should be accorded to Mr. Edward Jones, the musical conductor of this theatre, who has supplied the appropriate incidental music."

On the 29th of this month, at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, Miss Mary Anderson acted Rosalind for the first time in

her life. Six weeks later, that is to say, on October 12, she made her re-appearance in this character, on the American stage, at the Star Theatre, New York. The following morning a masterly description of her acting in this part, written by William Winter, appeared in *The New York Tribune*, from which the following notice is taken:—
“ Miss Anderson has lavished upon her performance of Rosalind the most affectionate care as to detail and finish. Far more than any previous representative of Rosalind that our stage has disclosed, this actress expresses the noble pride and the shrinking, sensitive modesty of a true woman who truly loves. ‘My pride fell with my fortunes’ is not a truth about Rosalind—it is only an excuse. She is as proud as she is tender, and the love with which she honours and hallows Orlando, though ardent and generous, is denominated by a strong character, active morality and fine intellect. Miss Anderson shows this equally by temperament and art. In her impersonation, the atmosphere of the character, like the fragrance of the rose, surrounds it and explains it. This Rosalind has not put on male attire as one of Molière’s dissolute heroines might have put it on, for the purpose of an intrigue or a frolic, but as a disguise beneath which she may protect her changed and menaced state, and perhaps retrieve her fallen fortune; and once being in this disguise, she will make use of her opportunity, as best she may, to test the depth and sincerity of the love that she has inspired, and in which her great, pure, tender heart both trembles and exults. Miss Anderson struck the key-note of her impersonation, and disclosed her true and subtle perception of the beautiful quality of transparency in acting—the device that lets the deeper feeling and interior condition of the heart glimmer forth through the veil of an assumed or a more superficial mood—when, in saying to Orlando, ‘Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown more than your enemies,’ she made the last words a speech aside and to him inaudible. She did this in her first performance of the part at Stratford, and she did this again in her performance last night. The sweet woman-nature thus denoted is undoubtedly at the heart of Shakespeare’s ideal; and with this ideal the whole of Miss Anderson’s impersonation is level and harmonious. Her Rosalind is neither a sensual rake nor a flippant hoyden; nor, on the other hand, is it in the least degree suggestive of an insipid prude. It is a noble, brilliant,

pure, lovely woman, glorious in the affluent vitality of her beautiful youth, and enchanting in the healthful, gleeful, sparkling freedom of her bright mind and her happy heart. The vague stirring of love in the heart of Rosalind—which she herself does not understand—the unrestful mood, the sadness which is due to her regretful perception of her unfortunate circumstances, the show of mirth which would be natural under happy conditions but which now is a little forced, the condition of being Rosalind and not of acting a part, the abundant, healthful vitality, the finely poised mind, the tenderness, the sweetly grave temperament, the royal superiority which yet is touched with a submissive meekness—these attributes were all again crystallised into a lovely image of young and blooming womanhood. The Princess, as it chances in this play, has been but slightly mentioned before she enters; in the acting version she commonly is not mentioned at all. Her coming, therefore, is a little abrupt. Miss Anderson did not fail to evince her consciousness that every character has its background of previous life. Her entrance as Rosalind was in the continuance of a condition of being, and not the beginning of it. The change from pensive pre-occupation to arch levity told at once its story of sorrow sweetly veiled and of a deep nature underneath the laugh. The troubled wonder in the backward look at Orlando was eloquent equally of celestial purity and latent human passion. Nothing could be more expressive of Rosalind's ardour and delicacy than Miss Anderson's graceful action with the chain. The fine burst of filial resentment, suddenly curbed by the solicitude of friendship, when Rosalind defends her banished father, had its legitimate effect of power. It has been merged more completely than at first it was into the even texture of the execution. In the boy's dress it was found that a royal nature never ceases to be royal. The original and entirely right use of the song ('When daisies pied'), making it the spontaneous overflow of joy in the heart of a healthful, happy girl, was surely felt to be one of those deft touches of nature which show the finest instinct of art. All through the forest scenes with Orlando, Miss Anderson makes Rosalind repress, beneath frolic and banter, the passion that longs to speak. The furtive caress is indicative of the whole spirit of the performance. In the reproof of Phœbe the almost jocular mirth was equally natural and delightful. The pathos in the fainting scene

springs naturally out of the under-tide of earnestness that has preceded it. The final entrance of the Princess, in her bridal garments of spotless white, presented an image of dazzling loveliness, and set the seal of perfect success upon the best performance of Rosalind that people of this generation have seen. Miss Anderson spoke the epilogue for the first time since her performance at Stratford. In part spurious, and in all a tawdry and uncouth piece of writing, that epilogue ought long since to have been discarded. It is entirely inharmonious with Rosalind's character, and it never had any effect beyond that of taking the actress out of the part and the picture and degrading her to the level of a coarse and trivial popular taste. Miss Anderson should be honoured for equal wisdom and artistic propriety if she were to close the piece with a dance. The foes are all reconciled; the lovers are all mated; and while the woods are ringing with music, and every face is shining with happiness, the curtain falls upon this scene of sylvan beauty and 'true delights.' In the presence of a work of art thus luminous with the authentic fire of genius, and thus resplendent against a rich background of such thought and feeling as constitute the highest and finest experience, it seems desirable that something more should be set down than simply the record of it, or the mere cold description of its attributes and its effect. The quality that most of all commends Miss Anderson to sympathy and admiration—more especially of those observers who, through experience and suffering, have learned to know the world and to place something like a right estimate upon human life—is her spiritual freedom. Care has not laid its leaden hand upon her heart. Grief has not stained the whiteness of her spirit. The galling fetters of convention have not crippled her life. Accumulated burdens of error and folly have not arrived to deaden her enthusiasm and embitter her mind. Disappointment has not withered for her the bloom of ambition or blighted the smile upon the face of hope. Time, with its insidious and saddening touch, has not yet curbed for her the starry visions of purpose or the joyous tumult of action. Satiety and monotony have not made a desert round her path. But still for her the birds of morning sing in the summer woods, and her footsteps fall, not on the faded leaves of loss and sorrow, but on the blown roses of youth and joy. Strong in noble and serene womanhood, untouched by

either the evil or the sordid unwholesome dulness of contiguous lives, not secure through penury of feeling, and not imperilled through reckless drift of emotion, rich equally in mental gifts and physical equipments, this favoured creature is the living fulfilment of the old poetic ideal of gipsy freedom and classic grace. Byron saw it in his 'Egeria.' Wordsworth saw it in his 'Phantom of Delight.' Seldom have human eyes beheld it in actual human form. Yet it is one of the richest and grandest possibilities of existence. Once, at the outset, comes to every human soul the opportunity of its choice. Here at least is the one being who has chosen well. Every emanation of her art is eloquent of innate royal superiority. Whatever had walk of life might be, such a nature, it is easy to perceive, would still keep its imperial dominance, equally of its circumstances and itself. The great success of Miss Anderson is not the accident of superficial beauty and frivolous caprice. Her art is noble—but herself is more noble than her art. A certain tinge of sadness naturally enough colours the recognition with which experienced thought must, more and more, perceive the significance of this actress as a power in the artistic education of our time. Great in her achievements and greater still in her nature, the presence of such a woman touches, in many and many a heart, that chord of sorrow which still vibrates back to the error that lost the world. 'Each of her performances, like the one that has now been seen, will give its special revelation of genius, and impart its special and peculiar charm; but, higher and better than all her works, because a stately and splendid monition to the soul and not merely a superb delight to the sense, abides the woman herself, to teach us what loveliness is possible in human life, and to make us think on the nobleness that may yet remain among the wastes of experience and the wrecks of time.'

IX.

SEPTEMBER.

Human Nature.—Dark Days.

Another successful Drury Lane drama, *Human Nature*, written by Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris, was brought out on the 12th of this month. In this play the authors have taken advantage of that admiration and enthusiasm which is felt by Englishmen for their soldiers, and, whilst picturing in a graphic manner some of their hardships and their heroism, have cleverly interwoven a story of domestic interest by turns grave and gay, and, if at some moments stirring and harrowing in detail, relieved the next by touches of humour, which go far to verify the old truism that laughter is akin to tears. In the working out of the plot a strong contrast is made between woman's devotion and perfidy, man's nobility and weakness; the cool, calculating villain and the ruffianly one, actuated by the same motives and caring little how they compass their ends, stand out side by side; there are vivid scenes of suffering humanity, while the old, old story of love, sincere, yet laughable to the lookers on, is again retold. When the story opens, Captain Temple, the hero, is anxiously looked for by his wife, Nellie, who is expecting him home after a considerable absence. Everything appears to promise happiness in the meeting, but a discordant element soon arises, for the husband finds on his arrival that a certain Cora Grey is installed as companion to his wife. A *liaison* had existed between the companion and Temple some years previously in India, and though she now only asks for his friendship where once he had given his love, he insists upon her leaving his roof at once as no fit companion for his wife and child. Goaded by his harsh words and treatment, Cora

determines to strike him through his wife. Paul de Vigne, a supposed friend of Temple, has done his best during the latter's absence to win his wife from him, of which Cora is aware. He also knows Cora's antecedents, and they agree to help each other to attain their different desires. With this view Cora induces Mrs. Temple to write a letter to the family lawyer, Matthew Hawker, asking him to come to her that evening. Cora sends this letter to De Vigne, enclosing in it the key of the conservatory that leads to Mrs. Temple's boudoir. Her husband has begun to doubt his wife through Cora's insinuations, and instead of going to London, as his wife supposes, returns to find her in the arms of De Vigne, whom she is endeavouring to repulse. A large fortune has been bequeathed to Temple's child, Frank, which, in the event of both their deaths, passes to Hawker, the lawyer. Needy and unscrupulous, he determines to compass the death of the boy, and having been instructed by Temple (who has been ordered out to Egypt) to obtain a legal separation between him and his wife, through the evidence of Cora and De Vigne he obtains a decree *nisi* with the custody of the child. Armed with this power, he gets possession of him from the mother and entrusts him to Joe Lambkin, a baby farmer, who is given to understand that £200 will be his reward if the child dies. But Hawker is not aware that his clerk, Spofkins, and Mrs. Temple's maid, Maggie Wilkins, are sweethearts. Maggie soon learns the secret of the child's hiding place from her lover, and the mother is "on the trail." Arriving at the desolate farm where Lambkin lives, with the aid of Dick, another wretched little inmate left there to be "done to death," she carries off her boy. Pursued by Hawker and his clerk, who have tracked her, she falls fainting on the high road outside the parsonage, and seems likely to be again robbed of her only remaining treasure when she finds unexpected friends in the clergyman and his kind-hearted wife, who, in defiance of the law, give her shelter and protection. The story next carries us to Egypt, where in the "zereba at night" we find Captain (by this time Major) Temple in the midst of his soldiers, weary and harassed by the onslaughts of the Arabs, with safety only in retreat. Not far from the zereba is a beleaguered "City in the Desert," from which arrives a priest, Bonini, to ask the aid of the English. Temple at length persuades his command-

ing officer to give him some troops with which to attempt the succour of the friendly inhabitants. After a fierce fight, the English troops are victorious, and the city is taken by assault, but the Mahdi's lieutenant, a regenade, escapes. On his return to the main body, Temple halts at the "Wells," and comes face to face with the regenade, and in him he recognises the man to whom he owes all his misery, Paul de Vigne, who, seeking to escape from his pursuers and dying with thirst, has taken shelter there. Revenge at first is uppermost in Temple's thoughts, but at length, pitying De Vigne's miserable condition, he gives him water, and tells him to escape. But it is too late—De Vigne's enemies are on his track. He is shot down, and in his last moments confesses his villainy, and convinces Temple that his wife was innocent. The poor little waif, Dick, has been brought to London by the Lambkins, and, worn out by cruel treatment, dies. Lambkin, to gain his promised reward, causes his death to be registered as that of Frank Temple. We next see Cora Grey in her "villa," living in luxury, and little knowing that her husband, Stephen Mardyke, whom she had betrayed and deserted, is seeking her and longing for her death. Hawker, the lawyer, tired of her constant demands upon his purse, and to be rid of her, brings Mardyke to her house. Concealed behind a curtain, the husband hears her confession of love to Temple, who, returned to England, has come to tax her with her perfidy. No sooner has Temple left her than Mardyke appears, and, worked up to a pitch of frenzy by his wrongs, struggles with Cora, but she manages to escape to a neighbouring room. He follows her, and a pistol shot and shriek are heard. The last scene is the reunion of husband, wife, and child at the parsonage, where retributive justice is meted out to Hawker and Lambkin, through the agency of Spofskins. It will be gathered from the above that there is no lack of that incident in Messrs. Pettitt and Harris's play, by means of which the interest of the audience may be kept alive throughout; and though it may appear at first sight that the grave predominates over the gay—the feelings are relieved from being kept at too high a state of tension by the love episodes of Spofskins, the stolid humour of Lambkin, and the grim jokes of the tired soldiers in the zereba. Exception may, perhaps, be taken to the apparently easy manner in which the divorce is obtained, as it can only be on the evidence of

Paul de Vigne, himself a *particeps criminis*, that such a judgment would have been given in the Courts. The death of poor little Dick could also be dispensed with, as it really helps but little towards the progress of the story ; and, if perhaps just, the terrible end of Cora Grey is almost too revolting an idea, though her assassination does not take place in the presence of the audience ; while the character of Stephen Mardyke could have been suppressed altogether with advantage. Allowing for these blots, it must be admitted that the authors have done their work well. Drury Lane, under its present management, has become famous for its scenery and mechanical effects, but in no previous production have these excellencies been surpassed.

Dark Days, a dramatisation by Mr. J. Comyns Carr of the novel of the same name by the late Hugh Conway, was brought out at the Haymarket Theatre on the 26th, and was thus criticised at the time of its production :—“It is generally assumed that the books of the late Hugh Conway are dramatic simply because they are exciting. They read well, their interest is well sustained, they are weird and psychological, but how little dramatic they are for the purpose of the stage is shown when they come under the guiding and correcting hand of the dramatist. In order to fit “*Dark Days*” for the stage, Mr. Comyns Carr has had virtually to write a new story ; and the most curious circumstance is that the strong leading motive of the novel, which has been retained as the backbone of the play, is found to be its very weakest point. All goes well with the drama until the murder of Sir Mervyn Ferrand. Thanks to Mr. Carr’s interpolations and alterations, we are pleased with serious and comic interest alike. The Hon. Percy Pentland and Miss Ethel Brabourne are pleasant, amusing, and agreeable young people as played by Mr. Charles Sugden and Miss Helen Forsyth. The story of the unfortunate marriage of Philippa Lafarge is told so tenderly and with such natural expression by Miss Lingard, that we at once sympathise with the wrongs of this unhappy young lady. The suave and sensual baronet, with his refined unscrupulousness and cold determination, is so admirably played by Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, that we are dangerously near forgiving the polished scoundrel for his many misdeeds. We can even find it in our hearts to overlook the extraordinary fatuity and folly of Dr. Basil North—

tragically interpreted by Mr. Maurice Barrymore, with sallow complexion and jet black eyebrows—who in order to show his passionate devotion to a charming and interesting young lady moves heaven and earth to make her wretched for evermore with a man he knows to be the most depraved, vicious, and heartless creature in existence. There is nice comedy with the young people, fine-character acting on the part of Mr. Beerbohn-Tree and Mr. Robert Pateman in all the scenes preliminary to the murder ; and the murder itself, done at midnight in a country road during a snowstorm, is so effective and striking that the play seems to be gaining interest at every stride. The circumstances of the murder must be familiar to all readers of the novel. The baronet is slain by a blackmailing ruffian, but Philippa Lafarge, who in a fit of delirium has wandered out into the snow in her nightdress, is detected by her lover, pistol in hand, glaring over the dead body of her hated oppressor. At this important point of the story, the murder having been done, the audience having seen it, and a mistake having occurred as to the actual murderer, there are naturally two courses open to the dramatist. First, the old-fashioned and always successful course of charging Philippa Lafarge with the crime, and plunging her into endless difficulties, as was done in *Jonathan Bradford, mutatis mutandis*, as was done in the *Silver King*, in *Taken From Life*, only recently in *Judgment*, and in thousands of successful dramas that could be easily cited. Or, secondly, the new-fangled course suggested by Mr. Hugh Conway of arresting the *right* man for the murder, placing him in the dock for a crime we all know he committed, and allowing the interest in the heroine Philippa to be solely contained in a side issue. We grant that the new plan is original ; whether it is serviceable for the drama is quite another question. The self-accusation and morbid psychology of the story, though extremely important in the book, are certainly not found so striking in the drama. There would have been nothing new in allowing Philippa to be charged on her own confession, and to have put her in the dock in the trial scene, until released by the conscience-stricken *witness*, who cannot endure her calm and innocent gaze ; but surely it would have been more dramatic than to enlist our sympathies for a murderer with whom no soul can sympathise, to carry on the interest at the trial through Dr. North,

who is from first to last a most uninteresting young person, and to bring Philippa madly rushing into court to tell a story which we all know is manifestly absurd, and will be blown to the winds in two minutes. Philippa is never for one second in danger, and on that account she and her assumed fancies cease to interest the spectator after the murder scene. Her mental torture is no doubt very harrowing, as expressed with such genuine power by Miss Lingard; but it would be twice as serviceable for the drama if Philippa had been in danger of death owing to a mistake, as other heroes and heroines have been times out of mind. There are only certain chords that can be possibly struck on the dramatic piano. Strike them falsely and they create a discord. The artists do all that is in their power to cover over what we still feel is a mistake in judgment started by Mr. Conway and inevitably followed by Mr. Carr. The acting of Miss Lingard is exceptionally fine. She has done nothing better in this country. She can be pathetic without staginess, and weird without rant. Her first description to her lover of her unhappy marriage is as delicate in its truth and tenderness, in its heart and humanity, as anything any student of acting would desire to see. The actress shows us a crushed, unfortunate, and lovable woman, the disconsolate victim of a bad and heartless man. By many a refined and gentle touch Miss Lingard shows how thoroughly she has entered into the nature of Philippa. Nor was it an easy task to suggest the feverish delirium of Philippa after the wild madness of Pauline Chester in *Called Back*. We have no ranting or noise here such as we might have had from an artist less skilled or conscientious, but a most interesting study, thoroughly well thought out, and illumined by the true art that is so rare on the modern stage. We wish for the sake of the part and the actress that Miss Lingard could have been allowed to stand the one white and pathetic figure in that lonely dock, innocence written on her brow, and a face as interesting as Beatrice Cenci, facing her accusers and destined to be saved by the righteousness of truth. That, indeed, would have been dramatic. That, indeed, would have wrung sympathy from all beholders, and would have served the actress better than rushing on and interrupting the proceedings of a solemn court. If Mr. Pateman, the representative of the real murderer, can exact pity by his haggard face and



MISS LINGARD.

(*DARK DAYS.*)



woe-begone expression, how much more a woman, the victim of circumstances, and unjustly accused! However, it was not to be, and Miss Lingard deserves all the more credit for her success under the trying circumstances of the play. The performance of Mr. Beerbohm-Tree will considerably advance his reputation. It is a very remarkable study, full of subtlety, and finished like an artist. It won universal favour from a distinguished and critical audience. Equally excellent, from another point of view, was the rough, horsey William Evans of Mr. Robert Pateman, an actor of strong force and character. The contrast between these two men was admirable. Mr. Maurice Barrymore is inclined to be unnecessarily tragic as Dr. North, and is too measured and sing-songy in his diction, but he played up well and firmly in the court scene, to the great advantage of the play. Miss Lydia Foote in a subordinate character was as delightful as ever, and Miss Forsyth promises well as a pretty *ingénue*. The Counsel for defence and prosecution were cleverly played by Mr. E. Maurice and Mr. Forbes Dawson, and the Judge of Mr. J. B. Durham was exceptionally good. Mr. Charles Sugden surpassed himself as a modern aristocrat: he has studied the "Chappies" and "Johnnies" of modern manner to the very life. He both lightens and brightens the play. Charming scenery has been painted by Mr. Walter Johnstone, Mr. Telbin, and Mr. Perkins, and the play has been mounted with lavish expense. The painted gauzes to hide the moving of scenery are ingenious, but not destined for a long life on the stage. They forcibly suggest stage waits, and make the audience restless instead of calm. When they are lowered we are always expecting someone to come on and say something. Complimentary calls for Mr. Carr, speeches from the author on the stage, and double calls for Mr. Russell and Mr. Bashford were the concluding events of an interesting evening.

X.

OCTOBER.

Mayfair.

At the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, on December 4, 1866, there was brought out a comedy, *La Maison Neuve*, by Victorien Sardou, in which the heroine was acted by Mdlle. Fargueil, to whom the author dedicated the published version of his play. The principal male characters were taken by MM. Felix, Parade, Desrieux, and Saint-Germain. No English version existed until that made by Mr. A. W. Pinero, and represented, under the title of *Mayfair*, at the St. James's Theatre, on the 31st of this month. The play is extremely Parisian in sentiment and treatment, and, when it had gone through the purification which most pieces of its class are subjected to before being presented to an English audience, it was found to be weak and uninteresting. The scene of Mr. Pinero's first act is laid at No. 3, Upper Voy Street, Bloomsbury, a comfortable but gloomy-looking house occupied by Mr. Nicholas Barrable, an elderly stock-broker, whose nephew, Geoffrey Roydant, with his wife, Agnes, live with him. A five years' partnership between the two men has just expired, and a little dinner party is to be celebrated in honour of the event, and to seal the bond of a fresh partnership, the agreement for which waits to be signed. Mrs. Roydant is tired of the quiet life in what Mr. Barrable terms the "healthy neighbourhood of the British Museum," and she is only too eager to spend the money which she fancies her husband will make by being, as he proposes, in business

on his own account. Geoffrey has bought and furnished a house in Mayfair for his wife as a birthday gift. His uncle turns a deaf ear to his proposal that it should be occupied, and he likewise gently but firmly refuses to give his assent to his nephew starting an office in the city with no partner. The young people are doggedly determined in their plans, so they rush off just at the dinner-hour to their new house in Mayfair (a proceeding in exceedingly bad taste and extremely un-English, be it noted), leaving kind-hearted old Barrable a hastily-written note telling him of their intentions. Although hurt beyond measure at their thoughtless behaviour, Mr. Barrable insists upon their vacant chairs being left in their old places, saying that Geoffrey and Agnes shall find a warm welcome whenever they return to him. The next two acts pass in Mr. and Mrs. Roydant's drawing-room in Plunkett Street, Mayfair. Mrs. Roydant, worn out with an endless round of balls, dinners, and other so-called gaieties is apathetic, and reduced to taking chloral as a means of sleep. Pestered by the attentions of Lord Sulgrave, she is too listless to heed his importunities until a chance discovery induces her to momentarily yield to temptation. Her husband has met with a certain adventuress, whose dressmaker's bills he foolishly discharges, sending her a cheque for a considerable sum when he is on the brink of financial ruin. This comes to the knowledge of Agnes Roydant, who promptly makes by letter an assignation with Lord Sulgrave. So we pass the fourth act. Mrs. Roydant, already repentant of her weakness in writing to her would-be lover, resolves to poison herself by taking an overdose of chloral. Just as she has poured the poison into a glass, Lord Sulgrave enters her room and implores her to fulfil her written promise to elope with him. She resists and he persists, until at length, overcome by the violence of the struggle, and the heat of the room, Sulgrave drinks the sleeping-draught, and falls on the floor apparently lifeless. This scene, it should be observed, is an important departure from the original, in which the lover is made intoxicated before he enters the room, as it is impossible to imagine any sober man, with all his senses roused by the violence of passion, being so easily and so suddenly rendered senseless by the drinking of a diluted sleeping-draught. To return to the plot, however. Roydant, who has gone in search of a defaulting clerk, comes home sooner than was expected and accom-

panied by a detective, who interrogates Mrs. Roydant, who has to strain her nerves and her ingenuity to the extreme verge in order to prevent Sulgrave's body from being discovered. This is, in itself, a powerful melodramatic situation, but in this instance it is overdrawn, and, consequently, not so effective as it might otherwise be. How Mrs. Roydant drags Lord Sulgrave to his own apartment and recovers her injudicious letter to him, and how Geoffrey and Agnes Roydant return to the roof of "Uncle Nick," need not be related here. It will be seen that the play is foreign to English ideas and sentiment. It is difficult to see how anyone can have sympathy for a man who neglects the advice of his good and experienced relation so that he may plunge headlong into ruin of his own making, nor can much pity be extended to a woman who only sees in her husband's wildness an excuse for her shame, or a man who insults his friend by making love to that friend's wife. The acting honours fell to Mr. John Hare, who presented an admirable portrait of Mr. Barrable. The other performances were not noteworthy.

XI.

NOVEMBER.

Alone in London.—Erminie.

Alone in London, the play by Mr. Robert Buchanan and Miss Harriett Jay, brought out at the Olympic Theatre on November 2, is a drama of an old-fashioned type, loosely put together. Some of the incidents are admirable, but the good ideas in the piece are swamped by the lack of stage-knowledge displayed throughout. And something too much was attempted in the matter of revolving scenery, although no one will deny the stirring effect of the scene in which the villain opens a Thames sluice-gate on his wife. Mr. Leonard Boyne made a hit as the good-hearted, honest mill-owner, who is rejected by the heroine, and Mr. Herbert Standing was excellent as the easy-going, smiling villain. Miss Amy Roselle, it need hardly be said, was intelligent, interesting, and pathetic as the heroine.

Erminie, a new comic opera in two acts, written by Claxton Bellamy and Harry Paulton, composed by Edward Jakobowski, and originally represented at Birmingham on October 26, secured a success in its production on the 9th of this month, at the Comedy Theatre. Originality in story or music is not a strong feature of the piece, but if novelty is wanting there are other merits in the production which call for hearty praise. The music is bright, spirited, and tuneful throughout, though not always arranged in the most judicious manner possible. As for the story, the two thieves, Ravannes and Cadeau—inimitably acted by Mr. Frank Wyatt and Mr. Harry Paulton—are simply those well-known robbers, Robert Macaire and Jacques Strop, in other names. These worthies rob a certain Vicomte de Brissac, bind the youth to a tree, and, arriving at the Marquis de Pontvert's château, Ravannes passes himself off as de Brissac, introduces his cowardly companion as "the Baron," and is betrothed to marry Erminie, de Pontvert's daughter. The two rascals stay at the château, where they have plenty of pockets to pick, until their trick is discovered, when they are secured and handed over to justice. Miss Florence St. John made a hit as the heroine, thanks to her agreeable acting no less than her sympathetic singing.

XII.

DECEMBER.

Faust.—The Harbour Lights.

The dramatic success of the year was achieved at the Lyceum Theatre, on December 19, when Henry Irving produced the version, by W. G. Wills, of Goethe's "Faust." That Mr. Irving should have succeeded in conquering the apparently insurmountable difficulty of placing this poem on the stage, in a poetic and yet dramatic spirit—that is to say, in adapting the work to the requirements of the theatre—is but another triumph of his art. Not even in Germany, much less in France or England, has anything approaching this beautiful production been hitherto accomplished. Gounod's delightful opera came nearest to preserving the original work of Goethe, to retaining its spirit and meaning, but the dramatisations have, for the most part, been quite inefficient. Even that master of stage-craft, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, saw the difficulties of attempting to dramatise the German work, and was forced to remodel the story when he brought out his play of *Gretchen*. He even went so far as to point out the apparent impossibility of such a work as that now completed by Mr. Irving, and was at great pains to explain the why and wherefore of failure in such an attempt. As an authority on the subject he quoted Schlegel, who says that "to represent the Faustus of Goethe, we must possess Faustus's magic staff, and his formulæ of conjuration." The same critic, it may be added, also observes that Goethe's work "purposely runs out in all directions beyond the dimensions of the theatre. In many scenes the action stands quite still, and they consist wholly of long soliloquies, or conversations, delineating Faustus's internal conditions and dispositions, and the development of his reflections on



Mr. HENRY IRVING.
(As MEPHISTOPHELES.)

the insufficiency of human knowledge, and the unsatisfactory lot of human nature; other scenes, although in themselves extremely ingenious and significant, nevertheless, in regard to the progress of the action, possess an incidental appearance. . . . Some scenes, full of the highest energy and overpowering pathos, for example, the murder of Valentine, and Margaret and Faustus in the dungeon, prove that the poet was a complete master of stage effect, and that he merely sacrificed it for the sake of more comprehensive views. He makes frequent demands upon the imagination of his readers; nay, he compels them, by way of background for his flying groups, to supply immense movable pictures such as no theatrical art is capable of bringing before the eye." So much for Schlegel, who is at great pains to prove what no one would dream of disputing, namely, the impossibility of representing in the theatre the whole of Goethe's tragedy as it is written. Obviously, such a task would be quite beyond accomplishment. The vital point in connection with this matter is the possibility, in adapting Goethe to the stage, of preserving the essence, the meaning of the original; and herein Mr. Irving, aided by Mr. Wills, has succeeded beyond all question. Even the most reverent lover of Goethe would surely be bound to admit that the tragedy has been transplanted from the study to the stage in a manner equally impressive, poetical, and highly effective. Mr. Irving has stated that it is his desire to draw attention, by this production, to Goethe's poem as it may be read. This object has certainly been obtained, and by admirable means. A tragedy, evidently never intended for the stage, has been so skilfully treated by dramatist and actor, that it becomes a drama of intense human interest, attractive alike to student and playgoer, to the bookworm and the patron of the stalls. All that was possible in the original has been retained, nothing incidental to the story has been omitted, while the adaptation has been clothed in a framework at once rich, grand, and singularly appropriate. And further, let it be said, the character of Margaret, thanks to a beautiful idea on the part of Mr. Irving or Mr. Wills, we know not which, and thanks also to the exquisite impersonation of Miss Ellen Terry, has been made more vivid and touching than heretofore. To have presented Goethe's tragedy at all is something to be proud of; to have presented it well is an achievement which will add renewed lustre and

renown to the name of Henry Irving and to that profession of which he rightly stands at the head. Mr. Wills has made his version in a prologue and five acts, and his arrangement of scenes is somewhat similar to that of the opera. He has done the work reverently and well, without any attempt at rhetoric splendour or elaborate speeches. He has frequently translated merely, while often the language is quite his own. Those who think that Mr. Wills might have given them some long, poetic speeches must remember the conditions of the theatre and the necessity, in a case like this, for keeping the pen well under control. The prologue opens with the meditative Faust in his study. Of course we have his suicidal hand stayed by the singing of the Easter hymn, the entry of Mephistopheles in the guise of a student through the fireplace, and his sending Faust to sleep while he commands the mice to gnaw away the pentagram which bars his egress. Then we have his return, when we see him gaily apparelled in red, with his "cock's feather proud" sticking in his cap. The interview of Mephistopheles, disguised as Faust, with the wandering student, the signing of the bond with blood, and the departure of Mephistopheles and Faust through the roof, are incidents which are all carefully presented. It is not until the second scene of the prologue that we get any departure from the arrangement of the original. The scene takes place outside a church where the good folk of Nuremburg may be observed attending to their devotions, while Frosch and his noisy companions indulge in drink. The latter is a reminiscence of the "Auerbach's Cellar" scene of the original, and is not, it must be confessed, of any great assistance to the development of the story. The action proceeds once more when the flaxen-haired Margaret is returning from church. Faust, struck by her beauty, offers to escort her home, but the maiden gently repulses him. Margaret's "neat and clean room," her discovery of the casket of jewels left in her press by Mephistopheles, the latter's lament at the jewels being appropriated by "Mother Church," the Evil One's lie to Martha about her husband, and the well-known scene between Faust and Margaret and Mephistopheles and Martha in the latter's garden, make up the first act. Dramatically, the third act is by far the strongest of any. It takes place in what is modestly called in the bill a "street by church." At one side, and occupying about half of the stage at the back, is seen part

of the outside of a church, with the statue of the Mater Dolorosa in a niche at the corner, and the well where the gossips congregate in front, the other side showing the exterior of Margaret's house. The soldiers have just returned from the wars, and are seen on their entry to the city, welcomed by their friends and companions. The women at the well have related the story of the shame of their neighbour, Hannah; the air is filled with the gloom of some impending calamity. Valentine soon appears, and, catching sight of Faust, the duel between the brother and the seducer quickly ensues. It ends, as we all know, with the body of Valentine, wounded to death, left at his sister's door. The citizens are alarmed, and in their rush, a soldier or two among them, forming a wonderfully picturesque group, while in the dim uncertain light of a few torches, Valentine accuses Margaret of her shame. How some of the onlookers loathe the woman, how others seem ready to tear her to pieces! The murdered Valentine is carried indoors, the crowd slowly disperses, and Margaret is left to bear the scornful looks of the virtuous Bessy and her companions. Her hands piteously clasp the foot of the statue of the Virgin, the while she herself stands like a marble figure staring into vacancy at the loss of all hope and sympathy. But one drop of comfort in this bitter hour is at hand, for one of those friends of her girlhood pities her and kisses her as she goes into church. This touch of human nature, to whoever it may belong, is a beautiful idea, and is likely to be remembered as the most pathetic incident in this sadly beautiful play. Margaret bursts into tears at her neighbour's kiss, and she also enters the church. But not, alas! to find consolation, for at her side stands the Evil One dinging into her ears the contrast between her present and her former state until the forlorn creature can no longer sustain her spirit, and falls fainting into the arms of the friend who had just embraced her. The Brocken scene occupies the fourth act. In this, Mephistopheles and Faust are seen on the top of the storm-riven mountain, and here the witches come to seek the Evil One. Never before has such a weird, fantastic, thrilling exhibition of the supernatural been presented on the stage. Here, amidst hail and rain, thunder and lightning, the witches wind their way around and about to a fearful chant, and in so strange and undefinable a manner that the eye utterly fails to follow their footsteps and the

mind to grasp whither they come from and where to they disappear. They quite bewilder and startle the sense; they awe the mind, glamour and enchain the attention, and lead the spectator quite out of himself into the realms of the other world. The rugged rocks are covered with these wild spirits at one moment, and in a single instant, at the command of Mephistopheles, they are deserted, but how the disappearance of the witches is effected cannot be described. The scene is so short that the spectator has no time for speculation; when it has ended amidst a shower of gold, and the rocks pierced through and through with a brilliancy as of forked lightning, the audience is left breathless with astonishment. Nothing like it has ever been seen on the spectacular stage, and this act alone would be enough to secure the success of the production had it no other merits than this marvellous display. In this scene, be it added, Faust sees the vision of the gibbeted figures and of Margaret. The last act of this great tragedy takes place, as in Goethe, in the dungeon where Margaret, condemned to death for the murder of her babe, is visited by Faust in his fruitless effort to save her. Margaret, terrified at the approach of Mephistopheles, flings herself for succour at the feet of the Cross, and as the Evil One hurries Faust away with his terrible "Hither, to me," a voice from above tells us that the poor suffering soul of Margaret is saved, and the drama draws to a close with a picture of a flight of angels, with outstretched wings, waiting to receive the erring one in their arms. It will be observed that in this production Mr. Irving has not lost the opportunity for scenic effect. But he has done something more than to provide a pictorially beautiful presentation of the tragedy. This representation appeals not only to the eye, but to the mind and the heart. While the philosophy of the original has not been neglected, the character of Margaret has been made more prominent and touching than in the German. This advantage is due, primarily, to the actress of the part, but also to the dramatist. The harmony of colour displayed in Mr. W. Telbin's picture of St. Lorenz-platz in the prologue, the beauty of Mr. Hawes Craven's bird's-eye view of Nuremberg and of his two garden scenes, and stage-management of the crowd surrounding Valentine at his death, and the terrific grandeur of the scene at the summit of the Brocken are one and all deserving of the highest praise in their way,

but they pale before the distraught figure of Margaret and the story of her love, her woe, and her salvation. The Mephistopheles of Mr. Irving is one of his finest performances. Its predominant characteristic is humour, but it is a grim, weird, alluring humours tragic in its intensity and deep, fateful meaning. The enemy of mankind, as portrayed by Mr. Irving, is a gloating, fascinating monster who holds his victims in an iron grasp, and smiles as he watches their misery. There is no other word but devilish to express the dull, unnatural smile which plays over his countenance in the scene in the prologue where Mephistopheles, disguised in Faust's robe, bewilders the poor student who comes to visit the learned doctor. Then, for pure power, the power of more than mortal man, takes his speech in Margaret's garden, when he forbids Faust to unite himself to Margaret. The tragic import of this speech, as it is delivered by M. Irving is, indeed, terrible, but, also, it is entralling. And the fiendish chuckle at the end of this act, when Mephistopheles exults at the impending downfall of Margaret, is a bold and striking example of the superb effect which may be obtained by the matured art of an actor of extraordinary intelligence, and great, flashing force. The Brocken scene, where nearly all is pure pantomime so far as Mephistopheles is concerned, is an instance of the hold which an actor can take upon his audience by means of his personality, gesture, and facial expression. Let it not be thought that Mr. Irving is great only in the parts of his performance on which I have touched. The entire impersonation is consistent, and it is marked by an ease and a certain grace of movement obtainable only by a complete mastery of the character. No other actor has ever given so grim and so grand, so perfect an embodiment of this extraordinary character—if Mephistopheles can, indeed, be classed as a "character" in the ordinary meaning of the word as applied to stage parts. The Margaret of Miss Ellen Terry is a tender, sadly-sweet, plaintive, and extremely lovely impersonation. In the prologue, she admirably pictures the innocent girlishness of the maiden on her way home from church and her unaffected, gentle repulse of Faust when he first addresses her. In the scene in Margaret's chamber, the "neat and clean" room which excites the admiration of Mephistopheles, her utter abandonment of herself in the character, makes a delicate scene

one of delight. Margaret's joy at the discovery of Faust's love, in the famous garden scene, and her impulsive kissing of his hand and then running away, form a true and pathetic, although an exceedingly pretty picture, of the trustfulness of deep, pure, and all-absorbing love. The stony and despairing anguish of Margaret after her brother's accusation, and her demented condition in the dungeon, are also beautifully treated by Miss Terry. The entire impersonation is fraught with rare loveliness. It is an illustrious example of the genius of this singularly gifted actress, and it sustains her position in the very first rank of art. Higher praise than this cannot be accorded to the Margaret of Ellen Terry. To this account of the Lyceum *Faust*, a note on former plays which owe their origin to Goethe's work, may be here appended. *Faust* was first presented at the Brunswick Hoftheater on January 19, 1829, the version being made by August Klingemann, the director of the theatre. The second version produced was made by Ludwig Tieck, and acted at Dresden on August 27, 1829. The play was acted in German, under the direction of Mr. Mitchell, on June 27, 1852, with Emile Dévrient as Faust, Herr Kuehn as Mephisto, and Fräulein Schafer as Margaret. A French version, by M. Michael Carré, was acted at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, on August 19, 1850. This was a workmanlike construction, in which philosophy was discarded, and a good theatrical play secured. This version was worked upon by Charles Kean for his production on April 19, 1854, at the Princess's Theatre, of the "magical drama" of *Faust and Marguerite*. Opinions differed as to the moral and religious tendencies of this singular drama, some objectors wondering how it passed the censorship of the Lord Chamberlain, and loudly questioning the orthodoxy of the conclusion: yet "the public," it is recorded, "flocked in crowds to see a beautiful and original exhibition." Mephistopheles was one of Charles Kean's finest performances. M. Carré's play formed the basis of Gounod's opera, and when this was represented simultaneously in London—at Her Majesty's Theatre and at Covent Garden—in July, 1863, it was presented at one house from a material point of view, at the other from a spiritual standpoint, a somewhat singular proceeding. At her Majesty's, Mdlle. Titien charmingly represented the outline of a real and artless village girl, who "plunges



MISS ELLEN TERRY.

(As MARGARET.)



substantially into an abyss of love, and, with the help of Signor Giuglini, brings out, in the garden scene, the whole material and sensuous charm of the music." At Covent Garden, Mdme. Miolan-Carvalho, who was instructed by M. Gounod himself in the part of Margaret, and for whom its music was written, represented not so much the girl as the girl's soul. And this she did, to a great extent, by means of outward show. Until Margaret's fall, she walked in pure white, the idealisation of the character being strongly marked by the contrast between her costume and the gayer attire of the other girls. Betrayed and forsaken, her virgin-white was changed to grey. After the death of Valentine, she entered the cathedral attired in a dress as black as pitch, no white showing, save when Margaret lifts her arms in supplication to heaven, when great white sleeves, like wings, were to be observed about the arms. In the dungeon, she again wore a grey dress, lined with white, and, finally ascended to the celestial regions clothed in nothing but stainless white. Such an " indication of character " as this would probably be deemed superfluous now. Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Gretchen* was brought out at the Olympic Theatre, on March 24, 1879. This, as already stated, was a reconstruction of Goethe's story. Mr. H. B. Conway was the Faust, Mr. Frank Archer the Mephisto, Miss Marion Terry the heroine, and Mrs. Bernard-Beere, as Lisa, had a part of fair prominence.

The Harbour Lights, a five-act drama by George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt, was produced on December 23 at the Adelphi Theatre, where it is still running. This is decidedly one of the best and most effective plays that has been brought out at the Adelphi in recent years. The story is interesting, and abounding in touches of human nature, both pathetic and humorous, while the construction is singularly neat and ingenious. The scene on the deck of H.M.S. Britannic is as lively and stirring a picture as need be, while the rescue of the heroine is as powerful a dramatic situation as any modern melodrama. *The Harbour Lights*, in fact, is all that an Adelphi melodrama should be—a strong, touching play, excellently placed on the stage, and admirably acted. The outline of the story is as follows:—The first act opens at Redcliffe-on-the-Sea, where lads and lasses, mothers, wives, and sweethearts are on the look-out for the boats which are hourly expected to bring ashore the crew of H.M.S. Britannic. One of the girls who is looking

out for her lover is Dora Vane, the adopted daughter of a retired officer, Captain Nelson. She and young Lieutenant Kingsley were boy and girl together, and the pair have been separated for two years. She is more than usually lonely to-day, for Lina Nelson, her sister in all but name, has been spirited away to London, ostensibly as a governess, but in reality she has been betrayed and deserted by the gay young squire, Frank Morland, a gambler and a reckless spendthrift. Morland is on his last legs, he knows not where to turn for money, until, learning that Dora Vane is the heiress to twenty thousand pounds, he determines to marry her, and have her money by fair means or foul. His plans are, however, frustrated by the arrival of David Kingsley, who promptly comes to the point with Dora, proposes to her, and is accepted, so that when Frank Morland asks for her hand he finds himself late in the field, and his suit is consequently rejected. The second act takes us to the interior of Nelson's cottage, where Lina returns, determined to demand and obtain reparation from Squire Morland, or to end her life, and for the latter purpose she secretes in her dress a loaded pistol. Her father has gone to London in search of her, and when Dora learns that Lina has gone to the Hall at night to endeavour to see Morland, she resolves to follow her. This falls out well with Morland's plans, for he has contrived to send his servants away in the night in the hope of having, by means of an artfully-worded note, Dora Vane alone in the house with him. The second scene of this act takes place at the Hall, where Lina Nelson arrives, and, meeting with only hard words from the man who had wronged her, attempts to fire the pistol, but this attempt is frustrated by Morland, who snatches the weapon from her, and places it on a table by the window. Just at this moment, Mark Helstone, a sea-faring man, who had gone to the bad through losing Lina Nelson, and had sworn to kill her seducer, is seen in the garden. The squire forces Lina into a room, and Helstone enters and demands to know who was with him. Morland denies that it was Lina Nelson, and as Dora Vane arrives at that moment he says that she was the woman, and so Helstone is apparently satisfied at the explanation, and goes away, to return, however, and hide himself behind a curtain. A powerful scene then occurs between Morland and Dora, in which the former declares his passion for the girl, and avers that she shall not leave



MR. WILLIAM TERRISS AND MISS MILLWARD.
(*THE HARBOUR LIGHTS.*)



MR. FRED. LESLIE.
(LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD.)

ENGRAVED FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC
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his house that night. Just in the nick of time Kingsley rushes in, saves Dora, and carries her off. Mark Helstone, who has then learned that Morland was Lina's betrayer, shoots him dead. One scoundrel being thus put out of the way, a prominent place is given to another, the late squire's cousin, Nicholas Morland, who hates Kingsley, and seeks to disgrace him. He causes a warrant to be issued for his arrest on the charge of murder—for it is known that Kingsley was at the Hall on the night of the crime—and, as he finds out that the murder was committed by Helstone, he bribes the unfortunate man to leave the country in order that there may be no evidence in Kingsley's favour. The warrant, however, does not arrive in time, for Lieutenant Kingsley has been suddenly ordered away with his ship on active service. Nevertheless, Nicholas Morland determines to hunt Kingsley down, so he pursues him to the deck of the "Britannic"—and there sneers at him for having married a woman whom he falsely says is dishonoured, and also makes the accusation of the murder. Kingsley, naturally maddened at such a charge, and at the idea of leaving his newly-married wife at the mercy of such a wretch as Morland, begs in vain for leave of absence, when, as the signal for clearing the ship of strangers is sounded, an order to a home appointment arrives, and he is free to stay on shore and protect his wife. In the fourth act we are shown the interior of Helstone's cottage, whither Mark has borne Lina after the terrible scene at the Hall, and where she has lain delirious for some hours, and has stated in her ravings that it was she who shot the Squire. Helstone's mother, enraged at the wreck which the girl has made of her son's life, informs the police that Lina is the murderer. Helstone hears of this, and endeavours to take Lina away, but Kingsley appears and prevents this. Then occurs the great scene of the play. Lina, in endeavouring to escape, has fallen from an under path of the cliff on to the rock below, and is in imminent danger of being washed away. Kingsley determines to save her, and descends the cliff. We see him at the commencement of his perilous descent, and then, by a clever mechanical change, we see him descending to the rocks, and ultimately reaching Lina. But more troubles are in store for Kingsley and Lina, as the tide is rapidly rising and there appears to be no hope of their being saved, when up comes

the lifeboat, and a very powerful and effective scene is brought to a capital climax. The last act, of course, is devoted to clearing the charge against Kingsley and his wife, while the villain, Morland, is proved to have been an accessory after the fact to the murder of his cousin, and the drama ends in honest fashion with virtue rewarded and villiany properly punished. There never was a better hero for this kind of play than Mr. Terriss, who looks the handsome young lieutenant to the life, and is always active, easy, and vigorous. The two heroines are agreeably impersonated by Miss Mary Rorke and Miss Millward. A hit was made by a new comer to the Adelphi, Mr. Percy Lyndal, who acts the scene between Frank Morland and Lina Nelson at the Hall with warmth and extreme naturalness, uncommon qualities in a young actor. That excellent comedian, Mr. E. W. Garden, has a congenial part in the play.

Record should be made in these pages of *Little Jack Sheppard*, a burlesque of uncommon brightness and far above the average work of its class, written by H. P. Stephens and W. Yardley, and successfully brought out at the Gaiety Theatre, on the 26th of this month. The ever-young Miss Farren acted Jack Sheppard with her accustomed spirit, Mr. David James was the most amusing Blue-skin imaginable, and Mr. Fred Leslie made a well-deserved hit as Jonathan Wild.

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20th. Prince's. First Performance.

PRINCESS GEORGE.

Drama, in Three Acts, adapted by C. F. COGHLAN from the French of ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the younger.

Prince de Birac	Mr. Coghlhan
Count de Terrémonde	{ Mr. C. W. Somerset.
Galanson	Mr. F. Everill.
Cervié	Mr. Dalzell.
The Baron	Mr. H. Crisp.
De Fondette	Mr. J. Carne.
Victor	Mr. Smedley.
Séverine	Mrs. Langtry.
Sylvanie	Miss Amy Roselle.
Madame de Perigny	{ Mrs. John Billington.
The Baroness	Miss H. Matthews.
Valentine de Brandremont	{ Miss Kate Pattison.
Berthe	Miss A. Rose.
Rosalie	Miss Rosina Filipi.

21st. Olympic. First Performance in London.

IN HIS POWER.

Original Drama, in Three Acts, by MARK QUINTON.

Hubert Graham	Mr. Kyrie Bellew.
Dr. Cameron	Mr. J. G. Grahame.
Mr. Walker	Mr. W. T. Elworthy.
René	Mr. Mark Quinton.
Eugène Scara	{ Mr. Charles Cartwright.
Johnson	Mr. G. Hodson.
Mrs. Walker	{ Miss Lizzie Claremont.
Marie Graham	{ Miss Ada Cavendish

24th. St James's. Revival.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Shakespeare's Comedy, in Five Acts.

Duke	Mr. J. F. Young.
Frederick	Mr. Denison.
Amiens	Mr. Joseph Tapley.
Jacques	{ Mr. Hermann Vezin.

First Lord	Mr. Brandon
Second Lord	Thomas.
Le Beau	{ Mr. Lovell.
Charles	Mr. E. Hamilton
Oliver	Bell.
Jaques	Mr. H. Vernon.
Orlando	Mr. Waring.
Adam	Mr. F. M. Paget.
Dennis	Mr. Kendal.
Touchstone	Mr. Maclean.
Sir Oliver Martext	Mr. Vivian.
Corin	Mr. Hare.
Sylvius	Mr. Myers.
William	Mr. Cathcart.
Rosalind	Mr. F. Rodney.
Celia	Mr. Hendrie.
Phæbe	Mrs. Kendal.
Audrey	Miss Linda Dietz.
	Miss Webster.
	Miss Lea.

28th. Court. First Performance.

THE OPAL RING.

A Play, in Two Acts, adapted by G. W. GODFREY from the French of Octave Feuillet.

Sir George Carteret	Mr. John Clayton.
Lord Henry Tober	Mr. Arthur Cecil.
Harold Rivers	M. H. B. Conway.
Lady Carteret	Miss Marion Terry.
Mrs. Rivers	Miss Lydia Foote.
Wilson	Miss Lucy Roche.

FEBRUARY.

10th. Prince's. Revival.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Sheridan's Comedy, in Five Acts.

Sir Peter Teazle	Mr. W. Farren.
Sir Oliver Surface	Mr. F. Everill.
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Mr. Lin Rayne.
Joseph Surface	{ Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree.
Charles Surface	Mr. Coghlhan.
Crabtree	Mr. A. Wood.
Carless	Mr. E. Smedley.
Rowley	Mr. H. Crisp.
Moses	Mr. E. Lyons.
Snake	{ Mr. Courtney Thorpe.
Trip	Mr. J. Carne.

Sir Harry Bumper ...	Mr. Dalzell.
Sir Toby ...	Mr. Dorrell.
Servant to Joseph ...	Mr. Weathersby.
Lady Teazle ...	Mrs. Langtry.
Mrs. Candour ...	{ Mrs. Arthur Stir-
	ling.
Lady Sneerwell ...	Miss Kate Pattison.
Maria ...	Miss Eva Sothern.

21st. Court. Revival.

THE DENHAMS.

Comedy, in Four Acts, adapted by
JAMES ALBERY.

Mr. Denham ...	Mr. Edward Price.
Fawley Denham ...	Mr. H. B. Conway.
The Rev. Lord	
William Whitehead	{ Mr. Arthur Cecil.
John Goring ...	Mr. John Clayton.
Grandison ...	Mr. Albert Sims.
Freeman ...	Mr. Burnley.
Mrs. Denham ...	Mrs. John Wood.
Blanche Denham ...	Miss Norreys.
Mrs. Goring ...	Miss Lydia Foote.
Haidée Burnside ...	Miss Marion Terry.

24th. Lyceum. Revival.

THE HUNCHBACK.

Sheridan Knowles' Play, in Five Acts.

Master Walter ...	Mr. Arthur Stirling.
Sir Thomas Clifford	Mr. William Terriss.
Lord Tinsel ...	Mr. Arthur Lewis.
Master Wilfrid ...	Mr. J. Anderson.
Modus ...	{ Mr. Herbert Stand-
	ing.
Master Heartwell ...	Mr. George Warde.
Gaylove ...	Mr. R. De-Cordova.
Fathom ...	Mr. F. W. Irish.
Thomas ...	Mr. Dwyer.
Stephen ...	Mr. Black.
Williams ...	Mr. Gillespie.
Simpson ...	Mr. Galliford.
Holdwell ...	Mr. Lintott.
Waiter ...	Mr. W. Russell.
Helen ...	{ Miss Bella Pate-
	man.
Julia ...	{ Miss Mary Ander-
	son.

26th. Princess's. First Performance.

JUNIUS; or, the HOUSEHOLD GODS.
Play in Five Acts. by the late LORD
LYTTON.

Lucius Junius ...	Mr. Wilson Barrett.
Lucretia ...	Miss Eastlake
Sextus Tarquin ...	Mr. E. S. Willard.
Aruns Tarquin ...	Mr. Neville Doone.
Valerius ...	Mr. H. Evans.
Papinius ...	Mr. C. Fulton.

Titus ...	Mr. H. Besley.
Lucius ...	Mr. C. Burleigh
Servant to Joseph ...	{ Mr. Walter Speak-
Lady Teazle ...	man.
Mrs. Candour ...	{ Mr. Charles Hud-
	son.
Lady Sneerwell ...	Mr. John Dewhurst.
Maria ...	Mr. Clifford Cooper.
Collatinus ...	Mr. Bernard Gould.
Slave to Lucretia ...	Mr. W. A. Elliott.
Female Slave ...	Miss Mary Dickens.
The Sibyl ...	Miss M. Leighton.

26th. Princess's. First Performance.

THE COLOUR-SERGEANT.

Drama, in One Act, by BRANDON
THOMAS.

William Honor ...	Mr. John Dewhurst.
Henry Havelock	{ Mr. C. Fulton.
Honor ...	
Charlie Tucker ...	Mr. H. Bernage.
Bob Atkins ...	Mr. George Barrett.
Nelly ...	Miss Mary Dickens.

28th. Haymarket. Farewell Revival.

MASKS AND FACES.

Comedy, in Three Acts, by CHARLES
READE and TOM TAYLOR.

Sir Charles	{ Mr. Forbes-Robert-
Pomander ...	son.
Ernest Vane ...	Mr. M. Barrymore.
James Quin ...	Mr. E. Maurice.
Colley Cibber ...	Mr. C. Brookfield.
Mr. Soaper ...	Mr. F. Wyatt.
Mr. Snarl ...	Mr. H. Kemble.
Triplet ...	Mr. Bancroft.
Lysimachus ...	Miss Kate Grattan.
James Burdock ...	Mr. Perceval Clark.
Colander ...	Mr. C. Eaton.
Hundson ...	Mr. York.
Peg Woffington (for the last times) ...	{ Mrs. Bancroft.
Mabel Vane ...	Miss Calhoun.
Kitty Clive ...	Miss M. Williamson.
Mrs. Triplet ...	Miss M. Johnstone.
Roxalana ...	Miss Mabel Grattan.

MARCH.

14th. Savoy. First Performance.

THE MIKADO; or, THE TOWN OF
TITIPU.New and Original Japanese Opera, in
Two Acts, written by W. S. GILBERT,
composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.The Mikado ... Mr. R. Temple.
Nanki-Poo ... Mr. Durward Lely.

Ko-Ko	Mr. Geo. Grossmith
Pooh-Bah	Mr. R. Barrington.
Pish-Tush	Mr. F. Bovill.
Yum-Yum	Miss L. Braham.
Pitti-Sing	Miss Jessie Bond.
Peep-Bo	Miss Sybil Grey.
Katisha	Miss. R. Brandram.

21st. Court. First Performance.

THE MAGISTRATE.

Original Farce, in Three Acts, by
A. W. PINERO.

Mr. Posket	Mr. Arthur Cecil.
Mr. Bullamy	Mr. Fred Cape.
Colonel Lukyn	Mr. John Clayton.
Capt. Horace Vale	Mr. F. Kerr.
Cis Farringdon	Mr. H. Eversfield.
Achille Blond	Mr. Chevalier.
Isodore	Mr. Deane.
Mr. Wormington	Mr. Gilbert Trent.
Inspector Messiter	Mr. Albert Sims.
Sergeant Lugg	Mr. Lugg.
Constable Harris	Mr. Burnley.
Wyke	Mr. Fayre.
Agatha Posket	Mrs. John Wood.
Charlotte	Miss Marion Terry.
Beatic Tomlinson	Miss Norreys.
Popham	Miss La Coste.

APRIL.

1st. Vaudeville. First Performance.

UNDER FIRE.

Play, in Four Acts, by WESTLAND
MARSTON.

Guy Morton	Mr. Thos. Thorne.
Wynford Ormsby	Mr. Chas. Sugden.
Charles Wolverley	Mr. Frank Archer.
Hon. Claude Doyle	Mr. Yorke Stephens
M. Bellecourville	Mr. Fred. Thorne.
Watson	Mr. Austin.
Perkins	Mr. Powell.
Lady Fareham	Miss Amy Roselle.
Caroline Fareham	Miss Cissy Grahame
Miss Amaranth	Miss Le Thiére.
Miss Louisa Lin-	Miss Kate Phillips.
wood	
Mrs. Naylor	Mrs. Canninge.

4th. Adelphi. First Performance.

THE LAST CHANCE.

Original Drama, in Five Acts, by GEORGE
R. SIMS.

Frank Daryll	Mr. Charles Warner
James Barton	Mr. Jas. Fernandez.

Richard Daryll	Mr. George Warde.
Rupert Lisle	Mr. Charles Glenney
Christmas Day	Mr. E. W. Garden.
Lawyer West	Mr. J. G. Shore.
Bob Rawlings	Mr. Sidney Howard
Karasoff	Mr. J. D. Beyeridge.
Johnson	Mr. H. Cooper.
Dietrich	Mr. E. A. Anson.
Picto	Mr. E. Travers.
Detective Officer	Mr. E. R. Fitzdavis.
Marion Lisle	Miss Louise Moodie
Mary Barton	Miss Mary Rorke.
Nelly Peters	Miss Nelly Lyons.
Mrs. Peters	Mrs. H. Leigh.
Mrs. No. 22	Miss H. Coveney.
Mrs. Daryll	Miss Ellen Cowle.
Mrs. Moriarty	Mrs. John Carter.
Madame Picot	Miss Mary Harlowe

6th. Prince's. Revival.

PERIL.

Play, in Five Acts, adapted by B. C.
STEPHENSON and CLEMENT SCOTT, from
Sardou's "Nos Intimes."

Sir George Ormond,	} Mr. Joseph Carne.
Bart.	
Sir Woodbine Graf	} Mr. H. Beerbohm- ton, K.C.S.I.
Percy Grafton	} Tree.
Dr. Thornton	
Captain Bradford	} Mr. H. Grattan.
Mr. Crossley Beck	
Meadows	} Mr. F. Everill.
Kemp	
Lucy Ormond	} Mr. Coghlan.
Mrs. Crossley Beck	
Sophie	} Mr. H. Crisp.
Lady Ormond	

6th. Opera Comique. First Performance.

THE EXCURSION TRAIN.

Farcical Comedy, in Three Acts, adapted
from the French.

Aristides Cassegrain	Mr. David Jones.
Ben Briskett	Mr. W. Lestocq.
Narcisse Duval	Mr. E. W. Gardiner
Pompac	Mr. W. Scott Buist.
Loris	Mr. S. Herbert.
Bouchon	Mr. Leslie Corcoran
Ravioli	Mr. C. A. Smily.
Bambinello	Mr. F. W. Irish.
Tancred	Mr. Cecil Rayne.
Agatha	Miss Cicely Richards.
Madame Pinchard	Miss Roberta Erskine.
Virginia	Miss Lucy Buckstone.
Ophelia	Miss Helen Forsyth

16th. Vaudeville. First Performance.

OPEN HOUSE.

Original Farcical Comedy, in Three Acts,
by HENRY J. BRYON.

Jack Alabaster	Mr. Thos. Thorne.
Mr. Drinkwater	Mr. William Farren
Mr. Cayley	Mr. Yorke Stephens
Dormer	Mr. J. R. Crawford.
Joseph	Mr. Wheatman.
Mrs. Cayley	Miss Cavalier.
Myra.	Miss Cissy Crahamé
Mrs. Penthouse	Mrs. Canninge
Timpson	Miss Kate Phillips.

25th. Haymarket. Farewell Revival.

OURS.

Comedy, in Three Acts, by T. W.
ROBERTSON.

Prince Perovsky	Mr. C. Brookfield.
Col. Sir Alexander	{ Mr. H. Kemble.
Shendry	Shendry ...
Angus MacAlister	{ Mr. Maurice Barry-
Hugh Chalcot (for the last times)	more. Mr. Bancroft.
Captain Sumprey	Mr. C. Eaton.
Sergeant Jones	Mr. E. Maurice.
Houghton..	Mr. York.
Lady Shendry	Miss M. A. Victor.
Blanche Haye..	Miss Calhoun.
Mary Netley (for the last times)	Mrs. Bancroft.

29th. Comedy. First Performance.

BAD BOYS.

Comedy, in Three Acts, being the English
version of "Clara Soleil."

Colonel Hornblower	Mons. C. D. Marius
Oscar Meadow	Mr. Carton.
Charles Chickweed..	Mr. Arthur Roberts
Laura Chickweed	Miss Tilbury.
Claude Basevey	Mr. Edward Rose.
Edith Basevey..	Miss Minnie Bell.
Nelly Nightingale	{ Miss Violet Cameron.
Stefano Ravioli	Mr. Collini.
Mrs. Gay..	{ Miss Lizzie Clare- mont.
Mr. Horace Spalding	Mr. Compton.
Mary Meek	Miss Clara Graham

MAY.

7th (Afternoon). Olympic. First Performance.

THE GREAT PINK PEARL.

Original Play, in Three Acts, by R. C.
CARTON and CECIL RALEIGH.

Prince Paul Penin- koff	M. Marius.
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Count Serge-Kero- nine	{ Mr. A. M. Denison-
Anthony Sheen	Mr. G. Giddens.
Patruccio Gormani	Mr. C. Groves.
Valoviteh..	Mr. S. Caffrey.
Albert	Mr. Hamilton Bell.
Lillicarp..	Mr. S. Harcourt.
Ivan...	Mr. Barton.
Watson, P.C., L.Y.	{ Mr. H. Parry.
195..	195. ...
Gendarme..	Mr. N. Strathmore.
Princess Peninkoff..	Miss Compton
Mary Turner	{ Miss Gabrielle Goldney.
Jessie.	Miss Clara Jecks.
Mrs. Sharpus	{ Miss Lizzie Clare- mont.

19th (Afternoon). Strand. First Performance.

THE SILVER SHIELD.

Original Comedy, in Three Acts, by
SIDNEY GRUNDY.

Sir Humphrey Chet- wynd	{ Mr. John Beau- wynd ... champ.
Dr. Dionysius Dozey	{ Mr. Rutland Bar- rington.
Tom Potter	Mr. Arthur Dacre.
Ned Chetwynd	Mr. W. Herbert.
Mr. Dodson Dick...	Mr. Charles Groves
Alma Blake	Miss Amy Roselle.
Mrs. Dozey	Mrs. Leigh Murray.
Susan.	Miss Julia Roselle.
Wilson	{ Miss Florence Lavender.
Lucy Preston..	Miss Kate Rorke.

27th. Lyceum. Revival.

OLIVIA.

Play, in Four Acts, by W. G. WILLS.

Dr. Primrose	Mr. Henry Irving.
Moses..	Mr. Norman Forbes.
Dick...	Miss F. Holland.
Bill ...	Miss M. Holland.
Mr. Burchell	Mr. T. N. Wenman.
Squire Thornhill	Mr. W. Terriss.
Leigh ...	Mr. F. Tyars.
Farmer Flam- borough..	{ Mr. H. Howe.
Mrs. Primrose..	Miss L. Payne.
Olivia	{ Miss Ellen Terry.
Sophia	{ Miss Winifred Emery.
Polly Flamborough	Miss Coleridge.
Phæbe	Miss Mills.
Gipsy Woman..	Miss Barnett.

JUNE.

15th. Drury Lane.	{ First Performance in London.
A TRUE STORY TOLD IN TWO CITIES.	
Drama, in Five Acts and Twelve Tableaux, by ELLIOT GALER.	
Lord Cholmondeley...	{ Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Hon. Capt. Reginald Melton...	Mr. William Herbert.
Hon. Frederick Melton ..	{ Mr. W. H. Day.
John Sternhold ...	Mr. J. H. Clyndes.
Rupert Sternhold ...	Mr. C. H. Kenney.
Josiah Faithful ...	Mr. Reuben Inch.
Jack Smithers ...	Mr. Harry Jackson.
Sam Smithers ...	Mr. Harry Nicholls
Sergeant Holdfast...	Mr. Arthur Yates.
Workhouse Official	{ Mr. Arthur du Pasquier.
Dr. Leicester ...	Mr. J. W. Poole.
The Count Von Lange ...	{ Mr. Henry Elmore
German Officer ...	{ Mr. Archibald Graysdale.
Alphonse ...	Mr. T. B. Hall.
Little Walter...	{ Miss Gertrude Fisher.
Little Maude ...	Miss Maude Fisher.
Lady Vere ...	{ Miss Lizzie Claremont.
Edith Vere ...	Miss Fanny Brough
Hon. Mabel Cholmondley ...	{ Miss Emily Duncan
Polly Smithers ...	Miss Amy McNeill.
Madame Michel ...	Miss Minnie Inch.
Workhouse Nurse ...	Miss Nelly Bennett

22nd (Afternoon). Prince's. First Performance.
GRINGOIRE.

Play, in One Act, adapted by W. G. WILLS, from the French of THEODORE DE BANVILLE.

Louis XI...	{ Mr. Richard Mansfield.
Pierre Gringoire ...	Mr. Norman Forbes.
Oliver ...	Mr. J. Archer.
Simon Fournier ...	Mr. Hal Louther.
Susan Audry ...	Miss Lea.
Louise ...	Miss Dorothy Dene.

JULY.

1st (Afternoon). Strand. First Performance.
ON 'CHANGE; OR, THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER.

Farcical Comedy, in Four Acts, adapted from the German of VON MOSER.

James Burnett... Mr. William Farren

Professor Peck..	... Mr. Felix Morris.
Joseph Johnston ...	Mr. Yorke Stephens.
Uncle Lewis ...	Mr. David Fisher.
Adolphus d'Haas ...	Mr. C. A. Smily.
Tom Lyons ...	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
Tiffin..	{ Mr. Stephen Caffrey
Mouser ...	{ Mr. James E. Manning.
Tapestry ...	Mr. W. Jennings
Jenkins ...	Mr. E. Smith.
Lavinia Burnett ...	{ Miss Robertha Erskine.
Iris Burnett ...	{ Miss Eweretta Lawrence.
Sophia Peck ...	{ Miss Harriet Coveney.
Milly Peck ...	Miss Lottie Venne.
Mdme. Rosalie ...	Miss Mary Burton.
Mrs. Nipper ...	Mrs. H. E. Brooke.

11th. Strand. First Performance.

COUSIN JOHNNY.

Comedy, in Three Acts, by J. F. NISBET and C. M. RAE.

Johnny Mr. John S. Clarke.
Sir George Desmond ...	Mr. H. R. Teesdale.
Timmins ...	Mr. F. Wyatt.
Hugh Seymour ...	Mr. Creston Clarke.
Captain Faker ...	{ Mr. Hamilton Astley.
Teddy Tufton...	Mr. H. Crouch.
Howle ...	Mr. F. Rotsay.
Lady Courtney .	{ Miss Eleanor Bufton.
Florence Courtney...	Miss Lucy Buckstone.
Felicia Remington...	Miss Grace Arnold.
Tilly Cotton ...	{ Miss Marie Hudson.
Mrs. Timmins...	Miss C. Ewell.

27th. Drury Lane. Revival.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

Drama, in Five Acts, by CHARLES READE.

Tom Robinson...	... Mr. Chas. Warner.
Peter Crawley...	Mr. Harry Nicholls
George Fielding ...	Mr. Arthur Lyle.
William Fielding ...	Mr. H. J. Turner.
Isaac Levy ...	Mr. J. H. Clyndes.
Mr. Meadows...	Mr. Howard Russell
Mr. Merton ...	Mr. Reuben Inch.
Mr. Hawes ...	{ Mr. Arthur Estcourt.
Rev. Mr. Eden ...	{ Mr. Edmund Gurney.

Josephs	Miss Katie Maccabe
Fry	{ Mr. Wilfred E. Shine.
Evans	Mr. George Wood.
Jacky	{ Mr. Stanislaus Calhaem.
Black Will	Mr. A. Graysdale.
Hudson	Mr. George Vincent
Hitchen	Mr. Robert Shaw.
Abner	Mr. Wm. Garden.
Black Jack	Mr. George Jones.
Carter	Mr. John Ridley.
Groom	Mr. William West.
Nigger Boy	Mr. Frank Parker.
Susan Merton	{ Miss Isabel Bate- man.
Mary	Miss Minnie Inch.

AUGUST.

18th. Princess's. First Performance.

HOODMAN BLIND.

Play in Four Acts and Fourteen Scenes,
by HENRY ARTHUR JONES and WILSON
BARRETT.

Jack Yeulett	Mr. Wilson Barrett.
Nance Yeulett	Miss Eastlake.
Kit	Miss Phoebe Carlo.
Mark Lezzard	Mr. E. S. Willard.
Kridge	Mr. Clifford Cooper.
Mr. Lendon	Mr. C. Fulton
Ben Chibbles	Mr. George Barrett.
Jim Dodge	Mr. H. Evans.
Noah Quodling	Mr. George Walton.
Tom Lattiker	{ Mr. Charles Hud- son.
Joe Swirrup	Mr. H. Bernage.
Ephraim Beevor	Mr. W. A. Elliott.
Jelks	Mr. C. Gurth.
Abe Chawner	Mr. de Solla.
Inspector Jermin	Mr. E. Price.
Footman	Mr. Barrington.
Attendant	Mr. Field.
Johnny Twite	Mr. Mark Ambient.
Mad Willy	Mr. S. Carson.
Ferdinand Fitzgerald	Mr. H. Cooper
The Old Soldier	Cliffe.
Policeman	Mr. Warren.
Bob Swirrup	Master McIntyre
Nipper Jelks	Master Morter.
Tomtit	Miss Maudie
Jess	Clitherow.
Polly Chibbles	Miss Eastlake.
Granny Quodling	Miss L. Garth.
Mrs. Beevor	Mrs. Huntley.
Mrs. Chawner	Miss Alice Cooke.
Liz	Mrs. Beckett.
Kitty	Miss A. Belmore.
		Miss Eva Wilson.

SEPTEMBER.

12th. Drury Lane. First Performance.

HUMAN NATURE.

Original Drama, in Five Acts and
Fourteen Scenes, by HENRY PETTITT
and AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

Captain Temple	Mr. Henry Neville.
Matthew Hawker	Mr. Edmund Leathes.
Paul de Vigne	Mr. J. G. Grahame.
Stephen Mardyke	Mr. J. H. Clyndes.
Rev. Arthur Lul- worth	Mr. R. C. Lyons.
Horatio Spofkins	Mr. Harry Nicholls.
Joe Lambkin	Mr. Fred Thorne.
John Stone	Mr. Henry Elmore.
Colonel Brandon	Mr. Arthur Yates.
Pat O'Connor	Mr. George Huntley
Lilliger	Mr. H. J. Turner.
Jim Buxton	Mr. Reuben Inch.
Father Bonini	Mr. Wm. Morgan.
Frank	Miss Maud E. Fisher.
Dick	Miss Katie Barry.
Nellie Temple	Miss Isabel Bate- man.
Cora Grey	Miss Emmeline Ormsby.
Maggie Wilkins	{ Miss Marie Illing- ton.
Mrs. Lambkin	{ Miss Lizzie Clare- mont.
Mrs. Lulworth	Miss Amy McNeill.
Lucy	{ Miss Selina Delphine.
Mrs. Buxton	Miss Minnie Inch.

26th Haymarket. First Performance.

DARK DAYS.

Play, in Five Acts, by J. COMYNS CARR
and HUGH CONWAY.

Sir Mervyn Ferrand	Mr. H. Beerbohm-
Bart	Bartree.
William Evans	{ Mr. Robert Pate- man.
Hon. Percy Pentland	Mr. Chas. Sugden.
Reggie Morton	{ Mr. Gloster-Arm- strong.
Charlie Punter	Mr. Edward Ottley.
Edward Sleight	{ Mr. Arthur David- son.
The Judge	Mr. J. B. Durham.
Counsel for Defence	Mr. E. Maurice.
Counsel for Prosecu- tion	{ Mr. Forbes Dawson.
Drummond	Mr. Basil West.
Dalton	Mr. Ulick Winter.

Dr. Basil North ... { Mr. Maurice Barry
more.
Mrs. North Miss Lydia Foote.
Miss Ethel Bra- } *bourne* Miss Helen Forsyth
Philippa Lafarge ... Miss Lingard.

OCTOBER.

31st. St. James's. First Performance.

MAYFAIR.

Play, in Five Acts, adapted by A. W. PINERO from Sardou's "Maison Neuve."

Lord Sulgrave ... Mr. C. Cartwright.
Capt. Marcus Jekyll Mr. C. Brookfield.
Nicholas Barrable Mr. Hare.
Geoffrey Roydant ... Mr. Kendal.
Mr. Perricarp ... Mr. Maclean.
Mr. Jowett ... Mr. Hendrie.
Mr. Rudolph Rufford Mr. A. Elwood.
Andrew Moorcroft ... { Mr. H. Reeves
Smith.
Mr. Cashew ... Mr. Paget.
Ogilvy ... Mr. W. T. Lovell,
Servant ... Mr. Sackville.
Agnes ... Mrs. Kendal.
Edna ... Miss Webster.
Hilda Ray ... Miss Fanny Enson.
Priscilla ... Mrs. Gaston Murray.
Louison ... Miss Linda Dietz.

NOVEMBER.

2nd. Olympic. First Performance in London.

ALONE IN LONDON.

Drama, in a Prologue and Four Acts, by ROBERT BUCHANAN and HARRIETT JAY.
John Biddlecomb ... Mr. Leonard Boyne.
Richard Redcliffe ... { Mr. Herbert
Standing.
Mr. Burnaby ... { Mr. Gilbert Far-
quhar.
Walter Burnaby ... { Mr. Clarence J.
Hague.
Spriggins ... Mr. J. Tresahar.
Jenkinson ... Mr. Percy Bell.
Dick Johnson ... Mr. Dalton Somers.
Nan ... Miss Amy Roselle.
Tom Chickweed ... Miss Harriett Jay.
Ruth Clifden ... Miss Grace Marsden
Lizzy Jenkinson ... Miss Nellie Palmer.
Mrs. Moloney ... { Mrs. Juliet Ander-
son.
Little Paul ... { Miss Marie Bush-
ling.
Susan ... Miss Adah Cox.

9th. Comedy. First Performance in London.
ERMINIE.

Comic Opera, in Two Acts, written by CLAXTON BELLAMY and HARRY PAULTON; composed by EDWARD JAKOBOWSKI.

<i>Marquis de Pontvert</i>	Mr. Fred Mervin.
<i>Eugene Marcel</i>	Mr. Henry Bracey.
<i>Viscomte de Brissac</i>	Mr. Horace Bolini.
<i>Delaunay</i>	{ Miss Kate Ever- leigh.
<i>Dufois</i>	Mr. George Marler.
<i>Simon</i>	Mr. J. W. Bradbury.
<i>Chevalier de Bra-</i>	{ Mr. Percy Compton
<i>bazon</i>	
<i>Ravannes</i>	Mr. Frank Wyatt.
<i>Cadeau</i>	Mr. Harry Paulton.
<i>Cerise Marcel</i>	Miss Melnotte.
<i>Javotte</i>	Miss Kate Munroe.
<i>Marie</i>	Miss Edith Vane.
<i>Clementine</i>	Miss Delia Merton.
<i>Princess de Gram-</i>	{ Miss M. A. Victor.
<i>poneau</i>	
<i>Erminie</i>	{ Miss Florence St. John.

DECEMBER.

19th. Lyceum. First Performance.

FAUST.

Tragedy, in a Prologue and Five Acts, adapted and arranged for the Lyceum stage by W. G. Wills, from the first part of Goethe's tragedy.

Mortals :—

<i>Faust</i>	Mr. Conway.
<i>Valentine</i>	Mr. Alexander.
<i>Frosch</i>	Mr. Harbury.
<i>Altmayer</i>	Mr. Haviland.
<i>Brander</i>	Mr. F. Tyers.
<i>Siebel</i>	Mr. Johnson.
<i>Student</i>	Mr. N. Forbes.
<i>Burgomaster</i>	Mr. H. Howe.
<i>Citizens</i>	{ Mr. Hemsley. Mr. Louther.
<i>Soldier</i>	Mr. M. Harvey.
<i>Martha</i>	Mrs. Stirling.
<i>Bessy</i>	Miss L. Payne.
<i>Ida</i>	Miss Barnett.
<i>Alice</i>	Miss Coleridge.
<i>Catherine</i>	Miss Mills.
<i>Margaret</i>	Miss Ellen Terry.

Spirits :—

<i>Mephistopheles</i>	Mr. Henry Irving.
		{ Mr. Mead.
		Mr. Carter.
		Mr. Archer.
		Mr. Clifford

23rd. Adelphi. First Performance.

THE HARBOUR LIGHTS.

Original Drama, in Five Acts, by
GEORGE R. SIMS and HENRY PETTITT.

<i>David Kingsley</i> ...	Mr. William Terriss
<i>Frank Moreland</i> ...	Mr. Percy Lyndal.
<i>Nicholas Moreland</i> ...	Mr. J. D. Beveridge.
<i>Capt. Nelson</i> ...	Mr. John Maclean
<i>Capt. Hardy, R. N.</i> ...	Mr. Howard Russell
<i>Mark Helstone</i> ...	{ Mr. Duncan Campbell.
<i>Tom Dossitor</i> ...	Mr. E. W. Garden.
<i>Jack Lirriper</i> ...	Mr. E. Dagnell.
<i>Will Drake</i> ...	Mr. T. Fulljames.
<i>Dick Hockarday</i> ...	Mr. G. Wentworth.
<i>Solomon</i> ...	Mr. E. Travers.
<i>Lieut. Wynyard,</i> <i>R. N.</i> ...	{ Mr. H. Wyatt.
<i>Dora Vane</i> ...	Miss Millward.
<i>Lina Nelson</i> ...	Miss Mary Rorke.
<i>Mrs. Chudleigh</i> ...	Mrs. H. Leigh.
<i>Peggy Chudleigh</i> ...	Miss Kate Fayne.
<i>Mrs. Helstone</i> ...	{ Miss Maude Brennan.
<i>Briget Maloney</i> ...	Mrs. John Carter.
<i>Polly</i> ...	Miss J. Rogers.
<i>Fisherwoman</i> ...	Miss L. Nelson.

26th. Gaiety. First Performance.

LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD.

"Burlesque - Operatic - Melodrama," in
Three Acts, by H. P. STEPHENS and
W. YARDLEY.

<i>Jack Sheppard</i> ...	Miss E. Farren.
<i>Thames Darrell</i> ...	Miss Wadman.
<i>Blueskin</i> ...	Mr. David James.
<i>Jonathan Wild</i> ...	Mr. Fred. Leslie.
<i>Sir Rowland</i> <i>Trenchard</i> ...	{ Mr. Odell.
<i>Abraham Mendez</i> ...	Mr. F. Wood.
<i>Mr. Kneebone</i> ...	Mr. W. Warde.
<i>Mr. Wood</i> ...	Mr. Guise.
<i>Captain Cuff</i> ...	Miss Emily Duncan
<i>Shotbolt</i> ...	Miss Ross
<i>Marvel</i> ...	Miss Raines.
<i>Ireton</i> ...	Miss Robina.
<i>Quilt Arnold</i> ...	Miss Handley.
<i>Little Gog</i> ...	Miss Pearce.
<i>Little Magog</i> ...	Miss Tyler.
<i>Mrs. Sheppard</i> ...	{ Miss Harriet Coveney.
<i>Winifred Wood</i> ...	Miss Marion Hood.
<i>Edgworth Bess</i> ...	Miss Bessie Sanson.
<i>Polly Stanmore</i> ...	Miss Sylvia Grey.
<i>Kitty Kettleby</i> ...	Miss Eunice.

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Dramatic Notes

A YEAR-BOOK

OF

THE STAGE.

BY

AUSTIN BRERETON

AUTHOR OF "HENRY IRVING: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH;" "SOME FAMOUS HAMLETS;" "SHAKESPEAREAN SCENES AND CHARACTERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. MORANT COX

LONDON

CARSON AND COMERFORD

CLEMENT'S INN PASSAGE, STRAND, W.C.

1887

PORTRAITS

by

Mr Van der Weyde



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PREFACE.

THIS is the eighth annual issue of "DRAMATIC NOTES." It contains, as hitherto, a critical account of the chief productions of the English Stage during the year of which it treats; it also gives the plot and cast of each piece, together with a review of the acting therein. The sketches from the various plays have been specially drawn by Mr. E. Morant Cox, who will illustrate the work in future.

A. B.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PRODUCTIONS AT

DRURY LANE THEATRE,*Whilst under the Present Management,*

IN THE YEARS

1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886,

And during which Period many Millions of Persons have Paid for Admission.

1879
Nov. 1 HENRY V. *Shakespeare*

Dec. 26 BLUE BEARD (Pantomime) *Brothers Grinn (L. L. Blanchard)*

1880
Mar. 29 LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT *Ch. Lecorg*

Mar. 29 LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET *R. Roberts*

May 31 AS YOU LIKE IT *Shakespeare*

July 31 THE WORLD *Merritt, Pettitt, and Augustus Harris*

Dec. 27 MOTHER GOOSE (Pantomime) *E. L. Blanchard*

1881
Mar. 4 THE WORLD (Revival)

Mar. 14 THE STORES *Eucolossi, Rose, and Augustus Harris*

John M'Cullough's Season.

April 25 VIRGINIUS *Sheridan Knowles*

May 14 OTHELLO *Shakespeare*

Season of the Ducal Court Company, Saxe-Meiningen.

Under the Patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

May 30 JULIUS CAESAR *Shakespeare*

May 31 TWELFTH NIGHT *Shakespeare*

June 6 DIE RAUBER *Schiller*

June 9 WILHELM TELL *Schiller*

June 13 WINTER'S TALE *Shakespeare*

June 16 DIE AHNFRAU *Grillparzer*

June 18 IPHEGINIE AUF TAURIS *Göthe*

June 20 FIESCO *Schiller*

June 27 DAS KATHCHEN VON HEILBRONN *Von Kleist*

July 4 PRECIOSA *A. Wolf*

July 19 WALLENSTEIN'S LAGER *Schiller*

July 19 DER EINGEBILDETE KRANKE *Adapted from Moliere*

Aug. 9 YOUTH *P. Merritt & Augustus Harris*

Dec. 26 ROBINSON CRUSOE (Pantomime) *E. L. Blanchard*

Franke and Pollini's German Opera Season.

1882
May 18 LOHENGRIN *Wagner*

May 20 DER FLIEGENDE HOLLANDER *Wagner*

May 23 TANNHAUSER *Wagner*

May 24 FIDELIO *Beethoven*

May 30 DIE MEISTERSANGER *Wagner*

June 14 EURYANTHE *Weber*

June 20 TRISTAN AND ISOLDE *Wagner*

Madame Ristori's Season.

July 3 MACBETH

July 14 ELIZABETH

Shakespeare

Giacometti

Aug. 5 PLUCK *Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris*

Dec. 26 SINBAD (Pantomime) *L. L. Blanchard*

The Carl Rosa Opera Company.

1883
Mar. 26 ESMERALDA *Marsials, Randeyger, and Goring Thomas*

Mar. 29 FIDELIO *Beethoven*

Mar. 31 THE BOHEMIAN GIRL *Balfe*

April 3 IL TROVATORE *Verdi*

April 7 MARITANA *Wallace*

April 9 COLOMBA *Hueffer and Mackenzie*

April 10 FAUST *Gounod*

April 14 MIGNON *Ambroise Thomas*

April 28 YOUTH (Revival)

Aug. 4 FREEDOM *G. F. Rowe and Augustus Harris*

Sept. 8 THE OPERA-CLOAK *L. D. Powles and Augustus Harris*

Oct. 15 A SAILOR AND HIS LASS *Robert Buchanan and Augustus Harris*

Dec. 26 CINDERELLA (Pantomime) *E. L. Blanchard*

The Carl Rosa Opera Company.

1884
April 15 CARMEN *Bizet*

April 19 LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR *Donizetti*

April 28 CANTERBURY PILGRIMS *V. H. Stanford*

Sept. 12 WORLD (Revival)

Dec. 26 WHITTINGTON (Pantomime) *E. L. Blanchard*

The Carl Rosa Opera Company.

1885
April 16 NADESHDA *Goring Thomas & Sturgis*

May 7 MANON *Massenet and Bennett*

May 30 MARRIAGE OF FIGARO *Mozart*

June 15 A TRUE STORY *Eliot Galer*

July 27 IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND *Charles Reade*

Sept. 12 HUMAN NATURE *Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris*

Dec. 26 ALADDIN *E. L. Blanchard*

1886

April 24 HUMAN NATURE (reproduced)

Dramatic Notes.

I.

JANUARY.

Nadjezdā.—Plebeians.—Dryden's Secret Love —The Man with Three Wives.—Enemies.—The Sins of the Fathers.

THE dramatic year of eighteen hundred and eighty-six opened with a melodrama of a needlessly repulsive kind, in a prologue and three acts, from the pen of the well-known and graceful actor, Mr. Maurice Barrymore. The scene of this extraordinary experiment was the Haymarket Theatre. *Nadjezdā*, first acted on January 2, was of so objectionable a nature that the management found it advisable to speedily withdraw it. The outline of the play is revenge for an abominable crime—such a crime as has really taken place in the past; such a one as, it is possible, if not probable, may be perpetrated in the future. This, however, is scant justification for its introduction to the stage. It is difficult for a dramatist to be original, working, as of necessity he must, within prescribed lines, and it is obviously a commendable act on the part of a young author to try and break away from the beaten track. But there are regions which it is very properly forbidden for him to penetrate, and subjects which are best left untouched, so far, at any rate, as the stage is concerned. Mr. Maurice Barrymore elected to work upon a subject which had better have been left alone, and he worked boldly, but none too skilfully or delicately. His play might possibly have been excused had it shown a command on the part of its author of anything more than a mere conjuring up of the intensely horrible and disagreeable. And it might have met with a more generous reception than was accorded to it at the Haymarket, had the principal part been played by an actress of great personal fascination and transcendent genius as well. These conditions being wanting, the drama met with instant condemnation that betokened failure of the greatest extent, and

showed that the more revolting episodes of human life are scarcely to the taste of the British playgoer of to-day. *Nadjezda* is in a prologue and three acts. The story opens at Warsaw in 1863. There is much talk of Russian cruelty and Polish oppression, and coming events are prepared for by a description of bodies "dangling bravely in the breeze" just outside Count Lorinski's house, where the prologue takes place. The Count is in the power of a sensual profligate, Prince Zabouroff. He is condemned to death, and his execution is immediate. Zabouroff promises the Countess Nadjezda that if she will pass "one sweet hour" with him she shall have her husband back again. Nadjezda makes the sacrifice, and, mad with the horror of her guilt, returns home. Zabouroff is true to his word; he sends Lorinski back to Nadjezda, but with a bullet through his heart. The unfortunate creature at first thinks that her husband is joking with her, but when she removes the covering from the face of the lifeless body on the bier, she realises that her shame has been unavailing. Raging mad, she dips her hand into the blood upon her husband's breast, and with it smears the brow of her daughter, Nadine, whom she dedicates to revenge. Her death by poison concludes an act quite powerful enough in all conscience, but repulsive to all fine feeling. The first two acts of the play proper occur at Nice, after a lapse of eighteen years, in the gambling saloon of a Polish conspirator, one Khorvitch, who passes as Baron Barsch, and who uses Nadjezda's daughter as a decoy. Prince Zabouroff appears on the scene, and tells Khorvitch that he requires a mistress, laying particular stress on the word "mistress," and that Nadine is his choice. The girl is loved by a bright young fellow, supposed to be an Englishman, Paul Devereux, who promptly knocks the Russian *roué* on the floor. He afterwards fights a duel with him, but nothing comes of it, so the relation of this incident might as well have been left out. Khorvitch having entrapped Devereux into joining a band of conspirators, the latter is deputed to kill Zabouroff. Nadine overhears this, and, in the best scene in the play, promises Zabouroff that she will accompany him to his château, plies him with wine and dances wildly around him so that, completely intoxicated, the Prince loses his senses, and misses his train, Nadine's lover being thus saved from the crime of murder. The last act takes place, at night, at Zabouroff's chateau. Zabouroff and Nadine are alone. Zabouroff, having brought shame to the mother, is about to make the daughter guilty also. Unfortunately for himself, he tells Nadjezda's story over the supper-

table, and Nadine stabs him to the heart. "Poetic justice, egad," the Prince mockingly remarks as he receives the blow. Nadine hides his body behind a couch, an incident anticipated by Sardou in his *Maison Neuve*, as Devereux enters the room. He, however, soon learns of the deed, and Nadine promptly poisons herself, leaving Devereux in anything but a comfortable frame of mind, as may well be imagined. It also transpires in the course of the drama that Devereux is not an Englishman at all, but an illegitimate son of Zabouroff's, a useless and unpleasant introduction, and Khorvitch, we also learn, has been killed on his doorstep for betraying a secret of his brother conspirators. To relieve this distressful, unnatural, and thoroughly revolting story, some would-be comedy of the coarsest kind is introduced in the first act, in the personages of a gross caricature of an American girl and an individual who is supposed to be an English gentleman. This couple fall to flirting on their first meeting. "Stop!" suddenly says Miss Eureka Grubb, "are your intentions honourable or dishonourable?" "Am I to understand that I have the choice?" is the reply of Lord Alsager. But why enter further into the details of this objectionable work? As has been said, such a play might possibly be made even acceptable under other conditions than those of the Haymarket production; but these conditions were found sadly wanting. Miss Emily Rigl is evidently earnest and intelligent; but she cannot speak our language properly, and her voice is weak, as well as indistinct, and she is lacking in some gifts which, as I have indicated, might make a character like that of Nadjezda at all acceptable. Mr. Beerbohm-Tree played Zabouroff with neatness and care. Miss Georgina Drew overdid the already extravagant Eureka Grubb, and Mr. Mackintosh was monotonous as Khorvitch. But no amount of good acting could do great service to such a play.

On the 12th of this month, a "new and original comedy" in three acts, written by Mr. Joseph Derrick, the author of the successful farce, *Confusion*, was brought out at the Vaudeville Theatre. *Plebeians* unhappily proved to be neither farce, comedy, nor drama. The flimsiness of motive in a farcical play is not a great detriment. The case is altered, however, when we come to comedy pure and simple. And even here a threadbare interest can be so enveloped by the dramatist's art as to be made acceptable. But Mr. Derrick's "comedy" suffered not only from its frail plot, but from the wildly improbable doings of its characters, its indifferent construction, and the pointlessness of its

dialogue. The Hon. Danby Cleeve, who lives in chambers, the walls of which are covered by sporting prints and cheap lithographs, is an incomprehensible person. He has managed, goodness only knows how, to get into debt, and at the opening of the play his faithful retainer, Jabez, reproaches his master for this want of thought for his creditors. The "honourable" one is supposed to be a great catch, judging by the early morning visit of Mr. Basil Brown, a wealthy brewer of Brixton, who proposes that the Hon. Danby Cleeve shall marry his accomplished and beautiful daughter, Belinda, and for so doing offers to present him with a cheque for £15,000. Brown has no sooner taken his departure, after making this strange proposal, than Israel Ferguson marches into Danby Cleeve's chambers, promptly informs the "honourable" that he has bought up his debts, and offers him a cheque for £20,000 if he will marry *his* daughter, Miranda. Cleeve is to meet both the girls and their parents that evening at dinner at Candy Lodge, Brown's residence at Brixton, whither he is to be driven in the brewer's brougham. But before this event takes place yet another visitor enters Cleeve's chambers unannounced. This time the intruder is a young lady, Grace Wentworth, Belinda Brown's companion and friend. She is betrothed to a distant relative of Cleeve's, who is sailing for England in a ship which is overdue. She has no time to make inquiries about the vessel, so dispatches the lamb-like Cleeve to Fenchurch Street. He is just starting on his mission, when the news arrives that the vessel has foundered, and that he is the heir to the dead man's estate and fortune. He receives this intelligence with tears in his eyes, for he cannot bear to break the news to the young lady who a few minutes previously was a perfect stranger to him. The "comedy" having thus started feebly and falsely, it is not surprising to find the second act occupied by some absurd scenes, in which the two fathers see Cleeve apparently making love to their two daughters, but in reality doing no such thing, and finally defending the poor dependent in heroic fashion. When Cleeve gets back to his chambers he discovers that he is in love with the beautiful but insipid Belinda, and when he is left alone with the girl he declares himself, after much unnecessary and irritating apprehension and hesitation. This couple being paired off, it only remains for Miss Wentworth's lover to be rescued from a watery grave in order to make matters comfortable. Miranda Ferguson is attached to Brown's effete son, alluded to in the truest line of the piece as "that," and so ends this curious comedy. Had

Mr. Derrick elected to treat this story in its true nature of a farce he might have succeeded in amusing his audience. Such a silly subject and such absurd characters are not within the domain of comedy. The piece contains not a part worth playing. Mr. Thomas Thorne, who is at his best in broad humour, could make nothing out of the imbecile Danby Cleeve, while to Mr. Charles Groves it was not permitted to give anything more than a conventional sketch of the Hebrew financier, Israel For-guson. Nor could Mr. Fred Thorne as Basil Brown specially distinguish himself. Mr. W. Lestocq had in Jabez a faint imitation of *The Silver King* Jaikes. Mr. H. Akhurst gave a capital bit of acting as a hard-headed, honest lawyer, and the man-servant of Mr. F. Grove was neat. That clever exponent of comedy, Miss Kate Phillips, and that sympathetic actress, Miss Kate Rorke, had no opportunity for the display of their talents, while Miss Maude Millet had little else to do than to look interesting and to act gracefully.

That earnest but somewhat mistaken body of young actors and actresses, "The Dramatic Students," gave a representation of Dryden's gloomy tragedy, *Secret Love; or, The Maiden Queen*, at the Court Theatre, on the afternoon of the 19th. This play was first acted in 1666. A novel called "The History of Cleobuline, Queen of Corinth," furnished Dryden with the plot of the serious part of the play, while he borrowed the characters of the rakish Celadon and the sprightly Florimel, together with those of the amorous sisters, Olinda and Sabina, from the history of Piristrata and Corintha, in "The Grand Cyrus." He also made use of Shirley's comedy, *Changes; or, Love in a Maze*, for one of his principal scenes. The Queen of Sicily was first acted by Mrs. Marshall, Philocles by Major Mohun, and Celadon by Hart. To "Mrs. Ellen Guyn," otherwise Nell Gwyn, fell the part of Florimel, a lively damsel, who reforms her rakish lover by her merry tricks, one of which is to disguise herself as a boy, and in this costume dance a jig. Good Samuel Pepys was greatly delighted by this impersonation. "So great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most, and best of all, when she comes in like a young gallant." Dryden had no small opinion of his work, as witness the first lines of his prologue to the play in question :—

"He who writ this, not without pains and thought
From French and English theatres has brought
The exact rules by which a play is wrought.

"The unities of action, place, and time;
The scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime
Of Jonson's humour, with Corneille's rhyme."

Having thus exalted himself, Dryden shortly afterwards proceeded to lash the critics of the pit in his severest manner for daring to say unkind things of him. As we have seen, he can claim nothing on the score of originality, either of plot or characters, for his *Secret Love*. His language is not by any means brilliant, and it is frequently coarse in the extreme, though the Dramatic Students naturally cut away its grosser passages. The Queen of Sicily cherishes a secret and all-absorbing passion for Philocles, one of her courtiers, who is in love with an insipid lady called Candiope. Her passion devours her, for she scorns to tell her love, and Philocles is blind enough not to see it. She tries at first to break off the match between Philocles and Candiope, in the end declaring that she will live a single life so that the lovers may marry, and that when she is dead her crown "may fall on Philocles his head." The character of the Queen is drawn vividly, though it would receive more sympathy if her affections were bestowed on a more interesting man than the dull, selfish Philocles, who, when he is told of the Queen's love, sighs for her, even when he is in Candiope's arms, and exclaims, on learning that the Queen will never marry :—

"Then I am once more happy;
For since none must possess her, I am pleas'd
With my own choice, and will desire no more."

The serious part of the play is relieved by the masquerading of Florimel, a maid of honour, who pursues the gallant, Celadon, and makes him marry her. The exceedingly difficult and unsatisfactory part of the Queen was acted by Miss Webster with remarkable insight. She had a thorough grasp of the character of the woman torn with the storm and stress of passion, and she succeeded in portraying it with profound feeling and expression. She spoke as well as she acted, delivering her lines with correct emphasis and clearness. It was, in short, a marvellously good, promising, and striking performance for a young actress. Miss Webster struggled against a trying wig of hideous blackness, and a make-up by no means fascinating. Oddly enough, as one would think, the young actors, one and all, were badly made up, and as badly dressed. Miss Rose Norreys played the easy part of Florimel well, and won all the applause of the afternoon. Florimel is a showy character,

calling for nothing more than good spirits and activity. It almost plays itself, and it would be difficult for an actress to fail in it. An audience which, from the number of theatrical persons in its midst, should have been critical, was not so on this occasion, and it showered its indiscriminating applause upon a clever little actress who did nothing extraordinary after all, and rapturously insisted upon her repeating a jig which could be danced equally well, if not better, by any music-hall "artist." Mr. Bernard Gould spoke his lines well as Philocles, but he looked ill at ease, and his practice of constantly leaning upon a table when addressing the Queen was hardly courtly. The gallant, Celadon, was inoffensively acted by Mr. C. Hayden Coffin, and Mr. W. T. Lovell was easy and gentlemanly as Prince Lysimantes. Miss Lilian Carr was unnecessarily coarse in appearance as Sabina, one of the two girls whom Celadon courts, and Miss Alice Belmore might have been more refined as the Queen's confidant. The stage-management was excellent, and showed that the play had been well rehearsed, which was something to be thankful for.

On the 23rd, a three-act farce entitled *The Man with Three Wives*, adapted from the French by Mr. Charles Marsham Rae, was produced at the Criterion Theatre. The original of this play, *Trois Femmes pour un Mari*, the work of M. Grenet-Dancourt, was first played at the Cluny Theatre, Paris, on January 11, 1884, when it enjoyed a long run. The play being successful in the French capital it naturally attracted the attention of the adaptors. The piece was not favourably received on its production in New York, but this fact did not deter an English adaptor from producing a version—afterwards interdicted—at Eastbourne, and Mr. Rae, known to playgoers principally by his adaptation, *First in the Field*, turned his hand to M. Grenet-Dancourt's farcical work, and produced a play as amusing as any recently seen at the Criterion. *The Man with Three Wives* is a funny play, and it is comparatively "clean" into the bargain. There are certain curious-minded persons who are apt to descry a double meaning in the most innocent sentences, and hold up their hands in horror at a proposition that a man should let his wife pass off as his friend's better-half "only for a day or so." But people of this class found but little dialogue to their liking in the new Criterion play, which is funny enough in all conscience, and by no means too highly flavoured. Technically considered, however, it is too complicated. The plot leads the spectator into perfect bewilderment,

but this appears to be no detriment to its success, for the Criterion audiences laughed uproariously at the adventures of Mr. Ralph Newcombe with his three wives. Jack Howard, a young artist, is on the eve of marrying a charming young lady, Violet Greenwood. He has an uncle in the country who objects to his marrying, and when this old curmudgeon suddenly comes to town he passes his bride off as the wife of his friend Ralph Newcombe. Newcombe is also blessed with an uncle, Silas Troutenwetter, a rich German-American, who wishes him to marry his niece. Ralph objecting to the match, he pretends to be already married to his landlady's daughter, Caroline Boffin. He is thus saddled with two wives, and he has also a third in the person of Polly Pidgeon, an artist's model, with whom Howard has had some amorous relations. This damsels, being discovered by Howard's intended father-in-law, is also passed off as the wife of Newcombe, so that he becomes the reputed husband of three ladies. The fun, of course, is evolved from the young men trying to blind their respective uncles' eyes as to the real state of affairs, and in this they are successful until the end, when matters become so confused and embarrassing that an explanation is inevitable. The various situations are ingenious and absurdly laughable, while the dialogue is exceedingly smart. The acting was distinguished for its general good quality rather than for the particular excellence of any individual performer. The character of Ralph Newcombe is a capital one, and it was well acted by the late Lytton Sothern. Mr. George Giddens was excellent as the perplexed Jack Howard, and a young lady, new to the theatre, Miss Annie Hughes, made a hit as the demure maiden, Caroline Boffin, who falls in love with Ralph Newcombe because he is "so handsome," and Miss Isabelle Evesson was delightful as a German young lady of simple manners with an unpronounceable name. Mr. W. Blakeley played the old uncle from the country, who wishes to dispose of a poor estate in Derbyshire, which he decorates with fruit and vegetables from Covent Garden, hanging grapes of various kinds on a fig-tree, pears on an apple-tree, and pickled gherkins in a cucumber frame. Mr. Alfred Maltby, capitally made up, by the way, was invaluable as the father-in-law with a taste for pretty women. Mr. Harry St. Maur was good as Troutenwetter, and Miss Saker was of great service as Polly Pidgeon.

At the Prince's Theatre—now the Prince of Wales'—Mrs. Langtry produced, on the 28th, a comedy-drama entitled

Enemies, in five acts, founded by Mr. Charles F. Coghlan on incidents in Georges Ohnet's romance, "La Grande Marnière." Peter Darvel—a character played with remarkably fine nervous force, incisiveness, and naturalness by Mr. James Fernandez—bears an old grudge against Sir Manvers Glenn; the baronet, in fact, in his youthful days, has betrayed the girl to whom Darvel was to have been married. So Darvel has set himself up at Stratford, near to Sir Manvers Glenn's place. With the business of ironmongering he has combined that of money-lending, and, being successful after the manner of his kind, he has accumulated a fortune, and has got into his hands a heavy mortgage on the estate of Sir Manvers Glenn, who has impaired his income in an endeavour to bring out a new engineering patent. Revenge is the one object of Peter Darvel's life. To secure this, he has toiled night and day until his hair has grown white in the service. This hatred, however, is turned into friendship through his son falling in love with the daughter of his enemy. The object of the dramatist is apparently to show that revenge may be baulked by love. The exposition is effected in a curious manner and a not altogether satisfactory one, inasmuch as it is not until the third act that the play proper begins to progress. The earlier part of the drama merely deals with incidents which might either be repressed altogether, or might more easily and just as effectively be simply related. In the first act, for instance, there is a beautifully designed moorland scene, where nothing much occurs save the meeting of Margaret Glenn and Richard Darvel, when Miss Glenn conjures her pug dog to abhor the son of her father's old enemy. Again, in the second act, there is an elaborate ball-room scene, which is quite unnecessary, as it only illustrates the complete "caddishness" of Miss Glenn's brother in insulting Richard Darvel. This act concludes with the murder, by strangulation, of a country girl, who is killed in a fit of passion by a deaf-and-dumb idiot, who forthwith disappears from the play. All these incidents, I repeat, are needlessly illustrated on the stage. When the drama does start, it progresses quickly and satisfactorily enough. The scene is Rushton Hall. Sir Manvers Glenn is droning over his patent, while disaster threatens his roof and family. His son, Percival Glenn, has been accused of the murder of Rose Heeley, around whose neck had been found a handkerchief which he had given her, while the mortgage on his property is about to be foreclosed by Peter Darvel. The latter, wishing to triumph over his enemy's misfortune, visits Rushton Hall and pours forth

a torrent of abuse at the feeble baronet. Sir Manvers is overcome, and Margaret Glenn impulsively strikes Peter Darvel on the breast in order to stop his tongue. Matters having thus come to a crisis, Miss Glenn has no course open to her but to call on Richard Darvel, and to entreat him to use his influence with his father so that Sir Manvers may have time to discharge his debt. Richard Darvel promises this, and then occurs the finest scene in the drama, where father and son contend against each other, with hate on the one side, and love on the other. Peter Darvel says that he has taken an oath to ruin the Glenns. "And I, too, have just taken an oath," says the son, and that is that he will save the Glenns by paying off the mortgage with his own money—an obviously unavoidable situation, but an effective one for all that. Richard Darvel accordingly frees the Glenns from their pecuniary embarrassments, and, being a barrister, he defends Percival Glenn at the trial and helps in his acquittal. Margaret Glenn accepts Richard as her future husband, and a reconciliation is effected between the "enemies," Sir Manvers Glenn and Peter Darvel. It will thus be seen that the main story of the drama is strong, interesting, and thoroughly dramatic. That the drama is somewhat inconsequent, and that much time is wasted on its earlier part, may be due to the fact that it has been adapted from a romance, and novels are seldom satisfactorily treated on the stage. The acting of Mrs. Langtry as Margaret Glenn was distinctly good. That the impersonation was refined and ladylike goes without saying; but it was something more than this. It was thoroughly dramatic, and it was also an easier and more clearly defined piece of acting than anything yet given by Mrs. Langtry, who was at her best in the scene in the third act where Miss Glenn strikes her father's persecutor. Mr. Coghlan as the lover had not a very difficult task, nor is the deaf mute, "Daft" Willie, a part which calls for a great display of histrionic ability, although in less experienced hands than those of Mr. Robert Pateman it would have been decidedly dangerous. Mr. J. G. Grahame gave an honest, manly presentation of Percival Glenn, and Mr. J. R. Crauford in the small character of a chief of county constabulary played exceedingly well. Mr. F. Everill as the hard-up Sir Manvers Glenn, Mr. H. Kemble as an impecunious nobleman, and Mr. Joseph Carne were all of service. From a host of minor characters I may single out for special praise the acting, by Mr. Frank Seymour, of a quaint cockneyfied poacher, a very able sketch on the part of the actor. Miss Flora Clithe-

row showed some promise as the country girl who is murdered by the idiot.

The Sins of the Fathers, acted at the Globe Theatre on the 30th, is a capital comedietta with a serious interest. George Jordan is in love with Lucy Markby, and all that the pair want to complete their happiness is the consent of Mr. Markby to their marriage. There is a difficulty in the way, however, for the young man's father had eloped with the girl's mother, and Mr. Markby naturally cannot bear the mention of the name of the seducer. The difficulty is surmounted by Jordan pretending to be a piano-tuner, and in this guise getting into conversation with Mr. Markby, to whom he rather boldly points out that he is to blame for his wife's indiscretion, inasmuch as he never treated her with sufficient attention. Mr. Markby being thus suddenly aroused to his fault, accepts George as a suitor for his daughter's hand, a happy conclusion being thus brought about. Mr. Stewart Dawson, as the injured Mr. Markby, bravely strove to be pathetic despite an unintentionally comical make-up. Mr. Wilfred Draycott played the lover easily and earnestly, and Miss Kate Tyndell exhibited a superabundance of spirit as Lucy. The author, Mr. W. Lestocq, appeared in the small part of an Irish man-servant.

II.

FEBRUARY.

Death of Alexander Henderson.—Miss Minnie Palmer in *The Little Treasure*.—A Woman of the World.—Antoinette Rigaud.—Engaged, at the Haymarket.—The Lord Harry.

The record of theatrical events during February commences with the death of Mr. Alexander Henderson, the well-known manager, who died at Caen on the 1st. Mr. Henderson's name is, perhaps, most associated with management in Liverpool, where his first wife, a Miss Moon, gave him a sort of connection with the city. Originally he had been a clerk in the post-office in connection with the railway department. He first tried his hand at theatrical management in Victoria, Australia. Mr. Henderson afterwards made the acquaintance of the Nelson family, the head of which, Sidney Nelson, was the once well-known composer of many songs and pieces which enjoyed great popularity in their day. He joined in their ventures, and

served a rapid apprenticeship to a business in which few succeed, but in which he was, on the whole, most fortunate. Liverpool people can identify the period of the beginning of Mr. Henderson's career in their city by recalling the sleepy condition into which the theatrical enterprise of the place had fallen in the latter days of Mr. Copeland, and that by bringing to mind also the existence of a dingy place of entertainment, fitfully opened and frequently shut, called Clayton Hall. Mr. Sam Colville, the American manager, happened to be in town, where his wife, the brilliant Mary Provost, was playing an engagement. It soon became known that a Mr. Henderson, just returned from Australia, was going to turn Clayton Hall into a regular theatre, and while the preparations were going on the prospectus of the Prince of Wales Theatre was drawn up by Mr. Colville and another gentleman, who took a deep interest at that time in Liverpool theatricals. The first night came. The usual desperate exertions were necessary to get the theatre open. The bill was of but moderate interest, but Miss Maria Simpson (Mrs. W. H. Liston) stamped herself on the minds of the Liverpool people at once, and other members of the company soon began not merely to interest the public, but to make playgoing a fashion and a topic such as it had not been for many years. One of the Nelson Sisters, playing as Miss Marie Sidney, was deservedly popular, and the two who played as stars—Carry and Sara—were for a long time favourites, who could return again and again to Clayton Square with unabated popularity. And all three were also much sought after in private life, which they were well adapted to grace and enliven. Mr. Henderson had usually the gift of doing the right thing at the right time, and his plan was to have a first-rate stock company, chiefly consisting of rising men, who consequently did not expect salaries beyond his means, and thus to afford good support to stars, who rapidly found in Clayton Square money gains and social consideration which were not to be had either at the Amphitheatre or the Theatre Royal. When we consider that among the members of the stock company were Henry Irving, the late Edward Saker, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Hare (with Leigh Murray, in town, as his coach), Mr. W. Blakeley, and many others who afterwards rose to high and deserved celebrity, but who then were little more than beginners—indeed, Mr. Hare said his first lines on that stage, and created Lord Ptarmigan there, which established his position for ever—we can well understand the judgment with which Mr. Henderson conducted

his business. Among the "stars" with whom he had good reason to be pleased, and who had good reason to be pleased with him and with Liverpool, were Sothern, Boucicault, Toole, the late Alfred Wigan and his wife, and several more. Other things in which the manager showed great judgment were his scene-painting and the furnishing of his stage. Travelling companies and movable scenes were not then common; but Mr. Henderson secured a clever painter, whose gift it was with magical celerity to prepare, even at a day's notice, stage pictures of remarkable beauty; and, as for the upholstering, he struck out a new line and hired from the best firms in order to mount piece after piece with new furniture, which made his stage look something like a picture of real luxurious life, instead of being monotonously dingy, as the fashion had long been even in London theatres of much greater pretension. After his management at Liverpool, Mr. Henderson was closely associated with many theatrical enterprises, and, besides being the first lessee of the Comedy Theatre, opened with *La Mascotte* in October, 1881, he became the manager of the Avenue Theatre, of which he was the responsible tenant at the time of his decease. Mr. Henderson's second wife was the popular actress, Miss Lydia Thompson, who, by her lively performance in the burlesque of *Blue Beard*, contributed greatly to her husband's financial prosperity during the time he had the Globe Theatre, and when, in 1878, he opened the Charing Cross, now known as Toole's Theatre, under the designation of The Folly.

Miss Minnie Palmer, of "My Sweetheart" fame, was seen at the Strand Theatre on the afternoon of the 3rd, in two parts which she had not previously essayed on the English stage. The first of these was Gertrude Maydenblush in *The Little Treasure*, a two-act piece, adapted by the late Mr. Harris from *La Joie de la Maison*. It was first presented at the Haymarket Theatre on October 11, 1855, with Mr. Howe as Sir Charles Howard, Buckstone as Captain Walter Maydenblush, Miss Blanche Fane as Gertrude, and Miss Swanborough as Lady Howard. The piece has since proved useful to actresses wishing to display their talents in a not too ambitious part. Early in 1863 it was acted at the Adelphi Theatre by Mrs. Bancroft, the Marie Wilton of those days, and in March of the same year it was selected for what may be termed the professional *début* of Ellen Terry. Miss Terry had previously played child's parts at the Princess's, but this was her first serious effort as an actress. She was only fifteen years old in the year mentioned,

when she acted Gertrude to the Captain Maydenblush of Sothern, and yet she presented the impulsive girl with a grace, lightness, and buoyancy of spirits which entitled her to a place in the front rank of stage *ingénues*. The last representative of note of Gertrude on the metropolitan stage was Miss Lydia Cowell, who played the part at the Royalty, in 1879, with great success. In electing to appear in a character of this description, Miss Minnie Palmer tested her ability as an actress. It may be remarked that the heroine of the late Mr. Harris's adaptation is a girl of sixteen who seeks to heal the breach which exists between her father and mother. For this purpose she pitches upon her bashful cousin, Walter Maydenblush, proposes to marry him straight off, and is accepted, so that, it being necessary for her parents to meet, a reconciliation may be effected between them. Gertrude is a light-hearted, generous, impulsive girl—audacious if you will, but made so by the exigencies of circumstances ; she is not outwardly mild, but she is of gentle birth and, high-spirited though she is, she is a young lady. Miss Palmer did not present her in this light. She made her a rather impudent, occasionally vixenish, and frequently a suggestive little thing. There was no trace of training about her ; she was like a wild girl left to her own way in everything, full of grins, and grimaces, and coquettish wriggles, very unlike, indeed, to the real character. She was, in fact, the Minnie Palmer of *My Sweetheart* in a new dress, and under a new name. Miss Palmer has apparently yet to learn that smirking and winking, short frocks and silk stockings, are not essential qualifications and necessities for an actress. In Mr. J. P. Wooler's slight operetta, originally *The Ring and the Keeper*, acted at the Royalty Theatre by Miss F. Reeves and Mr. Elliot Galer during the latter's management of that house, Miss Palmer was seen to more advantage because the part is not trying to an actress of limited powers, and she was able to use her voice in a song or two. Her disguise as a page also seemed to give pleasure to the audience.

On the following afternoon, a fatally lugubrious play in three acts, entitled *A Woman of the World*, adapted by Mr. B. C. Stephenson from *Der Probefeil* of Oscar Blumenthal, was acted at the Haymarket Theatre. The story is old : a pretty girl has been fascinated with a musical impostor, who has stolen an opera composed by his dead master, and brought it out as his own. A man of the world wishes his nephew to marry the girl ; but the young man affects a handsome widow. It thus becomes

the duty of the uncle to unmask the lank, long-haired Herr Slowitz, the darling of the music-mad ladies, to show his nephew that the handsome woman of the world is not worth caring for, and to bring the young people together. This simple scheme is elaborated over three long acts, possessing, as may be imagined, very little action and a superabundance of talk, very good talk, be it said, but too much of it. It was a pity to see so much good writing thrown away on a worthless subject. It has been observed that one swallow does not make a summer; and so it is here. One eccentric character does not make a play. To my mind, there was a little too much of Herr Slowitz, with his outrageous gestures and absurd posturings. Such a character would be well enough in a farce: it is out of place in a comedy. Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, moreover, went a little too far in the exaggeration. Miss Helen Barry was cold and measured, and scarcely sufficiently refined for the polished woman of the world. An admirable sketch of character was given by Mr. Charles Brookfield as the clever, far-seeing uncle, and Mr. Gilbert Farquhar was capital as a rather idiotic personage who mourns the supposed death of the widow. Mr. H. Kemble, Miss Helen Forsyth, and others, acquitted themselves well in the smaller parts, but there was nothing in either play or players to call for extended comment.

A brilliant audience extended a hearty welcome to the three-act drama, *Antoinette Rigaud*, on its production, for the first time in England, at the St. James's Theatre on the 13th of this month. The play was written by M. Raymond Deslandes, the director of the Paris Vaudeville, and brought out at the Théâtre Français on September 30th, 1885. It was skilfully prepared for the English stage by the late Ernest Warren. The action takes place at the Château de Préfond, near Tours. It is evening; the visitors are assembled to congratulate Marie de Préfond, the general's only child, on her birthday. The opening scene is a little too long, but it is soon atoned for by the appearance of a ray of brightness in the person of Antoinette Rigaud, who has been unable to resist the temptation of coming from home to visit her old companion on this auspicious day. Antoinette is married to a bluff, burly, noisy, open-hearted fellow who does not understand her, and as he happens to be serving on a jury at the time, Antoinette makes no scruple to leave her home for the night. She finds that her brother, Henri de Tourvel, loves Marie, and—in a scene exquisitely played by Mrs. Kendal—she also draws from the girl the con-

fession that Henri's affection is returned, and she undertakes to obtain General de Préfond's sanction to the marriage. Mdme. Rigaud's happiness is marred by her suddenly meeting in the person of M. Paul Sannoy, a visitor at the château, an artist who has made love to her, and to whom she has written some foolish letters. She asks him to return these letters, and he promises to do so. So far so well, but danger looms in the distance, and the General gently but sternly refuses to give his consent to the marriage of Marie to Henri, because the latter is an officer in the army, and he has made a promise to his wife on her death-bed that their child shall never marry a soldier. Now comes the most theatrically effective situation in the play. It is not reached until the end of the second act, but it is excellent when it is reached. Antoinette is to sleep in a wing of the house occupied only by herself and Marie, and protected by a door at the end of a corridor which the crotchety General insists on keeping locked at night. As Antoinette is leaving early in the morning, Sannoy comes to her boudoir to restore her letters. Antoinette is touched at his honest behaviour in the matter, and she gives him a locket containing a portrait of herself, painted by Sannoy, as a souvenir. Sannoy is about to leave, when the sound of persons approaching her room is heard. She hastily locks the door, and throws a wrap round her shoulders as an excuse for keeping her visitors waiting. Her husband, released from the jury-box sooner than he expected, has followed his wife in order to give her, as he says, "a pleasant surprise." Antoinette hides Sannoy in her bedroom, and has to listen in agony to her talkative husband, who eats a hearty supper, and cannot see that his wife is suffering tortures. The meal over, Antoinette persuades Rigaud to go to his dressing-room to smoke. She calls Sannoy out, and he escapes into the corridor. She takes a light to look for him. Thank heaven, he has escaped! But just at this moment her husband bursts into the room. He has seen a man jump from the window next to hers, and is about to fire on him; but Antoinette argues that the man may be a lover of one of the servants, and not a burglar. Content to let the matter rest thus until the morning, when he will tell the General what he has seen, Rigaud returns to finish his cigar, and then the horrible truth flashes upon Antoinette. The room from which Sannoy has jumped is Marie's! The last act is the most artistic in the comedy. The story of the man in Marie's room is known to the General, and the locket given by Antoinette to Sannoy is

found beneath Marie's window. Who was the possessor of this locket which Antoinette had refused her husband? With a piteous look Mdme. Rigaud appeals to her brother, who says that he was the owner of the locket. Then he, also, must have been in Marie's room. He says that this is so, and he is requested to resign his commission. Antoinette then confesses the truth to the General, who believes her and keeps her secret, and when Henri de Tourvel returns to hand in his resignation from the army, he is surprised to find that the General no longer—de Tourvel not being a soldier—withholds his consent to the marriage. So ends a clever, dramatic, well-constructed play. It is fortunate that so able and experienced an artist as Mrs. Kendal should have represented the heroine. Her Antoinette Rigaud was a fine, brilliant, well-balanced, and thoroughly sympathetic performance, and quite one of the best pieces of acting given by this clever lady. The General of Mr. Hare was another admirable sketch of character, while Mr. Kendal has not yet done anything better, in serious acting, than his manly, and, at times, pathetic impersonation of Henri de Tourvel. A perfect example of acting of its kind was the Rigaud of Mr. J. H. Barnes, a sound, vigorous, and eminently truthful personation. Mr. Herbert Waring was hardly passionate enough as Sannoy. Miss Linda Dietz made a charmingly graceful Marie, while minor parts were efficiently taken by Miss Webster, Miss Annie Rose, Mr. F. M. Paget, and Mr. de Verney.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert's three-act farcical play, *Engaged*, succeeded *Nadjezda* at the Haymarket on the 17th of this month. It may be once more recorded in these pages that this piece was originally produced at the Haymarket Theatre on Wednesday, October 3rd, 1877, under the management of John S. Clarke, with the following cast:—Cheviot Hill, the late George Honey; Belvawney, Mr. Kyrle Bellew (then playing as "Harold Kyrle"); Mr. Symperson, Mr. H. Howe; Angus McAlister, Mr. Dewar; Major McGillicuddy, Mr. Weathersby; Belinda Treherne, Miss Marion Terry; Minnie, Miss Lucy Buckstone; Mrs. McFarlane, Miss Emily Thorne; Maggie, Miss Julia Stewart; and Parker, Miss Julia Roselle. Only so recently as November 30, 1881, the comedy was revived at the Court Theatre, with Mr. Kyrle Bellew, Miss Marion Terry, and Miss Emily Thorne in their original characters. The late Henry J. Byron then appeared as Cheviot Hill, Mr. Clifford Cooper was the Mr. Symperson, Mr. W. H. Denny the Angus

McAlister, Miss Carlotta Addison acted Minnie, and that charming and clever actress, Miss Adela Measor, made a hit as the Scotch girl, Maggie. A revived play is seldom so well acted as on its original production, and the present case was no exception to the general rule. Mr. Honey was by no means an ideal Cheviot Hill, but he gave an amusing rendering of the part. Mr. Beerbohm-Tree made him a yellow-haired, limping "æsthete," without a particle of spirit. He took the part far too quietly, and paid attention to the details of the character rather than to any broad and striking view of it. Mr. Barrymore was a sufficiently earnest Belvawney, but Mr. Mackintosh sadly exaggerated the part of Mr. Symperson. Both in make-up and acting Mr. Mackintosh was suggestive of some odd, quaint figure from a melodrama, the oily Mr. Symperson being quite sunk in his rendering. The Angus McAlister of Mr. Charles Brookfield was a good, thoughtful performance, and the Major McGillicuddy of Mr. Ulick Winter was quite acceptable. Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree made a pretty figure as Belinda Treherne, and she was deeply and terribly "intense." A section of the audience seemed pleased with Miss Rose Norreys as Maggie. The actress, however, did not catch the true spirit of the part. She was suggestive of artfulness where there should be no such suggestion, and her Scotch accent was obviously affected at times. Mrs. E. H. Brooke gave an able rendering of the part of Mrs. McFarlane, and Miss Augusta Wilton was a pretty Minnie.

The Lord Harry, a new and original romantic play in five acts, by Messrs. Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett, was produced at the Princess's Theatre on the 18th. It proved a disappointment to those who were acquainted with the previous work of Mr. Jones. *The Silver King*, written by Mr. Jones in collaboration with Mr. H. Herman, is certainly the best melodrama of our time, and *Saints and Sinners*, for which Mr. Jones is solely responsible, tells a touching story, and contains several very graphic sketches of character. On the other hand, *The Lord Harry* contains little that calls for commendation. Its story is thin to the extreme, and could be told in a breath, while the action, which hardly ever carries the spectator out of himself, practically finishes in the third of the five acts, leaving scene after scene, of little relevancy, to be presented. It may be as well to relate the exact manner in which the story of the love of a Royalist for a Puritan maiden is presented. The first scene depicts the Royalist camp near Zoyland Castle,

on the Dorsetshire coast. The sources of the besiegers are nearly exhausted, and for this reason the Royalists fear that they must withdraw unless the besieged are in worse plight than themselves. How is the necessary knowledge to be obtained? Lord Harry Bendish, a dare-devil favourite, determines to obtain it, so he disguises himself as a Puritan, and thus gets admission to Zoyland Castle. Loyalty to his cause is not the only motive which induces Lord Harry to thus risk his life, for he is in love with Esther Breame, the fair daughter of the commander of the besieged town. He enters the castle successfully, the first act terminating with his meeting with Esther. What is to follow is patent to those not gifted with much insight. The Lord Harry is recognised and condemned to death, and he is saved from this punishment by Esther Breame, who bribes the jailor, provides Lord Harry with a stout piece of iron, with which he shatters the bars of his cell window, through which he escapes, thanks to a rope ladder, also furnished by Esther. Thus ends the second act. The play practically terminates in the next act. The Lord Harry is decoyed into visiting Esther late at night, the town is entered by the Royalist army, and, in a gratuitous scene of noise, gunpowder, and smoke, Esther and her lover and father are seen—by those of quick eye—making good their escape. The remainder of the play is occupied by the adventures of the fugitives. They are seen on the roof of a flooded cottage, where they are attacked by enemies who fire on them with unloaded muskets, and then land and chase them round the chimney-top, the trio once more escaping in the boat of their enemies, who are left checkmated on the roof of the cottage. Adventures of a somewhat similar nature occur in the last act, the Lord Harry and Esther once more escaping, and so the play might go on for ever, but for the limits of time which require that a theatrical manager must not detain his audience long after eleven at night. It will thus be seen that *The Lord Harry* possesses no great originality of plot, no stirring situation, and but little action. Mr. Wilson Barrett acted the hero with wonderful energy, and looked particularly well in his Royalist dress, and Miss Eastlake played the Puritan maiden with great tenderness. But, truth to tell, this is not a good acting play, and such able artists as Mr. E. S. Willard, Mr. J. H. Clyndes, Mr. George Barrett, and Miss Lottie Venne had parts which did not afford them any opportunity for distinction.

III.

MARCH.

Death of Walter Speakman.—*Sister Mary.*—*Doo, Brown, and Co.*—Mrs. Langtry as Pauline.—*The Schoolmistress.*

It is with great regret that I have to record in these pages the sudden death, in New York, on the 6th of this month, of my esteemed friend, Walter Speakman, whose acting in various characters, during the management of Mr. Wilson Barrett at the Princess's Theatre, will be readily recalled by many playgoers. Mr. Speakman—his real and full name was John Robert Speakman—was born in Liverpool in 1846. He was apprenticed at an early age to an important local firm of analysts and chemists; but, encouraged by the success with which he met as an amateur actor, he resolved to adopt the stage as a profession. He accordingly made his first regular appearance at the Amphitheatre (now the Court), Liverpool, on Boxing Night, 1864. At this theatre, and in other provincial towns, he worked hard, and underwent a probation of ten years. For aids in his work he had a well-built figure, a capital stage presence, and a voice of much volume and flexibility. His efforts were at length rewarded by a substantial offer from Mr. Wilson Barrett, which led to his impersonating Gloucester in the first performance of Mr. Wills' *Jane Shore* (Leeds, March 8, 1875). His acting was signalled out for praise as a strong picture of the ambitious noble. Mr. Speakman next appeared, with success, at Bradford, and then at Liverpool, where he gave a singularly picturesque and able performance of the hero of Mr. Tom Taylor's *Clancarty*. During this latter engagement he also acted, with considerable success, these important parts:—Jaques, in *As You Like It*; Newman Noggs, in *Nicholas Nickleby*; Claude Melnotte; St. Pierre, in *The Wife*; Ingomar; Mildmay, in *Still Waters Run Deep*; Mathew Elmore, Edgar of Ravenswood, and the Stranger. It was during this year (1876) that he played Hamlet in Liverpool, having previously essayed the part at Oxford. His impersonation of this character called forth an appreciative criticism from an authority in dramatic matters, who wrote that “Mr. Speakman is a graceful actor; and, so far as the delivery of Shakespeare's text was concerned, seldom has the character been read by a comparatively young actor in such a pure and intelligent style. There was, occasionally, some point-making, but no false emphasis or tricky enunciation. After the manner in which the sensitive ear is

tortured by the distortions of Shakespeare's poetry by ambitious but inexperienced actors, it was a positive relief to observe such taste and to hear such harmony of expression." A vivid and powerful impersonation of Mathias in *The Sledge Bells* was followed by a bold, striking, and picturesque performance of the villain, Lazare, in Mr. Burnand's drama, *Proof*. Lazare was Mr. Speakman's original character, and he played it over nine hundred times. Another successful impersonation was John Statton in *The Old Love and the New*. In the first production of *The Lights o' London* at the Princess's Theatre, Mr. Speakman made his mark upon a London audience by his acting in the character of Seth Preene. Then came Joe Heckett in *The Romany Rye*, Baxter in *The Silver King*, and Agazil in *Claudian*—all intelligent and striking delineations of character. During the absence of Mr. Barrett for a brief period, Mr. Walter Speakman acted one of his original characters—that of Wilfrid Denver, the hero of *The Silver King*. Mr. Speakman played the part with rare intelligence, power, and feeling. It was a thoroughly capable, thoughtful performance. The actor's ability shone conspicuously throughout. The more vigorous passages were acted with fine nervous intensity and requisite strength, whilst the tender parts were natural and pathetic. Mr. Speakman had just finished an engagement in America as Sir Mervyn Ferrand, in *Dark Days*, and was expected home when the news of his sudden death reached here. He was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, where also rest the remains of H. J. Montague.

The first important production of March was *Sister Mary*, a new play in four acts, by Messrs. Wilson Barrett and Clement Scott, brought out at the Brighton Theatre Royal on the 8th. This drama tells an unconventional story in a pretty and effective manner, it is neatly constructed, its hero at least is an original character, while the dialogue is admirably written. The scene of the first act is laid in the summer time at Rivermead, on the Thames, where resides Mrs. Rose Reade, a pretty, interesting woman, who has to support an only child by means of dress-making. She has attracted the attention of Colonel Malcolm's niece, Miss Mary Lisle, generally known as Sister Mary, and warmly loved by all her neighbours for her goodness of heart and simplicity of manner. She offers to educate Mrs. Reade's boy, and, in a pretty and touching scene, elicits from her the confession that she was a mother without being a wife—that, in fact, her boy is illegitimate. She was ruined years ago by a young officer, who has not contributed to

her support because he could not find her after her disgrace. Mary swears to befriend the repentant woman, come what may. They are to be friends for life. Scarcely has Mary left her friend when a scoundrel named Davis enters, and, to his surprise, finds in Rose Reade, *née* Fisher, the girl whom he had loved all his life, and whom even now he is anxious to marry. The girl indignantly refuses to listen to him, and he threatens to tell the whole village of her shame, when Miss Lisle enters. She is on the point of being grossly insulted when Captain Walter Leigh, unseen by Rose, enters and strikes Davis on the wrist, bidding Mary go home. This Leigh is a morose, brandy-drinking fellow, who seems on the verge of destruction when he meets, in an early part of this act, Mary Lisle, who induces him to give her the brandy from his flask instead of drinking it himself. The woman is interested in the strange, despondent man, while he is attracted by the beauty and purity of the woman. The sympathy thus created between them is made the stronger by the situation at the end of the act, in which Leigh saves Mary from the insults of Davis. The scene of the second act—the prettiest, most effective, and best written in the play—is laid in a lovely glen in North Wales. Leigh has completely reformed, volunteered in the army, and gloriously distinguished himself. He is painting in the glen when he meets Mary once more. She is on a visit to relations, and has never seen Leigh since her sudden meeting and parting with him twelve months before at Rivermead. A charming scene occurs between Leigh and Mary. Neither professes love, but it is pretty clear what it will lead to. He owes all his success in life to her influence: she is charmed that she has made a hero out of a rake. They depart, in the summer sunset, full of unexpressed love. Scarcely has Mary left, when Leigh remembers that two hulking tramps—one of whom was Davis—have gone in the same direction that she has taken. Leigh follows, but misses Mary, and the girl re-enters, followed by the desperate tramps. They are proceeding to rob and assault her when Leigh comes to the rescue, and a desperate fight occurs, in which Leigh's arm is broken. Assistance arrives, the scoundrels are secured, and as Mary bends over Walter Leigh in pity and admiration he tells her that he would give his life for her. The third act takes place at the country seat of Colonel Malcolm. It is the wedding morning of Sister Mary and Walter Leigh. By a happy accident, bride and bridegroom meet. They renew their love vows just before meeting at the altar, and Leigh, who has had mis-

givings regarding a certain Rose, who had been ruined years ago, stifles his conscience, and tells Mary that he has never loved before. A visitor is announced, and Leigh goes away. The visitor is Rose Reade, who now wishes Sister Mary to educate her boy. Sister Mary consents, but insists upon knowing the name of the boy's father. It is Walter Leigh. Mary is at first paralysed with the news. But she makes up her mind to take the boy, and when Leigh returns once more she tells him the story and dismisses him, a heart-broken man, as she falls fainting at the sound of the bells ringing for a wedding that is not to take place. The scene of the fourth act is an outpost improvised fort at the Cape during the Boer campaign. It is a very dangerous position, and Captain Leigh has just been appointed to command it. Sister Mary is at the war, attached as hospital nurse to the ambulance. Her relations with Leigh are strained. At an adjacent farm, a missionary station, Rose Reade happens to be, and there she is guarded by Sergeant Davis, the tramp in former acts, who has reformed, enlisted, and still loves his old flame. Rose arrives with an escort in search of hospital supplies. Several touching scenes follow between the women, when Rose departs with the escort on her way back to the farm. They have not got far when it is signalled that the escort has been attacked. Not a moment is to be lost. Captain Leigh is in a dilemma. Shall he go and rescue Rose, a "forlorn hope," and leave the fort where Mary is unprotected? Shall he save one woman at the expense of the other? His duty is to both; his love is with one. Urged by Mary, he starts with a small force to try to beat back the rebels, and to go to almost certain death. He takes farewell of all he loves, and sets out. Great excitement prevails in the fort. If Leigh fails, they will all be killed. But Leigh turns the rebels, and is in pursuit. Into the terrified fort comes Sergeant Davis with a pathetic story. Poor Rose was the first to fall, and she died commanding her boy to Mary, and begging her to forgive the man who loved her so. Leigh behaved like a hero, and saved the life of Davis with the very arm that Davis once broke. At last Leigh arrives back at the little fortress safe and sound. He is received with ringing cheers by his comrades, and it is strongly hinted that no long time will pass before he marries Sister Mary. "The acting of the principal characters," I noted at the time of the production of the play, "is especially good. Miss Lingard portrays Sister Mary in a particularly sweet, touching, and consistent manner; and she gives full meaning to every

word she utters. Mr. Leonard Boyne gives a fine, intelligent reading of Walter Leigh. A hit is made by Miss Retta Walton with a very clever piece of acting as Charity Binks, an orphan girl, rescued from the workhouse—a kind of ‘Marchioness,’ who has never known father or mother, and is worked to death as a ‘slavey’ in a village shop. She is thoroughly comic in tone, and it is well that the character has so clever an exponent as Miss Retta Walton. Miss Maggie Hunt plays Rose Reade with admirable pathos, and the tramps are well represented by Mr. H. Fenwicke and Mr. H. V. Lawrence. Captain Dyson, a man of the world, and drily humorous fellow, who has many clever and *apropos* things to say about the world and society in general, finds an agreeable representative in Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe. Miss Agatha Malcolm, a vain old maid, is amusingly acted by Mrs. George Canninge, and Kate Malcolm, a pretty and sprightly girl, is brightly played by Miss Blanche Horlock.” The drama was acted in London, at the Comedy Theatre, on September 11, with Miss Lingard and Mr. Boyne in their original characters.

On the 11th, a farce in three acts by Mr. C. M. Rae, entitled *Doo, Brown, and Co.*, was brought out at the Vaudeville. It professed to be original, but it was full of familiar scenes. This, however, was by no means its only, or its worst, failing, for it has little or no story to relate, and what there is of plot is almost entirely incomprehensible. It contains one or two scenes of a wildly exaggerated nature, amusing enough in themselves, yet having little connection with the play. A rascally lawyer named Doo is anxious to frustrate the designs of one of a party to a suit in an action for breach of promise of marriage, so he engages a clerk to assist him in his nefarious plans, and instructs this clerk in the use of catch-phrases, “What an artist!” “What a photographer!” the constant repetition of which nearly caused the piece to be completely wrecked on the first night. Mr. Doo’s adventures presumably form the groundwork of the plot, but his carryings on are so complicated that they become incomprehensible. Among the other characters are an artist, who makes general love, and a fire-eating major, who pursues his antiquated wife to the artist’s studio, where she is sitting for her portrait as Flora, the funniest scene in the play being thus obtained.

On the afternoon of the 18th, Mrs. Langtry appeared in *The Lady of Lyons* at the Prince’s Theatre. The following notice of this performance was printed in *The Stage* at the time:—“It is

curious indeed to notice how inspired criticism has been falsified in the case of Mrs. Langtry. How bitter they all were when, at a certain Haymarket matinée, the ambitious lady dared to play Kate Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer*. How they all swooped down upon her like hungry eagles, and prophesied her immediate downfall and dissolution! How they ruffled up their feathers at the thought that 'the profession' was to be recruited from the ranks of beautiful and accomplished amateurs. Yet even in these days Mrs. Langtry had much promise. She had youth, she had beauty, she had voice, she had nerve, and she had that innate refinement that can be borrowed from the teaching of no school. There were some—we take no credit to ourselves—who encouraged when others abused, who hoped when the rest were despondent. But Mrs. Langtry having worked, and worked hard, having gained experience at an enormous cost, is now the subject of sycophantic adulation at the hands of the very people who did their utmost to prevent the fruit of her laudable ambition. They dragged her down, and when she refused to tumble into the dust they make a show of picking her up again. Mrs. Langtry's Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons* is a very unconventional and interesting performance. She casts away the trammels of tradition without sacrificing effect. Here, then, she is in direct antagonism to Mr. Coghlan, who wholly sacrifices effect, whilst he disregards tradition. We do not believe that in recent years the loving Pauline has been more beautifully and artistically expressed. The pride of the beauty of Lyons is there, the dignity, the curled lip, the disdainful sneer, and the imperious manner, but the love of the woman is supreme and paramount. Paulines in abundance have been seen more strikingly theatrical, few more natural and reflective. At the very outset the keynote to Mrs. Langtry's idea of Pauline is given. It is love. No father, no mother, no society, no conventionality, and no consideration whatever could keep her from Claude. She loves him. When he is describing 'his palace lifting to eternal summer its marble walls,' the conventional Pauline is either thinking how she looks, or brooding over her next sentence. Not so Mrs. Langtry. She is lost in admiration of Claude's eloquence. Her eyes drink in every word of his rapturous description, her face pales under the passion of the scene, her form trembles. She is in a supreme state of nervous agitation. So lost is Pauline that she becomes limp and inert under the spell of fascination. The articles she holds in her hands fall idly from her grasp, the roses she has been playing

with drop unknown from her lap. She is lost, she is abstracted—in a word, she is in love! This view of Pauline in love is preserved throughout. It is never forgotten. The natural indignation of the woman is aroused when her eyes are opened to the deceit that has been practised on her, but through all the pride shines the transcendent love. Directly her parents show a sign of yielding she shows that she would yield now that they do. When Claude departs she is in a frenzy of despair. All pride, all resolution, all self-respect are broken down in the agony of parting from the man whom with all his faults she still loves. Here for the first time Mrs. Langtry lets herself free from the fetters of modern realistic restraint, and shows what an actress she might be if she would only trust to her own power, her own intelligence, her own voice. The last act has seldom been so thoughtfully played. The broken-hearted girl's sacrifice to her parents is shown in all her pathos and pure resignation. There is only one thing that Mrs. Langtry wants, and that is confidence in her own power. She has a beauty that few possess, a refinement that would be difficult to imitate, a gentleness of presence that is of extreme value, and a voice of strong, fine, resonant power. It is unfortunate, but still fortunate, that Mrs. Langtry has had Mr. Coghlan as guide, counsellor, and friend; he has certainly taught her what to avoid, but he has checked her and frightened her too much. In big scenes he has seldom assisted her, but has constantly and conscientiously let her down, as the saying is. An actor can help enthusiasm on the stage or can depress it. Mr. Coghlan is the champion depressor; he checks every impulse that surrounds him; he kills every good acting scene with a manner that is studiously artistic but as ruinously ineffective. There have been actresses who have been determined to act in spite of Mr. Coghlan. Mrs. Bernard Beere had nerve enough to shake Mr. Coghlan off when they were both drowning in *Féodora*—or would have drowned—and to swim to shore by herself, amidst the cheers of the spectators. Mrs. Langtry, however, is not made of this vigorous and unsensitive metal; as yet she has not had the strength to be shaken off or to swim to shore alone; but she soon will, and the sooner she does so the better. No actor should be allowed to pull her back in order to air his own eccentricity. Mr. Coghlan's Claude Melnotte is a sketch, not a painting; it is an outline, not a study. He walks through the part and suggests it; he does not play it. Mr. Coghlan evidently hates Claude Melnotte, and he shows it; he despises the

play and the character, and he cannot conceal his distaste for either. The play may be fustian, but it is not for an actor to let it down and make faces at it. Mr. Coghlan was once the best romantic actor on the stage, but then he had sentiment; the sentiment is dead within him, so how can he pretend to interpret romance. It is all nonsense to talk of reserved force or its equivalent. Mr. Coghlan has plenty of force—abundance of it, but he thinks that he makes friends with the age of sneerers because he plays romance with a sneer. It is a dead mistake. Unless Claude Melnotte can indulge in hyperbole and rhetoric he is not Claude Melnotte. Let Mr. Coghlan write plays in accordance with the spirit of our times, and no one will fit them better; but if he were more of an artist he would understand that Claude can never be made effective by under-playing, which is the curse of the younger generation of players. What a vigorous, hearty, effective, and sound performance is, for instance, the Colonel Damas of Mr. F. Everill, who, like that excellent actor, Mr. Fernandez, combines the vigour of the old school with the tact and understanding of the new. Madame Deschapelles has seldom been so well or intelligently played as by Miss Robertha Erskine. Miss Bowring is a capital Widow Melnotte, and Mr. J. Carne as Beauséant, Mr. J. R. Craufurd as Glavis, and Mr. Weathersby as Casper, got out of their traditional difficulties extremely well. Seldom in the memory of any playgoer has *The Lady of Lyons* been dressed so well. The costumes designed by Mr. Harper Pennington are as accurate as they are beautiful, and the pictures of Mrs. Langtry as Pauline should go far to revive a taste for the high waists and unpetticoated skirts of our great-grandmothers."

Laughter loud and long prevailed at the Court Theatre on the 27th, when Mr. A. W. Pinero's original three-act farce, *The Schoolmistress*, was presented in succession to the same writer's successful piece, *The Magistrate*. The actual story and its complications are not, perhaps, so funny as in the latter case, but the dialogue is infinitely better. It is not funny dialogue in the accepted sense; the conversation is not peppered over with puns or garnished with extracts from Joe Miller. The talk is quaint and whimsical, rather than funny in the ordinary sense of the word. The author has also been able to make each part as relatively important to the whole as the other. All are good, but the success is made by harmony of endeavour and not merely by individual effort. The Schoolmistress is a certain Miss Dyott, who is Principal of Volumnia College, an estab-

lishment for the daughters of gentlemen. This excellent person, though she for business purposes retains her maiden name, is in reality the wedded wife of a thrifless, well-dressed, impetuous swell, the son of a peer, the Hon. Vere Queckett. She provides the brains, and her husband the beauty; she toils, and he spends. It is a regular case of Mr. and Mrs. Mantalini in another class of life. The Christmas holidays have come, and Miss Dyott has to face a difficulty. Several of her pupils are bound to remain, for family reasons, during the holidays, but Miss Dyott, who has a capital voice, is determined to spend her short holiday by earning a little money. Mr. Otto Bernstein, a popular composer, who has written an oratorio that he has been compelled to turn into an opera-bouffe, secures for Miss Dyott an engagement as a *prima donna* in a provincial town, and so she is compelled to keep the object of her departure a profound secret from everyone. The announcement of Miss Dyott's enforced absence is not received with pronounced grief by any one at Volumnia College. For if she has a secret from the girls, the girls have a secret from her. One of the pupils, egged on by an outrageously mischievous and fun-loving pupil-teacher, Miss Peggy Hesselrigge, has contracted a marriage on the sly with Mr. Reginald Paulover, a jealous and suspicious youth; in fact it was to prevent this very marriage that her father, Rear-Admiral Archibald Rankling, had incarcerated the girl at Volumnia College. Love proverbially laughs at locksmiths: the marriage is an accomplished fact; and the only thing that disturbs the mind of Peggy and her companions is that their married schoolfellow has never enjoyed a wedding breakfast. This omission they propose to rectify by clubbing together in order to procure a wedding supper, but as ill luck will have it, they fix on the very night when Mr. Queckett, with scant consideration, has asked a party of bachelor friends to make a night of it, never for one moment betraying the fact that he is a married man. The girls, with the diplomatic aid of the impulsive Peggy, soon reduce the husband of the Schoolmistress to submission; they make him devote his ready cash, consisting of the whole of the household expenses left him by his careful wife, on luxuries for the banquet, and it is determined to make the impromptu party a mixed affair. Very mixed, indeed, it is. In come Lieutenant John Mallory, R.N., a handsome masher, and Mr. Saunders, a snub-nosed boy from a training-ship, both prepared for conquest, and they bring with them the old Admiral, who has a countenance as ruddy as that of Captain

Cuttle himself. A hectoring, blustering, swearing, cantankerous old sea-dog is the Admiral, who bullies his wife and reduces her to a moral pulp. His face would make cream turn sour. He has been used to authority, and he is evidently determined to exercise it to the full. Luckily, he has never seen his obstinate daughter for years, and is apparently as ignorant of the features of his prospective son-in-law, so no mistake happens on that score. The introduction of the various guests to one another is amusing enough, causing taradiddles innumerable to be told; but at last the supper arrives, and they all sit down to eat it. The Admiral insists on proposing the bride's health, which he mixes up with the conventional toast of the Navy; and the fun, which ends in a dance, is at its height when the alarming intelligence is brought up that the page-boy, who has a passion for squibs, has set the house on fire. A regular rumpus ensues. The firemen come in with their hose, and take it all very coolly. The young ladies are tremendously alarmed. The fire-escape arrives, and up it comes Miss Dyott, arrayed as an opera *prima donna*. In the last act we are taken to Admiral Rankling's house, which is used as a refuge for the burned-out scholars, and the complication that ensues baffles description. The Admiral's drawing-room is used as a dormitory for the pupils and their various lovers. The secret of the clandestine marriage is ultimately revealed, and Miss Dyott, after a very amusing scene with her husband, resolves to build operatic and dramatic fame on the charred ruins of Volumnia College. At the outset Mr. Arthur Cecil seemed a little uncertain what to make of the Hon. Vere Queckett. He played the part quietly, unobtrusively, and well, but the part seemed tame and under-drawn when compared to the wild caricatures that surrounded it. But Mr. Cecil soon "felt his feet," and the character afterwards became invaluable in his hands. Mr. John Clayton secured the best character he has ever played in farce, and admirably he understood it. Ferocious in aspect, boorish and brutal in manner, his curtness and domineering manner were positively amusing in their earnestness. It was a very happy bit of farce acting. Mr. F. Kerr, a capable actor, had but a small part as the naval lieutenant, but he was always in the picture, and assisted every scene in which he was engaged. Mr. H. Eversfield was delightfully petulant and sensitively jealous as the young and happy husband. Mr. Chevalier brought his accurate knowledge of foreign character to bear on Otto Bernstein, the German composer; and young Mr. W. Phillips was quite

inimitable as the page-boy, Tyler. In his short scene he sent the audience into fits of laughter, so natural and funny was his style. Mr. Fred Cape and Mr. Lugg also did extremely well in the small characters of firemen called on to extinguish the conflagration. Though Mrs. John Wood had not a very long or important part, she was irresistible in all she had to do, as amusing if quieter than usual, and giving to her last scene a point, a piquancy, and a humour that it would have received at no other hands. She was more at home as the *prima donna* than as the Schoolmistress, and in her snatches of song, when describing her tour, this clever and popular actress convulsed her audience. In direct contrast to her style of humour came Miss Emily Cross, who admirably understood the Admiral's wife, and played Mrs. Rankling with an evident sense of humour. But perhaps the most successful of all the female characters was Miss Rose Norreys as Peggy Hesselrigge, the mischief-maker. Brighter or cleverer acting is seldom seen. She was impetuous but never obtrusive, funny but never vulgar. She played every scene in the highest possible spirit, and the author is certainly indebted to Miss Norreys for giving exactly that spirit to the play, that *verve* and vivacity that Mr. Wyndham does to Criterion comedies. This was one of the round pegs in a round hole. Miss Norreys considerably increased her reputation by this intense and clever performance. *The Schoolmistress* was so successful that it was represented two hundred and ninety-two times at the Court Theatre.

IV.

APRIL.

Jim, the Penman.—Sophia.—The Pickpocket.

On the afternoon of March 25 an original play, in four acts, by Sir Charles L. Young, was presented at the Haymarket Theatre. Entitled *Jim, the Penman*, it proved a sterling work, and, on April 3, it was placed on the regular bill of the Haymarket, where it retained its position for several months. James Ralston is a professional philanthropist, and a typical man in modern society. He is something in the City, but nobody knows what, except that his business brings him in an enormous fortune, and that his cheque-book is always open to the calls of charity. He lives well, looks well, spends well. But

he is, in a certain sense, a mystery to even his charming wife. Mrs. Ralston is supremely ignorant as to the cause of all this wealth. According to all outward appearances Mrs. Ralston is supremely happy. She does not quarrel with her husband or bore him ; she has an enthusiastic son who adores her, and a darling daughter who is to be married to young Lord Drelincourt, a well-looking fellow and the owner of some family diamonds of enormous value. As to the business habits of James Ralston, the audience may very fairly be allowed to be sceptical, for on one occasion, when sitting at his wife's desk, and brought face to face with his cheque-book, he, in the most matter-of-fact way, asks his wife *if he may sign her name to a cheque*. She, in an equally matter-of-fact way, answers "Of course." On this apparently trivial incident the dramatic meaning of the whole play depends. The liability of the bank or its consent to this questionable transaction is left wholly out of the consideration of all. If the bank had consented to an arrangement by which James Ralston could draw on Mrs. Ralston's account, or *vice-versa*, it would be a purely reasonable transaction; but no bank in the world would permit any husband to forge his wife's name to a cheque, or, in other words, to imitate her signature. (This incident was, I believe, ultimately altered somewhat.) Possibly Mrs. Ralston thought that her husband would have signed the cheque in his own name *for* Mrs. Ralston. She would not have permitted in so cool a fashion the imitation of her signature. By so doing she would have rendered her husband liable to a charge of forgery. However, the thing is done, and no more is said about it by the bank, or by anyone else. Meanwhile, two important people turn up; first, a certain Louis Percival from America, secondly a certain Baron Hauteville from France. Louis Percival has a story to relate. He and James Ralston were old schoolfellows; he and James Ralston's wife were old sweethearts. Louis Percival has throughout his life been the victim of uncompromising fate. He lost the girl he passionately loved, and to whom he was engaged, by means of a forged letter apparently written by her; he lost the enormous fortune he had amassed



Jim, the Penman, Act II.

in America by means of a forged cheque that drew it all out of the bank at one fell swoop. One would have thought that the bank would have been liable, but it repudiated the debt, and Louis Percival was ruined. In the midst of the interesting recital of the story of Percival's loss, a certain mysterious captain, with a crafty face and large dyed moustache, falls off his chair, apparently asleep, and smashes some valuable china. This crafty captain is given to falling asleep and hiding aimlessly in conservatories, and the audience intuitively whispers at odd intervals, "By Jove! Hawkshaw, the detective!" Baron Hauteville, when he gets alone with James Ralston, imme-



Jim, the Penman, Act III.

dately opens our eyes. They are both connected with a company of swindlers, a limited liability association of crime. James Ralston is none other than the notorious Jim, the Penman, who has baffled the cleverest detectives in America and England, and although both men know and feel that the arm of the law is on their shoulders, they meditate their last and final coup, the robbery of the Drelincourt diamonds. Compelled to further crime by the mysterious association, the diamonds are handed over to Hauteville by an order forged by Ralston. The interest of the play now turns on the hunting down of Jim, the Penman. It was he who forged the letter that separated Louis Percival from the girl he loved. It was he who forged the cheque that stole his schoolfellow's property in America. It is his own wife

who hands him over, or would hand him over, to justice. By comparing the cheques written in her name with the love letter written in her name years ago, she discovers the kind of man she has married, and turns round to rend him. This is the one unnatural and distasteful moment of the play. Had James Ralston been secretly despised throughout the story, and behaved badly to his wife, there would be some excuse for the wife's vengeance. But he is the father of her children, and women are not apt to aid justice in unmasking their husbands, even if love caused crime at the outset. However, death is the executioner after all. On the wedding-day of James Ralston's daughter, and when his crime is brought home to him by the acute detective Captain, Jim, the Penman, dies of heart-disease, when the wedding-guests are feasting in the next room. The curtain then falls on a grim and ghastly tragedy of modern life as uncompromising and fatal as Mr. W. P. Frith's celebrated picture, the "Road to Ruin," where a speculator begins his fall in a fashionable drawing-room, and ends it as a felon in Millbank Prison. Sir Charles Young's "romance of modern society" is a clever, well-arranged, dramatic, and extremely interesting play, but I have not hesitated to point out its two serious blots as a consistent narrative. The interest is progressive, and, on the whole, it is an excellent specimen of modern work. Mr. Arthur Dacre, the first representative of James Ralston, played the part with great skill. This is no easy character to sketch, because the man is not wholly consistent. At one time he is as bold as a lion, at another as nervous as a cat. He is hardly the same man for five minutes together. Mr. Dacre was particularly successful in depicting the death from heart-disease. In the autumn, Mr. E. S. Willard migrated from the Princess's to the Haymarket, where he gave a remarkably well-considered and effective representation of James Ralston. Mr. Beerbohm-Tree's Baron Hartfeld was a very graphic, if occasionally an exaggerated sketch. One of the best played of the smaller characters was the Lady Dunscombe of Miss Henrietta Lindley, a refined, sweet-voiced, but somewhat cynical lady of society. It was a most natural and admirable performance. Miss Helen Forsyth is one of the prettiest and cleverest little *ingénues* on the stage; and Mrs. E. H. Brooke did well as another type of female fashionable character, Mrs. Chapsstone. Lady Monckton deserves great credit for the skilful manner in which she portrayed Mrs. Ralston; it is a most difficult part to play, but the actress was equal to the occasion.

One scene in dumb show, where Mrs. Ralston compares the forged cheque with the forged letter, would have taxed the skill of our best comedy actresses.

On the afternoon of the 12th an adaptation, in four acts, by



MISS HELEN FORSYTH AND MR.
ROYCE CARLETON.
(*Sophia.*)

Mr. Robert Buchanan, of Henry Fielding's "Tom Jones," entitled *Sophia*, was placed on the stage of the Vaudeville Theatre. The difficulty of adapting a successful novel for the stage has seldom been so clearly evinced as in this, the first serious attempt to place the world-famed story of "Tom Jones" in a dramatic framework. The novel reader generally forms his own ideal of the characters in a book, and herein arises the first stumbling-block in the path of the adaptor, who must not only try to faithfully reproduce the characters as they have been conceived by their author, but must also endeavour to satisfy each individual spectator of these personages as transferred from the book to the stage. An additional

difficulty has been presented in the present case, where the nature of manners and customs of a bygone age render the task of exact reproduction of characters and incidents well-nigh impossible. Such, it may be remembered, was the coarseness displayed in Henry Fielding's great work that its appearance in Paris was at first prohibited, and readers of "Tom Jones" will readily recall incident upon incident, scene upon scene, and dialogue illimitable that could not possibly be presented to the playgoer of to-day. The vices and folly of our age are much the same as when Fielding wrote, but they are more carefully hidden, more adroitly concealed. To quote Mr. Buchanan's prologue, "Modes of speech have now grown nicer; Folks, if not purer, are at least preciser." It was obvious that no minute photograph of Fielding's characters could be attempted now, but Mr. Buchanan has gone, as I think, a little too far in the purifying process. He has whitewashed the principal character with a vengeance.

The adapter confesses that "he has taken leave to purify the character of the hero somewhat." He has, indeed; and he has left him Tom Jones in name only. A similar process has been pursued in regard to most of the other characters presented in the adaptation, which are but distantly allied to those in the novel. Readers of Fielding will on this account be disappointed in the play. The adaptation, however, possesses much to commend it. It is chiefly concerned in relating the story of the love of Tom Jones for Sophia, and, as such, the story is told well enough. The piece is neatly constructed, and the action is progressive and interesting throughout the first half. Thereafter it falls off, and it is felt that the conclusion is lamely and clumsily continued. Nor is the dialogue written in the best possible manner, and the listener is frequently compelled to wish that Mr. Buchanan had allowed Fielding's own words to be occasionally heard. The first act takes place before Squire Western's house. Its incidents comprise the declaration by

Tom Jones of his affection for Sophia, his defence of George Seagrim, and his thrashing of the hypocritical Blifil. The action of the second act takes place at first within, and latterly without the barber's shop, where Partridge is introduced. It concludes effectively with the flight of Sophia to London. Lady Bellaston is introduced in the first scene of the next act, where Tom Jones appears to have lost all spirit, and is shown white-faced and snivelling. A "garret in London," where Tom Jones hides Mrs. Honour, Lady Bellaston, and Sophia, one after the other,



Sophia, Act III.



Sophia, Act III.

and the scene of which is very like a French farce in its arrangement, concludes the act. Sophia renounces Tom Jones, and declares her intention of allowing her father to dispose of

her as he will—a dramatic scene as it stands, but one that would be still stronger if Sophia were intrusted with a speech of greater power and impressiveness. In the final act, the course of true love is made to run smoothly at last, Blifil is unmasked, and the impulsive Jones is restored to the arms of the forgiving Mr. Allworthy. On the evening immediately following its first performance, *Sophia* was placed in the regular bill of the Vaudeville, where it has now (April, 1887) been acted over three hundred times. The comedy has had four representatives of its hero. Mr. Charles Glenney was the first Tom Jones, then came Mr. Charles Warner, who was succeeded by Mr. Leonard Boyne, and, during the recent illness of the latter gentleman, the character was played by Mr. Fuller Mellish. To Mr. Boyne belongs the credit of giving the most earnest, the most natural, and most impressive rendering of the character. Mr. Royce Carleton was the best Blifil imaginable—smooth, polished, insinuating, and with no trace of exaggeration. Mr. Gilbert Farquhar's Allworthy was a careful, delicately-finished sketch. Mr. Fred Thorne was an excellent Squire Western. Mr. Thomas Thorne has seldom been seen to so much advantage as in *Partridge*. A more charming or sympathetic Sophia than Miss Kate Rorke could hardly be imagined. This clever young actress was seen at her best in the first act, where Sophia's love for the dissolute, bottle-loving hero was most intelligently indicated. Her disappointment when momentarily believing Tom Jones to be worse than he really is, and consequently resigning herself to her father's wishes, was also admirably expressed by the actress, who gave a consistent, pretty, and winning rendering of the character. Another hit was likewise made by Miss Helen Forsyth, a young actress who does not hesitate to sink her natural refinement of manner and her grace for the proper portrayal of such a part as the rustic Molly Seagrim—as the part is drawn by the adapter. Miss Lottie Venne, a pert and pleasing Mrs. Honour; Miss Sophie Larkin, an amusing Miss Western; and Miss Rose Leclercq, a handsome Lady Bellaston, also contributed to the success of the comedy.

The hit made by *The Private Secretary* at the Globe Theatre was mainly due to the contrast of character afforded by the different facial expression and method of Mr. W. S. Penley and Mr. W. J. Hill—the one with his solemn, aggrieved look and his semi-awful roll of the eye, the other with his portly presence and beaming countenance. Both are actors capable

of causing vast amusement, and, when fitted with proper parts, are invaluable in a comedy. The hit made by these two comedians in the adaptation from Von Moser just named was great, and it would undoubtedly have been the same in the case of *The Pickpocket*, a comedy in three acts, adapted from the German by Mr. G. P. Hawtrey, and presented at the Globe Theatre on the 24th of this month, had their parts been allied to the play, and had they also, and as a consequence of their connection with the story, been of greater prominence. Unfortunately, the waiter of the West-Cliffe Hotel, Southbourne-on-Sea, and the growling hypochondriac, Gregory Grumbledon, have little to do with the plot, and as a result are comparatively small and unimportant figures in it. The real story concerns itself with the wild jealousy of a young husband of his pretty wife, and progresses well enough until the familiar situation is reached in which the husband—who has disguised himself in order to spy upon his wife—is taken for a lunatic and arrested. There is much going in and out of doors, much rushing up and down stairs, and one scene of the play is little better than a pantomime rally. The impossibly jealous husband is Frederick Hope, who grows suspicious of Osmond Hewett, a young fop, whose joy at everything and everybody is expressed in the word “ripping,” and who penetrates into the privacy of the Hope family for the purpose of obtaining an introduction to Freda Grumbledon, the pretty niece of a ponderous old gentleman, who always imagines himself to be upon the brink of the grave. This Grumbledon is the acme of selfishness. He can never receive sufficient attention from his devoted relation. If the air in the hotel garden is of the balmiest nature, he of course feels the breeze, and Freda is dispatched indoors for a neckerchief. Then the damp ground is too much for his tender feet, so a footstool is brought for the hypochondriac, who promptly discovers that his knees are cold, and that he must be covered with a shawl. This Grumbledon, in point of fact, is a veritable bore, and would be voted a nuisance in real life. On the stage, he is amusing only in the first act. After that it is found almost impossible to take interest in the doings of so incorrigibly selfish an individual. Osmond Hewett, however, ventures to approach him on the subject of Freda’s hand. Hewett has followed uncle and niece to the seaside. It so happens that Mrs. Hope is staying at the same hotel as the Grumbledons, and when her husband comes after her she persuades young Hewett to steal his pocket-handkerchief, so that she may iden-

tify her jealous spouse. The abstraction of the handkerchief is witnessed by Freda, who immediately sets down Hewett as a pickpocket. Hewett is shortly afterwards detected by Hope in the act of picking the lock of his portmanteau. But when accused by Hope, the latter is disbelieved, because he has accidentally assumed the name of a madman, expected at the same hotel, and his denunciations are only taken for the ravings of a lunatic. So Hope is secured and held in "durance vile" until his wife recognises and claims him. Mr. Hill, of course, made the most of the selfish Grumbledon, but, as already indicated, the part is not sympathetic, and it is subordinate. Mr. Penley was exceedingly funny as the waiter at the hotel. The principal character in the piece is not the erstwhile pickpocket but the jealous husband, and this part was played with vast earnestness by Mr. E. J. Henley, who worked very hard and with a melodramatic intensity quite commendable, but he has not the breadth of style for so exacting a part. Mr. C. H. Hawtrey presented Osmond Hewett in an acceptable manner, though without any striking individuality. Mr. A. G. Andrews was suitably neat and precise as a doctor. Miss Cissy Grahame looked well as Mrs. Hope, and played a comedy scene in the first act very prettily, but she has hardly the strength for the more trying last act, where Mrs. Hope sees her husband on the point of being carried away as a dangerous lunatic. Miss Vane Featherstone was good as Freda. Mrs. Leigh Murray admirably presented a maiden lady who turns up her nose at the ultra-sentimentalism of Mr. and Mrs. Hope.

V.

MAY.

Clito.—Shelley's *The Cenci*.—The Rev. James White's *The King of the Commons*.—Greek Plays in London.—*The Wife's Sacrifice*.—*Wild Oats*, at the Criterion.—*A Night off*, at the Strand.—*Our Strategists*, at the Opera Comique.—*Adonis*, at the Gaiety.

Clito, an original tragedy in five acts, by Messrs. Sydney Grundy and Wilson Barrett, produced at the Princess's Theatre on Saturday the 1st of May, is not a play that is pleasing to the ordinary palate. Its authors, boldly breaking from the narrow lines within which the English dramatist generally works, here elected to show, unflinchingly and without any attempt at disguise, the seamy side of nature. They picture for us the con-

temptuous weakness of man and the shameless degradation of woman. This they do glaringly, with no attempt to tone down the picture of folly and vice. The story is as true to-day as it was four hundred years before Christ, the period in which the action of the play is laid, and in this respect it may appeal to some minds. The audience is carried away by the boldness of the scheme, and the rapidity of the action. The spectator is afforded no time for reflection in the theatre. If he were given time to think, it might occur to him that the two principal characters are portrayed in all their weakness and vice, without any redeeming quality being allowed them, and that the tragedy has absolutely no moral. The piece is excellently constructed with a view to theatrical effect, a result doubtless due to the experience of Mr. Barrett. The blank verse of Mr. Grundy is forcible in the extreme. But it strikes the spectator as being rough and unpolished, and Mr. Grundy has certainly not refrained from calling a spade a spade when he has thought fit to do so; and his inclinations, it must be confessed, have frequently led him to remarkably plain speaking in this piece. The story of the play is simple, and may be rapidly sketched. Athens is under the rule of the Thirty Tyrants. A prominent councillor in the government is Helle, the mistress of Critias, and the most beautiful and profligate courtesan in Athens. Detested by the people, she has incurred the special aversion of Clito, a young sculptor, who has openly denounced her to the citizens. Flourishing in her abandonment and shamelessness, she is borne through Athens thirsting for revenge against Clito. She is at a loss to accomplish her scheme when she meets Glaucius, a rich voluptuary, who has set evil eyes on Irene, an innocent maid, daughter of old Xenocles, and foster sister to Clito. Helle and Glaucias enter into a compact to assist each other in their plans, which prosper exceedingly. For Irene, searching for her father, is immediately ensnared by Helle and is in danger of being carried off, when Clito comes to her rescue, and demands and obtains her release. The studio of Clito is the scene of the second act. The young sculptor describes, very beautifully, be it noted, his ideal woman, when Helle, passing as a lady of rank, visits him on pretence of getting him to embody her in marble. Clito, who has never seen the notorious courtesan, falls in love with her at first sight. He falls before her like the wheat before the sickle. Gloating in her triumph, Helle departs. Clito is informed who the erstwhile lady really is, and the act concludes by his stamping

upon the sketch which he has made of her. Most men, it might be thought, would have paused at this juncture, but Clito follows Helle to her palace, where the brazen creature induces him to believe all that he has heard of her to be calumny, and where, by means of cajoling, caresses, and drugged wine, amidst the gentle singing of girls, the playing of lutes, and the perfume of smouldering incense, she manages to detain him. Clito remains in the lap of luxury for a week, still deceived by Helle, and believing in her innocence. But when the curtain again rises it is felt that the crisis is at hand. Critias is tired of the billing and cooing of Clito and Helle. Glaucias presses Helle for the fulfilment of her promise about Irene. In vain old Xenocles implores his adopted son to return home. Clito is enamoured of the wily courtesan and will not leave her. Then falls the thunderbolt on Clito's head. Helle turns upon him, reveals herself in her true colours, and mocks the deluded sculptor. Irene is lured to the palace, and Helle sends her to her room for safety. Clito still believes in the creature who has so tricked and degraded him, that he kneels to thank Helle, and to kiss her hand for saving Irene from dishonour, and while he is in the act of so doing, Helle, of course, hands the key of the room over to Glaucias. But the end of this story of sin and shame is close at hand. A band of the citizens, headed by Xenocles, break into the palace, Glaucias is killed in the struggle that ensues, and Xenocles bears forth the dead body of his daughter, Irene, who has, presumably, been killed in defence of her honour. For the last scene of this tale of horror we are taken back to Clito's studio, where Helle, not possessing the daring of women of her nature, flies to the sculptor for refuge from the raging mob at her heels. Even after all that he has suffered for her, Clito would still save her, and points to a way of escape. The escape, however, is not to be; the infuriated mob rush in, kill Helle, and Clito, being also wounded to death in the struggle, dies, holding the hand of the worthless object of his dishonour and death. The acting honours of the piece undoubtedly fell to Miss Eastlake, whose impersonation of Helle was far and away the best piece of acting that she has yet given. Her assumption of innocence in the earlier scenes with Clito was admirable, but it was in the portrayal of the callous, cynical, cold, utterly unfeeling nature of the courtesan that she is especially worthy of commendation. Nothing could possibly be better than her "asides" in her first interview with Clito when posing as a noble lady; and, for the acme of indif-

ference to all that is worthy of esteem in woman, for contempt, in fact, of womanhood itself, her "Fancy me modest!" when Helle lolls upon her couch, surrounded by a group of moneyed worshippers, is a striking example. It would be preferable to see an actress of Miss Eastlake's ability employed in some more worthy task than the embodiment of viciousness, but, having to execute the task as best she can, she is bound to exert all her power in the effort. So that Miss Eastlake very rightly, as very brilliantly, performed this profligate part. Mr. Wilson Barrett made a handsome person of the sculptor, Clito, and he acted with much energy and resource. Mr. E. S. Willard had not a prominent part in the voluptuary, Glaucias, but his make-up for it was excellent, and he was incisive throughout. Mr. Charles Hudson as Critias, and Mr. Austin Melford as Tharamenes, a toady and adviser to Critias, were capital in their respective characters. That experienced actor, Mr. J. H. Clyndes, was invaluable as Xenocles, and delivered his lines in good, round, measured, telling tones. Miss Carrie Coote made a pretty figure as Irene.

This month was fruitful in strange experiments in the theatrical field. First of all, on the afternoon of the 7th, the Shelley Society gave a performance, at the Grand Theatre, Islington, of *The Cenci*; then the "Dramatic Students" revived a dull play, called *The King of the Commons*, and, finally, Greek plays attracted much attention. The silly experiment of the Shelley Society failed, as it deserved to. "An ungenerous prejudice against Shelley, and the general debasement of our national drama, have combined to prevent the performance of this masterpiece." So wrote Messrs. Alfred and Buxton Forman in their introduction, printed in the now notorious green-backed Shelley Society's edition of the play. There is no "ungenerous prejudice" whatever against Shelley, who, one cannot but think, would have been the first to repent this youthful work had he lived to mature manhood. Nor can one quite see the justice of the remark as to the debasement of the drama of to-day. Long may it be ere the stage descends to such a level when plays of so repulsive a nature as *The Cenci* may be publicly performed! This tragedy contains nothing but horror. It does not excite pity. The only feeling which it is capable of arousing, when judged by an unfevered spectator, is that of revulsion. It repels; it does not attract. It is full of a nameless horror. Although we are assured that "there is positively not an offensive word" in the whole piece, yet the play is offensive in itself from begin-

ning to end, and it teems with blasphemous language. There is only one touching passage in it. This is at the end of the tragedy, when the Countess Cenci and Beatrice are about to be led to execution. Beatrice says:—

“Here, mother, tie
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
In any simple knot; ay, that does well.
And yours, I see, is coming down. How often
Have we done this for one another; now,
We shall not do it any more.”

This is the “one touch of nature” in a long, tedious, painfully dull tragedy. Nothing was proved by this performance save that the play is theatrically ineffective. The death of that monster in human shape, Francesco Cenci, is the proper climax to the play; yet for the greater part of two acts following, time is wasted by Beatrice protesting her innocence of the murder of her father, when everyone knows that she is guilty. Those who sympathise with the drama have at least one cause of satisfaction in connection with this mistaken production, and that is that the stage itself lent scant support to the movement. It was lamentable to see amongst the audience on this occasion so large a quantity of women who presumably had not the self-respect to keep away from a production which they must have been perfectly aware no pure-minded woman ought to have witnessed. It was still more lamentable to see placed in their hands the Shelley Society’s edition of the play containing an appendix of so disgusting a nature—both in its matter, and in actual words—that strong men were stunned at the surprising audacity which could allow a seemingly respectable body of men and women to give such a publication to the world. The Shelley Society, doubtless, considered *The Cenci* a very fine work, and were, to a certain extent, justified in endeavouring to eulogise their hero by performing his play in private, since they were not permitted to do so in public. They might, at least, have spared themselves the stigma which must be attached to them for having so boldly distributed a work which no innocent man or woman should read. They have not the slightest justification for having printed this loathsome appendix. Regarding, as I do, this performance as very objectionable and quite unnecessary, and having no kind of sympathy for those who helped it, I refrain from criticising its interpreters. It has been my painful duty to refer to the production, and it is desirable to point out that the theatrical profession had but little to do with

it. The drama would indeed be "debased" if players encouraged so repulsive and painful a play as *The Cenci* of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

It seems a pity that the energy shown by the Dramatic Students is not shared by their friends. "Save us from our friends" may well have been the remark of the young actors and actresses when they saw the beggarly array of empty benches staring them in the face when the curtain drew up on Thursday afternoon, May 13, at the Royalty Theatre, on the Rev. James White's drama, *The King of the Commons*. Even the members of the club itself could scarcely have taken the trouble to attend, so apathetic was the whole thing, and so wanting in that kindly encouragement that distinguishes most morning performances. It was the intention of the committee of the Dramatic Students' Society to rehearse and put up a play originally produced by a manager of note, but which has not managed to live in public esteem for half a century. A poetical play for choice, of course, and one of strong literary merit. There were scores such that were brought out only to fail during the management of Macready and of Samuel Phelps. Plays by Robert Browning, plays by Serle, plays by Westland Marston, by Heraud, by Frederick Guest Tomlins, by Bates Richard, must have been submitted to the attention of the Dramatic Students. The now forgotten works of the Syncretic Society were probably brought under their notice. Ultimately it was decided to revive an old romantic drama written by a clergyman, a tried and intimate friend of Macready. The commercial value set upon his friend's work by Macready may be judged by the fact that he allowed it to be produced within three days of the conclusion of his engagement with Maddox at the Princess's Theatre in May, 1846. *The King of the Commons* is not what would be called a good play, or anything like a good play, in these times. It is verbose, didactic, and uninteresting. King James V. of Scotland, a romantic monarch, discovers by a side wind that his lords and barons are playing him false and accepting bribes from the English, so by means of disguises and diplomacy he exposes their duplicity and disloyalty. Andrew Halliday took the best scene from the Rev. James White's drama for his *King o' Scots*, written for Phelps under Chatterton's management at Drury Lane. Although humbly produced at the Princess's Theatre in 1846, the cast contains some very celebrated names. John Ryder played an old crusty miser, Sir Adam Weir. Leigh Murray was the young priest, Malcolm Young, fretting under

the bonds that bound him to the Church. Oxberry was cast for a comic character, one Mungo Small, a fantastic courtier of the Osric pattern, and the female interest, singularly weak for a pretentious play, fell to Mrs. Stirling. The Dramatic Students did not make much more out of the play than the company chosen by Mr. Maddox. The piece gave them practice—little more. Mr. George R. Foss undertook the Macready part of King James. It was a careful performance, but without any very special merit. The elocution was clear and the text well mastered; but romantic plays require to be acted as well as talked. Mr. John Tresahar imitated every tone and inflection in the voice of Mr. Wilson Barrett, and reminded one over and over again of the young priest in the *Juana* of Mr. Wills, produced at the Court Theatre during Mr. Barrett's management. Laird Small and Mungo Small were the only bits of bright colour in this singularly dreary play. They were undertaken by Mr. Eric Lewis and by Mr. Ben Greet, an industrious and quaint actor who takes pains with all that he attempts to do. Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Mark Ambient, Mr. H. Eversfield, and Mr. Bernard Gould were all in the cast; but the selection of actors for parts was not always good—for instance, that chosen by Mr. Gilbert Trent for Sir Adam Weir. Mr. Trent is a clever young actor, but the miser is not in his line. Miss Mary Dickens played Madeleine with much intelligence.

Something like the following notices of the Greek plays in London appeared in print at the time of their production:—

“THE STORY OF ORESTES.”

The Prince's Hall, in Piccadilly, was, on the evening of May 13, the first scene of amateurish enthusiasm in connection with Greek art and the Athenian drama. Some years back Professor Warr, of King's College, had favoured the æsthetic cult at South Kensington by producing a play, or fragment of a play, based on the old Homeric legend, at the small theatre built by the late Sir Charles Freake in the Cromwell Road. These scenes and tableaux from Homer were called “The Tale of Troy,” and they made no small stir amongst the scholars and scholaresSES who had recently come from universities and high schools, and were classical to the very finger-tips. Encouraged by the applause, and urged on by the admiration of the young ladies who affect Greek costume and eschew petticoats, the learned professor made a dramatic scheme out of the famous

Oresteian trilogy of Æschylus. This trilogy, as all scholars know, consists in the original Greek of three celebrated plays, namely, the *Agamemnon*, the *Choephorœ*, and the *Eumenides*. It was this last out of the three plays that was so admirably acted by the Cambridge students in the winter of 1885, and to which Mr. Villiers Stanford, of Trinity, composed his admirable music. To act out all three plays in their entirety would certainly have bored to death the most enthusiastic of the æsthetic cult, so the Professor gave translated poetical extracts therefrom, and they were well illustrated by original music and by tableaux arranged by several celebrated artists. Mr. Walter Parratt, of Windsor, took the music in hand, and the Greek pictures were designed by authorities as learned as Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., and Mr. Walter Crane. The scenery was especially painted by an amateur, Sir Joscelyn Coghill, Bart. But all these cooks combined did not succeed in making very good broth. The stage of the Prince's Hall is about the very worst place that could have been selected for such an experiment. It is far too small to hold protagonists and chorus. There is no double stage. Principals and subordinates jostle up against one another, and the action suffers accordingly. Amateurs are invariably seen to the greatest disadvantage on a small stage; and, to tell the truth, the general acting was very bad. Miss Gertrude Konstamm, who played Clytemnestra, thought that acting consisted of sound, fury, and exaggerated declamation, and provoked many a smile from the cognoscenti. There was, however, one laudable exception. The Cassandra of Miss Dorothy Dene was emphatically the best piece of work that has been seen at any of the Greek plays. It was earnest, dignified, passionate, and eloquent. The actress was absorbed in the character. For the moment she was the fateful prophetess, and not the modern young lady. The only other good bit of acting in the cast was the Athene of Miss Ethel Coxon, a highly intelligent young lady and authoress. Professor Warr may be a very excellent scholar, but he has apparently little sense of the ludicrous. Applause seems to irritate him as much as a red rag does a bull. Directly anyone in the huge hall dared to signify approval of any scene, up jumped the worthy Professor and shouted out, "No applause. I won't have it!" Throughout the evening he acted the part of Jack-in-the-box. He was perpetually jumping up and insisting on silence, and, strange to say, not an individual dared to dispute the ruling of this peppery schoolmaster. Audiences have to suffer much from

amateur efforts in art, but it is a new thing to threaten them with the cane. If this kind of thing is to continue, they will be "kept in," like shoolboys, unless they submit to the dictates of a Professor in Greek, who presides over a so-called entertainment.

"HELENA IN TROAS."

All fashionable London was attracted to the neighbourhood of Coombe Wood, in the summer of 1884, in order to witness an open-air performance of Shakespeare's sunny comedy, *As You Like It*; and so successful were the representations then given that the experiment was repeated last summer. The latest development in the matter of a novel theatrical performance is to present a play modelled on the same lines, and acted, so far as possible, in the same manner as in the days of the ancient Greeks. The idea is a good one, and it is likely to meet with more encouragement than was extended to the open-air plays, since the promoters of the Greek Theatre in Argyll Street are, happily, not dependent on the weather. It was a clever idea to produce a play, by a modern author, in a theatre modelled on that of the ancient Greeks; and the venture, which is of unusual interest, is sure to attract public attention. The services of that experienced archaeologist, Mr. E. W. Godwin, have been of the greatest possible assistance to the production, and Mr. Godwin has shown, as nearly as lay in his power, the form of a Greek theatre and a Greek play. Of course, he has been hampered by conditions of space, climate, and change of thought, but he has done wonders when the circumstances of the case come to be carefully considered. The theatres of the Greeks were quite open above, and their dramas were always acted during the day, and under the blue canopy of heaven. "The Greeks," it has been said, "had nothing of effeminacy about them," and so could stand a play in the open air. But the mildness of their climate must not be forgotten. It would be a very risky experiment, indeed, to imitate them in the matter of open air, and to trust to "the blue canopy of heaven" for a roof. Even in Greece it sometimes rained, and the spectators were compelled to seek shelter in the colonnades which ran behind their seats. So Mr. Godwin has very wisely allowed the roof to remain on Hengler's Circus. Masks, also, rendered necessary on account of the immense size of the Greek theatre, and the cothurnus, used to lend additional height to the actor, have no place in Mr. Godwin's production. But in many other respects the

model Greek theatre much resembles its predecessors. The unities of time and place, imposed upon Mr. Todhunter by the nature of the work, have been strictly followed by him. Consequently his play, divided into two acts of two scenes each, is represented in four scenes, which take place respectively at sunrise, noontide, afternoon, and sunset; but the light employed for each scene is exactly of the same shade, and invariably dull—a fault which should be speedily rectified. Mr. Todhunter's play, which is naturally lacking in action, is a rather dreary work, in spite of some occasionally fine writing, and is not calculated in itself to attract the public. Those who do pay an afternoon visit to the so-called Greek Theatre must not be too expectant. They will see an interesting but by no means a complete representation of a Greek Theatre. However, there are many who will doubtless flock to see this curious entertainment, despite its many blemishes. Mr. Godwin has done well so far as he has allowed himself; the only pity is that he has not gone a step further, and made his production perfect. The acting calls for little comment. Miss Alma Murray was an interesting and intelligent, but not a powerful Helena; Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree delivered her lines admirably as C^Enone; and Miss Lucy Roche "tore a passion to tatters" as Hecuba. Mr. Beerbohm-Tree was unable to give emphasis to the love of Paris, and Mr. Hermann Vezin was little more than a lay figure as Priam.

The Wife's Sacrifice, a five-act drama, adapted by Messrs. Sydney Grundy and Sutherland Edwards from the French, and brought out at the St. James's Theatre on the 25th, is peculiarly French, inasmuch as it deals with exaggerated sentiment, and its sympathetic interest is false. Its moral is that a wife's first duty is not to her husband or herself, but to her father and mother, a doctrine that is hardly acceptable. It is to save disgrace from falling on her mother's grey head and to support her father's sense of honour that the heroine of this curious play suffers her mother's son to be shot dead before her eyes, confesses, even protests that she had a lover, and lives alone in disgrace, while her husband, who has been divorced from her, contracts a second marriage with an adventuress. Had Isabel, Countess de Moray, revealed to her husband in the second act that secret which is not discovered until the fifth, she would have acted as any common-sense woman ought when her own happiness and that of her husband and daughter are in danger. When, as in the present case, the wife who sacrifices herself and

her husband from a mistaken sense of duty is admirably acted, a momentary sympathy only is aroused for the mistaken woman. The audience, carried away by the energy and power of the actress, are led into a false sympathy, which is immediately shattered after a moment's calm reflection. Old Admiral de la Marche and his wife are the guests of Julien, Count de Moray, and the Admiral's only child, the Countess de Moray, who is happily married, and wrapped up in love for her husband and her daughter, Pauline, who is absent in India. There is a shadow, however, in the Countess's path, and that shadow is her mother's illegitimate son. The Admiral's wife has committed an "indiscretion"—in the French play after her marriage, in the English before it—and her son, whom she has not seen since his birth, wishes to exchange her letters for a large sum of money. His approach to Madame de la Marche is intercepted by Isabel, who offers to pay him the fifty thousand francs for the letters, and for this purpose pawns her diamonds with the family jeweller. Placed in such a dilemma, wishing to shield her mother, and with her happiness at stake, it would occur to most women to take their husband into confidence, and so save further unpleasant disclosures. But this wife does no such thing. Secret meetings between sister and brother naturally beget the suspicions of an Italian adventurer, the husband's jealousy is aroused, and when he finds a strange young man embracing his wife it is not unnatural that he should ask for an explanation of the case. This being refused him, he shoots the illegitimate son like a dog, on the hearth-rug, and proceeds to obtain a divorce from his wife, who proclaims in the open court that the butchered youth was her lover. Hereafter no one can blame the husband for his share in the matter, and it is very proper of him to refuse to allow his daughter to see her mother, who appears to the world as a faithless wife. The husband would come in for a greater share of compassion for a position which to him is ostensibly as true as it is pitiful, but which the audience know to be absolutely false, had the Count de Moray not been so weak as to marry in pique the Italian adventuress, Mdlle. Palmieri. The return to Paris of Pauline leads to a meeting between father and mother, in which the latter claims a right, which she does not possess, to see her child, and which she relinquishes upon the Count's protestation of his love for her. The inevitable explanation is brought about by the betrothal of Pauline to Palmieri, a marriage arranged so that the Count may be relieved from pressing pecuniary difficulties. The

explanation which should have been given long ago can be put off no more. Isabel confesses to her mother that it was her brother who was killed, and not her lover, and Madame de la Marche informs the Count of the sad business. The Count's second wife is conveniently found to have committed bigamy, Palmieri is equally conveniently indicted for fraud, so that the pair of adventurers are cleared away, husband and wife are united, and a general atmosphere of reconciliation and peace reigns supreme. It will thus be seen that the sentiment of this play is quite false. The action taken in it by the heroine is unnatural and incomprehensible, since the wife sacrifices husband, self, brother, love, honour—everything, and for what? Simply that the sword may eventually fall on her mother's shoulders. Some stronger motive than this is required for such a sacrifice, especially as no good can come of it, and as no good does come of it, since, after all the agony endured by husband and wife, the error is in the end brought home to the real sinner. Acting of the very best on the part of Mrs. Kendal on the first night secured the applause of the audience, who called for all the principal actors, for the authors, and for the adaptors. Mr. Hare, who made a brief speech on the conclusion of the drama, said that old M. d'Ennery, who in conjunction with M. Tarbé had written *La Martyre*, the original of *The Wife's Sacrifice*, for the Ambigu, had intended to be present at the first performance of his play in England, but was prevented from so doing by illness. Mr. Hare also rightly urged the value of applause to the actors, though by applause, he said, it was not always possible to gauge the success of a play. Mrs. Kendal's interpretation of the Countess de Moray was remarkably fine. In speaking of Mrs. Kendal's performance, I use the word "interpretation" because she is one of the few actresses who aim at giving a complete, consistent rendering of character. She is, for the time being, the woman she represents. She loses herself entirely in her part, and in this respect she might with advantage be imitated by her younger sisters in the theatrical profession. Her interpretation of the life of this unhappy woman was rich with thought, illumined by intelligence, and rendered unusually interesting by its completeness. It was not merely striking here and there, but it was what all acting should accomplish, a perfectly consistent rendering of character. Mr. Kendal, as the husband, was not quite so happy. He was a little too consistent, for he was consistently morose. His acting wanted variety, and his voice required modulation. It is pleasant to be

able to chronicle another success for a young and worthy actress, Miss Webster, who played Pauline with rare expression. Mr. Hare, as an English Consul from Pondicherry, who is always protesting that he minds no one's business but his own, and, as a consequence, is always mixed up in other people's affairs, had a part which suited his dry, dapper, sententious manner exactly. To this neat English gentleman the task, as may be readily imagined, of exposing the adventuress and setting everything straight, naturally fell. Mr. Herbert Waring, as the unfortunate cause of all the trouble, played with appropriate impetuosity and passion; while Mr. Clifford Cooper was the most genial of old admirals who have unbounded faith in the wives whom they leave behind when on their long expeditions. Mr. Chas. Brookfield as Palmieri gave vast attention to the flowing black beard and bald pate which may be supposed to indicate the character of an Italian scoundrel. In other words, he appeared to have sacrificed a proper consideration of the acting of his part to make-up. The ungrateful part of Mdlle. Palmieri was allotted to Miss Vane, who represented the scheming adventuress to the life. Mrs. Pauncefort was a dignified Mdme. de la Marche, and a clerically-attired Indian servant was represented by Mr. R. Cathcart. Mr. F. M. Hendrie as a valet, with his ears always at the keyhole, and Mr. F. Paget, in the small part of the jeweller, completed the cast.

On the 29th of this month, John O'Keefe's celebrated comedy, *Wild Oats*, was revived at the Criterion Theatre, with Mr. Charles Wyndham as Rover. The popular manager of the Criterion Theatre has had more illustrious predecessors in this part than one. On the original production of the play, at Covent Garden, in 1791, "gentleman" Lewis played Rover, and at Drury Lane, in 1824, Elliston, a famous representative of Rover, acted the character. In addition to Lewis, the original cast contained Quick as Sir George Thunder, Holman as Harry Thunder, Munden as Ephraim Smooth, and Blanchard as Sim. The most notable John Dory was T. P. Cooke, who acted the part at Drury Lane in 1835, with Bentley as Sir George Thunder, Harley as Ephraim, Webster as Sim, and Ellen Tree as Lady Amaranth. So successful was the comedy on its production that it brought in four hundred and fifty guineas to its prolific author, who was substantially rewarded, according to the rate of remuneration to authors at the end of the last century. The play has many good points; it relates, pleasantly enough, an interesting story, its characters are faithful pictures of the

time, and last, but not least, its construction is neat and effective, a result due to O'Keefe's training as an actor. Its hero, as most of our readers are aware, is a strolling player, by name Jack Rover, spirited, light-hearted, and generous to a fault, given to quotation, who is mistaken by a bluff old sea-dog, John Dory, for Harry, the son of Sir George Thunder, in consequence of his frequent iteration of the phrase, "I am the bold Thunder!"—a quotation taken from the Duke of Buckingham's comedy, *The Rehearsal*, a play acted in 1672. Bayes, in this piece, was made famous by the acting of Garrick. Rover, in O'Keefe's play, is mistaken for Harry Thunder, and in this guise woos and wins a sweet young Quakeress, Lady Amaranth, intending, be it noted, to reveal his true character before matters come to a crisis. But it falls out that Rover is the real son of Sir George, and Harry is, in the end, proved to be illegitimate. The adventures of the pleasant Rover are admirably sketched, and Rover is, moreover, surrounded by many other cleverly drawn and amusing characters. Were this a modern play, exception would probably be taken to the last act, which is weak, and to the calm manner in which Harry Thunder takes the discovery that he is not the first son and heir to Sir George. But, despite its slight faults, this comedy is a fine old play of its class, and it affords excellent opportunity for the best comedy acting. Though this was the first time that a piece of this kind had been acted at the Criterion, it was not the first time that Mr. Charles Wyndham acted Rover, for, in December, 1873, when *Wild Oats* was produced at the Royalty, with Miss Henrietta Hodson as Lady Amaranth, Mr. Wyndham played Rover. This clever comedian has greatly improved in his rendering of the character at the Criterion. He was more animated, and he brought out more fully the gaiety of the character. In make-up, Mr. Wyndham was also more perfect than before, for he wore no hair on his upper lip, whereas at the Royalty he appeared with a moustache, a solecism for an actor representing an English gentleman, and a player into the bargain, of the last century. But, good as Mr. Wyndham was—and I can imagine no Rover so expressive, so bright as he—the acting success of this interesting revival was made by Mr. David James, who seemed, as John Dory, imbued with all the spirit of old comedy acting. There was a roguish geniality about his portrayal of the old salt which was admirable. He managed to sink his individuality, and, indeed, by a wonderfully good make up, to become, not David James acting, but John Dory, bluff, honest,

and hearty, and never boisterous, in the flesh and blood. Another excellent performance, and one of infinite charm, was the Lady Amaranth of Miss Mary Moore, who happily possesses a face suggestive of all that is beautiful and pure in woman. Attired in simple Quaker costume, Miss Moore was a picture to look upon, and there was a natural sweetness about her acting well suited to the part. Few of those who saw Miss Moore in this character will soon forget her musical intonation of a catch-phrase, "my pleasant cousin," given to Lady Amaranth. Mr. Edward Righton was the blustering Sir George Thunder, Mr. William Blakeley the sanctimonious hypocrite, Ephraim Smooth, and Mr. Alfred Maltby the theatrical manager, Camp. Mr. George Giddens acted well as the rustic, Sim.

At the end of this month three American companies located themselves in the Strand. Happily, Mr. Augustin Daly's excellent and admirably organised company were first in the field. They opened at the Strand Theatre on the 27th in *A Night Off*, an adaptation by Mr. Daly from the German. Mr. Daly's season was under the management of Mr. William Terriss, who deserves the thanks of intelligent playgoers for once more bringing this troupe to London. *A Night Off; or, a Page*



MISS ADA REHAN AND MR. JOHN DREW.
(*A Night Off.*)

from Balzac, is designed to simply amuse, and it eminently suits its purpose. It is an extremely funny play. It is, moreover, entirely free from that coarseness and vulgarity which so

frequently mar works of its class. Its only fault is that it is a little too long. It might be compressed with advantage, although one hardly ever tires of seeing such excellent comedy-acting as is shown by Mr. Daly's company. The principal character in the play is a drily humorous old professor, who is jealously guarded by a snappish wife, and blessed with a beautiful but mischievous daughter. The professor has written a tragedy of which possession is obtained by a theatrical manager, and the play is produced without the knowledge of the professor's wife, and it is from the keeping of this termagant in the dark that the fun is derived. It would be obviously unfair to relate the details of the plot. Suffice it to say that the interest is admirably sustained from beginning to end, and around the central story are woven many natural and amusing incidents. Droll Mr. James Lewis played the professor with a quiet, unctuous humour which is catching and irresistibly diverting. Mr. Lewis is an exceptionally able and gifted actor. Miss Ada Rehan had comparatively a small part in this piece, but her quiet manner and love of fun were of great value to it. Mr. John Drew, with his gentlemanly carriage and action, and his "knowing" eye, was also of the greatest assistance to the piece. I have seldom seen anything more genuinely comic than the scene—represented in our illustration of the play—in which, by means of cards, the lovers, played by Mr. Drew and Miss Rehan, find that their hearts belong to each other. An admirable study of character was provided by Mr. Charles Leclercq as a genial theatrical manager. Mrs. G. H. Gilbert was invaluable as the professor's shrewish wife, and Mr. Otis Skinner and Miss Virginia Dreher played well as a bickering husband and wife, Miss May Irwin as a saucy servant, and Mr. William Gilbert, Mr. F. Bond, and Miss May Sylvie, in the small parts, completed an exceptionally good cast.

On the 29th, an American company appeared at the Opera Comique in a piece called *Our Strategists*, which failed most miserably. An entertainment which combines poverty of wit with lack of invention cannot be expected to attract even those who care only to laugh without caring how this result is obtained. Criticism is disarmed by the announcement that this is a "laughing festival," a "modern *Comedy of Errors*, written and acted just for fun." Then a "funometer" is provided for the spectator, who may see thereby that as the piece progresses he will rise from the freezing point of apathy to the boiling point of uncontrollable mirth. But this result is not always obtained.

On the first night at the Opera Comique *Our Strategists*, and the company supporting it, were received with disappointed anticipations, but with no particular signs of disapproval. Such a work is too depressing in its effect to provoke hostile or loudly expressed criticism. It has been played, the public are given to understand, for seven years in the United States, but it can hardly be taken as a fair criterion of the kind of piece which is acceptable to the generality of our American cousins. The chief personage in it is a young man who obtains consent to his marriage by disguising himself first as his own father and then as his future father-in-law. Cleverly worked out, some fun might have arisen from this idea, but nothing particular occurs save that the "strategist" insults all around him, the girl with whom he is supposed to be in love included. Then there are an Irishman, unnecessarily introduced, and into whose mouth are thrust some political allusions which must surely have escaped the Lord Chamberlain's eye, a grasping clergyman, a "dude" and a German servant. A sample or two of the dialogue may be quoted. A young lady wishes to make a present to an elderly gentleman. "What shall I give him that will cost least and last longest?" she asks. "Toffee," is the answer. "What will remain closest to him?" she queries. "A porous plaster," is the reply. And this kind of thing is repeated about a dozen times in a quarter of that number of minutes. A son discovers his affianced bride in his father's study. "What do I see, father—a young lady in your apartment?" he exclaims, and forthwith imputes immorality to his parent—a strange proceeding when viewed by the light of English sentiment. The acting calls for no comment.

On the 31st, Mr. Henry E. Dixey appeared at the Gaiety Theatre in a two-act "burlesque" called *Adonis*, which is merely a riotous, turbulent, noisy, and meaningless production. It is a compound of a variety entertainment, a music-hall show, and a circus. It burlesques nothing at all, it tells no story, and when an attempt is made to obtain a laugh by the dialogue, it is by the introduction of horrible word twistings such as have long ago been abolished from the English stage. Entire absence of humour is not compensated for by an orchestra which never ceases its din throughout three weary hours. A chorus of "tigers" is no novelty in London, and "eight little Japanese kids" (an elegant word, "kid!") forcibly remind one of a certain comic opera until lately played in the precincts of the Savoy. In short, this "perversion of common sense," as Messrs. Gill

and Dixey rightly call their production, is an extraordinary mixture of several classes of entertainment more suitable to a music-hall than a theatre. Apparently an attempt has been made to prevent the spectator from reflection by drowning all sense in a ceaseless noise. To this end the band never stops playing airs of a description as loud as they are, in general, hackneyed. An idea of the general production may be gathered from a quotation from the programme, which informs the intelligent in these matters that the music has been "*cheerfully contributed* by Beethoven, Audran, Suppé, Planquette, Offenbach, Strauss, Mozart, Haydn, Dave Braham, John Eller, Henry Suton, and many others too numerous to individualise." As several of these composers have been dead for a considerable period, the immense humour of the remark becomes at once apparent. The dialogue, revised for England, might have been further improved. For instance, a lady, implored not to faint, replies that if she does not faint she "will be sick," an expression which may possibly have one meaning in America and another here. Then, lest the intended satire of the different figures in this hodge-podge of absurdity should be lost, they are occasionally labelled with piteously plain descriptions as thus: "a quiet burlesque on the simple maiden of melodrama," "a burlesque on the stage villain of society dramas," &c. Even the dresses, ugly in design, are inharmonious in colour. In fact, this is a meaningless, dull, noisy exhibition, which would have met with a very stormy reception indeed had it been the production of an English manager. As it was, it received a hearty and friendly welcome on the first night. It was applauded almost from beginning to end, and only when it approached its lame conclusion did common sense get the better of friendship, and intelligence enter a protest against riot, absurdity, and dulness pushed far beyond their limits. Personally, Mr. Henry E. Dixey cannot complain of the reception accorded to him. Applause was continually bestowed upon him, and his every effort was cheered. Mr. Dixey is a lithe, agile young gentleman, who looks exceedingly "pretty" in his white flesh-fitting garments and blue ribbons. Mr. Dixey can dance on a pedestal, and he can catch a cigar in his mouth. He is also able to kick a piece of chalk from the centre of the stage to the wings, and he is adroit at changing his wigs several times in a few minutes. He faintly reminds one of Mr. Arthur Roberts, but he has not that gentleman's undeniable humour. His facial expression is *nil*. He won much notoriety during

his stay here for his delivery of some words set to music, understood to be very popular in New York, bearing the refrain "It's English, you know." He also caricatured Mr. Henry Irving. Attired in a kind of Hamlet costume, he did not seek to hit at the acting of Mr. Irving; but with want of taste he aimed at burlesquing—in a manner undeniably clever in itself—Mr. Irving's use of his eye-glasses, his manner of wiping them, and Mr. Irving's habit of stroking his chin—to my thinking an unpardonable exhibition, since, although the doings of a man in public are always open to imitation and caricature, there is no excuse for endeavouring to burlesque his private manners. Mr. Dixey's artistic spirit was also shown in a gag when asked if he would have a glass of champagne. "No," he replied, "I drank about three bottles of it last Friday"—an allusion to a banquet tendered to him at the Criterion. Mr. Dixey's supporters were on a level with their principal. Mr. Gresham appeared as a "polished villain," and occasionally gave a squeak as he revealed beneath his satin waistcoat a brace of pistols. Mr. George W. Howard, as an old miller, burlesqued a kind of acting with which we are unfamiliar, and a massive lady, Miss Amelia Somerville, as a maiden of the "Little Buttercup" order, made some mechanical movements of her hands and arms. Miss Lillie Grubb, as a sculptress in love with her statue, was the most interesting of all, and Miss Annie Alliston, as a dashing duchess, showed some idea of character.

VI.

JUNE.

By Land and Sea.—*Jack.—A Midsummer Night's Dream*, at the Crystal Palace.—*Barbara.*—The Inner Temple Masque.—*She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not*, at the Strand.—*Frivoli.—Hazel Kirke*, at the Vaudeville.

By Land and Sea, a new and original drama, in four acts, by Messrs. J. R. Campbell and J. L. Shine, was brought out at Birmingham on June 8, with gratifying success. The play, aside from its own intrinsic worth, which is very considerable, gives good promise for the future. The knowledge which it displays of character is extensive and accurate; it relates an ingenious and interesting story, and, although the sensational element incidental to plays which appeals to the populace is by no means neglected, yet probability of incident is consistently

maintained from beginning to end. Apart from its clever and well-told story, the drama is essentially human. It constantly appeals to the heart, and therein will be found the keynote to its success. It teaches, primarily, that love, faith, and constancy are not yet dead in woman, and that a man, no matter how tried he may be by the harassing circumstances of his surroundings and his outward misfortune, has a great reward and something to live for so long as a good woman believes in him, trusts him, loves him. To show this fidelity in woman is the object of this new play, or, at least, this is the object which is most prominently brought out by it. The characters in the drama are familiar in themselves, but they are freshly and brightly treated, and they fall in with the story quite naturally. We have the honest, manly sea captain and his attendant faithful follower of the sea; the long-suffering heroine; a bad woman; and a trio of villains. But it says much for the knowledge of nature displayed by the new authors that their characters, far from wearying, always interest. Pathos there is in plenty in the play, but there is ample food for mirth as well, a fact attested very sufficiently on the first night, when laughter was loud and frequent in the Birmingham Theatre Royal. The drama opens in a London suburb, the scene presenting the exteriors of the houses of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Oakley and Dudley Grimshaw respectively. Oakley, a gallant and handsome sea captain, has loved his pretty cousin Miss Marsden, who has returned his affection, but, thanks to the intervention of Grimshaw, who also is in love with the girl, the lovers have been separated, and Oakley is married to a lady who, it is related to the audience, is in reality the wife of Dudley Grimshaw. The latter quarrels with her, knocks her down, and drugs her. She is picked up in an apparently dying condition, and on being questioned as to her assailant asserts that her husband was the aggressor. Harry Oakley is then chased by a genial Irish detective, who is always turning up at the most opportune moment, and the principal scene of the second act is devoted to the burning of the vessel on which Oakley, the detective, and Miss Marsden—who has followed Captain Oakley to Australia in order to acquaint him of the false charge against him—are returning to England. This is an excellently contrived and effective situation, from which all concerned are happily delivered. The remaining two acts—well written and showing a great fund of genuine dramatic ideas—successfully expose the villainies of Mr. Dudley Grimshaw, and of course

hero and heroine are restored to each other after multitudinous trials and troubles. It would be hardly fair to mention the many minor points of the drama, and to describe the various small characters. Suffice it to say that the play is neatly constructed; its characters, be it repeated, are admirably sketched; and its interest is strong, feasible, and of a kind that appeals to all classes of spectators. The acting of the piece was generally of remarkable excellence. The hero was played with intelligence and in a fine manly, earnest style by Mr. J. H. Barnes, while Miss Abington made a most interesting personage of the faithful heroine. The villain-in-chief, Dudley Grimshaw, was incisively acted by Mr. J. H. Darnley, who was gentlemanly as well as impressive in his acting; and Mr. H. J. Lethcourt was easy and agreeable as villain number two, who has a habit of inoffensively expressing himself in quotations. Mr. J. L. Shine played the detective in a good-humoured and unexaggerated fashion, and put the audience into the best of good tempers and confidence whenever he was on the stage. The fun of the piece was also helped by the cheery sailor, portrayed by Mr. Harry Fischer, and the bright acting of Miss Fanny Marriott as a saucy servant.

The central figure of *Jack*, a comedy, in four acts, presented at the Royalty on the 14th, is a selfish, unmitigated cad, who starts by whining, proceeds, under the access of unexpected wealth, to bullying, and ends by sneaking out into the night to be heard of no more, save, perhaps, as a billiard-marker or card-sharper. A story as old as the hills is worth re-telling here for the sake of showing how uncongenial a dramatist can make the most prominent part in his play. Jack Beamish, an artist; Noel Blake, a musician; and Madge, their cousin, live together. Beamish is a good-hearted, industrious fellow who works hard at "pot-boilers" in order to keep a roof over the heads of the trio and to feed Blake, who prates about his genius and avows that if ever he is rich he will help his poor friends, and produce his own works in a theatre of his own. At this early stage of the proceedings Blake behaves like an excited madman rather than a rational being. He says some very rude things to his companions, and, although he is dependent on charity for his very subsistence, he scornfully flings away a twenty-pound note which had been presented to him in return for a requiem of his own composition. The three friends are summoned to the drawing-room of a great house in order to hear the will of a rich baronet read. Here, in a scene boldly

suggestive of *Monsy*, the aristocratic Lady Blanchmayne and Major Spotewhite are cut off with trifling legacies, while the bulk of the deceased gentleman's wealth is bequeathed to Noel Blake to encourage him in his musical efforts, and to enable him to devote his talents to the benefit of his art. Blake, who has not shown any great refinement of feeling so far, then comes out in his true colours. He casts aside the love of Madge, to whom he is engaged, in order to throw himself at the feet of empty-headed Miss "Baby" Blanchmayne, heaps insult upon insult upon the heads of his old friends, and further distinguishes himself by ordering Beamish's dog to be shot because the wretched animal had got in the way of stiff-backed Lady Blanchmayne. Retribution of a melodramatic order speedily puts an end to this career of folly and black ingratitude. A second will, by which Beamish is made the heir to all the wealth, comes to light; Madge discovers that she has been in love with Jack, not Noel, all the time; and the heartless, arrogant egotist is thrust forth a penniless outcast. The story, such as it is, is told none too skilfully, nor are the characters very cleverly developed. The dialogue, generally rough and occasionally ungrammatical, tends to bombast. The first two acts are concluded with the introduction on the stage of a large dog, a somewhat unnecessary device for bringing down the curtain. The prominent part of Noel Blake, repugnant to fine feeling and disagreeable in itself, was made still more so by the performance of Mr. E. J. Henley, who was feverish, impetuous, restless throughout. Mr. Henley appears to lack versatility. His Noel Blake was exactly the same as his jealous husband in *The Pickpocket*. Nervous and fidgetty, he was never still for a single second on the stage, but was perpetually dashing about like the hero of a Palais Royal farce, or casting fiery glances at the others in the play or at the audience. Mr. Henley's feverishness seems to have imparted itself to Mr. Eben Plympton, an American actor of the robust school, who played Jack Beamish in a manly style, but with great lack of refinement and moderation. In contrast to all this excitement came the Madge of Miss Dorothy Dene, a gentle, lady-like impersonation, well considered and capitally brought out. Miss Dene has much in her favour. She is intelligent, youthful, well to look at, and endowed with a telling voice, but she must beware of a tendency to occasionally over-emphasise. The tragic look and tones of a Lady Macbeth are not needed to portray disappointment at an act of thoughtlessness on the part of a selfish brute. But,

considering her surroundings, Miss Dorothy Dene did exceedingly well. The impetuosity and exaggeration of the younger actors were also to a certain extent counteracted by the finished acting of Miss Carlotta Leclercq, whose experience has taught her that noise and jerkiness are not absolutely necessary for effect on the stage.

A revival of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Crystal Palace on the 16th calls for a brief notice. More than one Shakespearean commentator has rebelled against the introduction on the stage of this comedy, but fiercest of all the denunciators was Hazlitt, who waxed exceeding wrath at the bare idea of such a thing. And good Samuel Pepys, who was, as a rule, pleased easily enough, thought the comedy the "most insipid and ridiculous play" he had ever seen. It is probable that Hazlitt's objections to the representation would have been modified, and that Pepys might have changed his opinion, had the play been presented before those worthies as it has been in our own time. Samuel Phelps made a thoughtful revival of the piece at Sadler's Wells in 1853, and he was followed by Charles Calvert, and, at Liverpool in 1880, by Edward Saker, all three revivals being marked by much care and poetic feeling. Unfortunately, it cannot be contended that the production of the comedy at the Crystal Palace at all equalled its predecessors, or that it was rich, apart from Shakespeare's work, in poetic fancy. It seemed, indeed, that the piece had been almost entirely denuded of its poetic charm in the transfer of it to the stage. It was rendered commonplace, and consequently its charm was destroyed. In the first instance, the theatre of the Crystal Palace is hardly the place, with its gaudy paint and abominably ugly tableau curtains, to produce a play of fancy and imagination. The actors have to strain their voices to make themselves heard, and the stage is obviously too confined to admit of much excellence in the matter of scenery. Again, no one will dispute the undoubted cleverness of the children trained by Mdme. Katti Lanner, whose six or eight particular mites invariably bring down the house when they appear in a Drury Lane pantomime. But the children, clever enough in their way, are decidedly out of place in fanciful, Shakespearean comedy. They certainly looked well enough; they formed a pretty spectacle, and they danced with precision and no little grace, but they were by no means elves. They were ever a number of well-drilled children going through their exercises. They lacked all suggestion of what they ought

to have represented. Nor did the appearance of Madame Lanner in the middle of an act at all help matters. The fairy element, without which the comedy goes for nothing, was entirely wanting in the Crystal Palace revival. The phantasy was gone, the illusion was dispelled. Even Miss Addie Blanche, merriest and maddest of sprites when she played in Edward Saker's revival six years previously, had lost the proper conception of Puck. Lively enough she was in all conscience, but in her endeavour to be impressive with her audience she sadly over-acted. Mr. Frank Rodney was understood to have taken the part of Oberon at very short notice, in consequence of the illness of Mr. Mark Quinton, so he is beyond the reach of criticism. If the true spirit of this piece was ever present in connection with the fairy element it was when Miss Alma Murray, representing Titania, was on the stage. Gentle, sweet, and winning, she was entirely in keeping with her part throughout, the result being a delightful presentation of a charming sketch. Naturally, the best acted parts in the play, or rather those which made the most and best impression on the audience, were those of Quince and his fellows. These six honest folk had as good representatives as could be required. For Mr. James Fernandez, generally associated with tragic or other heavy characters, it was no easy task to lay aside the garb of tragedy, and following, in the part of Bottom, in the footsteps of Harley and Phelps, to assume the mask of comedy. But, clever actor as he is, Mr. Fernandez accomplished the difficulty with the best result imaginable. His performance of Bottom was droll, sententious, and instinct with humour; perhaps a little too incisive, and over-elaborate at times, but very good for all that.

A new piece in one act, by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, entitled *Barbara*, played at the Globe Theatre on the 19th, is, for the first dramatic work of a young author, a very promising little play. Its central idea is excellent, and the story is told plainly and strongly, in rough, vigorous language. It presents in dramatic form the self-sacrifice of a girl who denies herself the happiness of openly avowing that she is the sister of a newly-found brother in order that he may inherit a fortune, rightly hers, and so be happily married to the woman he loves. The heroine, Barbara, has been wrecked at sea when a child, and is supposed by her relations to be dead. She is herself ignorant of her parentage until a loquacious lawyer arrives and unconsciously tells her who she is. Delighted at the sudden turn

of affairs, she is about to declare herself when she reflects that her brother would be left penniless, and unable to marry her old girl-friend. So she denies herself the pleasure of recognising her brother, the curtain descending upon the picture of her self-sacrifice and the rejoicing of the lovers. Technically considered, the interview between the lovers—who are, it must be confessed, rather uninteresting young people—in the early part of the play is far too long, and should be immediately curtailed. Again, the old lawyer tells his story to Barbara with far too little reason. In point of fact, to use an expressive American phrase, “he gives himself away” over it. These, however, are small blemishes upon a sound, healthy, honest piece of work. A more important fault in the play is the nature of Barbara, which is tinged with a little too much cynicism to be altogether pleasant. She is continually trying to be smart until the serious interest is well under weigh, but then she comes out in flying colours. But with all her faults, which are on the surface only, Barbara is an interesting little person, and a genuine heroine into the bargain. The women who would give up a comfortable little fortune and condemn themselves instead thereof to work, in order to ensure a brother’s happiness, are not too many in the world, and it is pleasant to see them on the stage sometimes. The Barbara of Miss Grahame was a neat, telling, prettily pathetic representation of the character.

An entertainment, unique in its way, was given at the Inner Temple on the same night, and purposely prolonged until after midnight in order to celebrate the commencement of the fiftieth year of the Queen’s reign. Songs, scenes from *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, a religious ceremony and supper, all graced by the presence of royalty, formed the loyal tribute to Queen Victoria. The Temple, with its old and famous associations of masques and revels, was peculiarly suited to such an expression of loyalty to the sovereign. Those of a theatrical turn of mind who were present at the illustrious gathering on this eventful occasion were probably cognisant of the fact that John Ford, Shadwell, Wycherley, Congreve, and Sheridan were members of the Middle Temple, while Francis Beaumont belonged to the Inner Temple. Shakespeare made the Temple Gardens the place where the distinctive badges, the white rose and the red rose, of the houses of York and Lancaster, were first assumed by their respective partisans. Another Shakespearean connection with the Temple is that we first hear of *Twelfth Night* at a performance given in the fine Middle Temple Hall (built in

1572, and happily spared by the great fire of 1666) in February, 1601. The Inner Temple Hall, the scene of most of the present festivities, is a modern structure, but it occupies the site of the first hall where, on February 2, 1733, the last of the Temple revels was held on the occasion of Talbot being made Lord Chancellor. At two o'clock in the afternoon a special dinner was provided for the Chancellor and the other guests, while each mess of barristers and students was provided with a flask of claret in addition to the ordinary allowance of port and sack. A large gallery was filled with ladies, who were so anxious to see the fun that they came—good souls!—a considerable time before dinner began. Let us hope that the music, which “played all dinner-time,” was also played before dinner. After dinner, Congreve’s comedy, *Love for Love*, and the farce of *The Devil to Pay*, were presented by actors from the Haymarket, who came “in chairs, ready dressed; and, as it was said, refused any gratuity for the trouble; looking upon the honour of distinguishing themselves on this occasion as sufficient.” After the play, the revels commenced in good earnest. The Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Revels, the Master of the Temple, judges, sergeants, and benchers, formed a ring about the great fire-place, around which they walked, according to an old ceremony, three times, the dance being accompanied by an “ancient song,” sung by Tony Aston, the actor, dressed in a bar gown. Then the ladies were released from the gallery and allowed to enter the hall, and dancing set in in right merry fashion. At midnight supper was provided for the entire company, and dancing was afterwards resumed. The Prince of Wales was present during part of the ceremony, and “the whole day’s entertainment was generally thought to be very genteely and liberally conducted.” The entertainment of June 19, 1886, had in it something of the joviality and all the “gentility” of its predecessor. The Treasurer of the Temple issued three hundred invitations to meet the Princess Louise, and as the ladies appeared to be in the proportion of three to each gentleman, the brilliantly-lighted Inner Temple Hall presented an unusually beautiful sight. The Middle as well as the Inner Temple was notably represented. The guests were marshalled to their places, and otherwise courteously attended to by stewards with white wands, all of whom were barristers of the inn. They were not bidden until a quarter to ten o’clock, and as the hour struck, the curtain ran up and disclosed the choir-boys of the Temple Church, who sweetly rendered Benet’s madrigal, “All

creatures now are merry-minded." During the progress of the singing the Princess Louise, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, entered the hall, the entire assembly rising as her Royal Highness was conducted to her seat. The other portion of the musical part of the programme embraced Schubert's "Hark, the Lark," "Sigh no more, ladies," sung as a glee, and Benet's "My mistress is as fair as fine;" all sung by the Temple choristers. The chief hit of the evening was made by a small boy, Henry Humm, whose exquisite rendering of "Orpheus and his lute" awoke the audience to enthusiastic applause, and brought the youngster back to the stage to give, as an encore, "Cherry Ripe." After the singing came the staple portion of the entertainment. This was the presentation of "the most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe," and other scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The office of scene-shifter was light, consisting, as it did, of only the fixing of scrolls to the side of the proscenium, bearing such inscriptions as "This is Quince his house;" "This is a wood near Athens;" or "This is Theseus his palace." In other words, there was no scenery, its place being taken by tapestry hangings which, with other accessories, were lent for the occasion by Mr. Irving. A brief address having been delivered by the Treasurer of the Temple, and it being by this time close upon midnight, a procession moved along draped corridors and a temporarily-erected covered way to the Temple Church, where a solemn scene was enacted. The picturesque old building has never before been so strangely filled as on this occasion, when the elegance of the ladies' evening toilettes and court dress gave an unwonted lustre to the congregation assembled. Dr. Hopkins played Smart's "Festal March," and then the choir sang Handel's "Coronation March." When this grand strain had died away, Dr. Vaughan ascended the pulpit and offered a short, fervent prayer for the Queen. All voices were then united in the first verse of the National Anthem, the choir singing the remaining stanzas. The impressive scene was concluded with an organ "fanfare," played as all slowly moved out of the ancient building. After service an adjournment for supper was made to the Library, where, in a number of rooms opening one upon another, and looking remarkably pretty with their flowers and other decorations, the Princess Louise and the other guests were entertained right royally by the Benchers. No one thought of going until one o'clock, and all present on this interesting occasion felt that it was one of the most remarkable gatherings of our time.

As a change from the modern farcical comedy usually represented by Mr. Augustin Daly's clever company of comedians, Colley Cibber's comedy, *She Wou'd and She Wou'd Not* was acted at the Strand Theatre on the afternoon of the 26th, and proved that Mr. Daly's company can speak Cibber's laboured lines with effect, and that they can be as happy in costume as in modern attire. Cibber's play, originally brought out at Drury Lane on November 26, 1702, was acted at Covent Garden in 1805, with Munden as Don Manuel; and again in 1841, with the elder Farren as Manuel and Mrs. Nesbit as Hypolita. The latter character was cleverly acted at the Strand by Miss Ada Rehan, while Mr. James Lewis gave a capital portrait of Trappanti, a character associated with the names of Fawcett and Hardy. Miss Virginia Dreher as Flora, and Miss May Irwin as the serving-maid, Villetta, were excellent; while Miss Edith Kingdon as Donna Rosara, Mr. John Drew as Don Philip, and Mr. Otis Skinner as Don Octavio, rendered the best of service.

The production of a comic opera at Drury Lane shows that Mr. Augustus Harris is anxious to give the public light and amusing fun when it is called for. But it unfortunately happens that there is nothing fresh or clear about the story of *Frivoli*, the three-act comic opera composed by M. Louis Hervé and brought out at "Old Drury" on the 29th; while the music, though graceful and melodious enough, is not remarkable in other respects. M. Hervé will be chiefly remembered of English playgoers by *Chilperic*, an opera bouffe which he wrote, composed, and in which he acted on its production at the Lyceum Theatre in 1869. His new piece is somewhat ambitiously styled a "comic opera." It more nearly resembles the old form of opera-bouffe, for the story is made subservient to the music and the spectacle, while one or two of the comic songs are strongly suggestive of the music-hall. Compression—particularly in the first and last acts—might have done much for the new work, but it is in the matter of humour that the piece was found chiefly wanting. Whether Mr. Beatty-Kingston, the writer of the lyrics, is also responsible for the dialogue I



MISS ADA REHAN.

know not ; but certain it is that most of the fun was derived from the low comedian's gags, and from jokes of a rather ancient date. As those who are acquainted with the liberality and energy of Mr. Harris may well imagine, there was no possible fault to be found with the mounting, the costumes, or the ballets. The story is sadly defective. Its interest varies in the most unaccountable manner, it lacks ingenuity of construction, and it is entirely devoid of humour. Moreover, the characters employed in it are one and all conventional. To tell the story, as clearly as may be, is now my task. Frivoli is a street-singer in Florence, where, by the way, warbling in the open air does not seem to be very remunerative, for Frivoli is hungry and hard-up. Possessed of audacity and wit, he is engaged as the very man to help the Chevalier de Ligny in his love affair with Rosella, the daughter of the Count di Serda. He forthwith dines, "not wisely but too well," with the result that he throws a letter, which has been entrusted to him for delivery to Rosella, into the balcony of the Duchess di Begonia, whose jealous husband discovers the missive, and, mistaking it for a love letter to his wife, fights with, and is wounded by the Chevalier de Ligny, the curtain falling on the picture of the wounded duke being taken indoors. The second act takes place in the courtyard of an inn at Udine, on the Austro-Italian frontier, where we are introduced to a new character in the person of the Marchioness di Piombino, who imagines that she recognises in Frivoli the husband from whom she has been separated. In order to avoid further unpleasant consequences, Frivoli enlists in the Austrian army, by this means obtaining fifty ducats for becoming a soldier. The Count di Serda, accompanied by Rosella and her cousin, Harriet, is flying from Italy and is pursued by De Ligny. The count having escaped across the frontier, Rosella and Harriet, disguised as peasant girls, declare that they have never seen him. Frivoli informs the Chevalier de Ligny that the Austrians are coming back to the inn, but promises to save him. Frivoli accordingly tells Krummbein, the rather credulous Austrian major, that he has taken the Italians prisoners single-handed. The Austrians, therefore, indulge in drinks, while their arms are being stolen from them, so that in the end they become prisoners of the Italians, and beg for their lives. The last act takes place at Naples, where a grand fête is being given to celebrate the Italian victory. The Count di Serda has been restored to favour, and the Duke di Begonia is in high office. Frivoli,

disguised as a beggar, is again mistaken by the Marchioness di Piombino for her long-lost husband, and is upbraided by her for masquerading in such a costume. Matters, however, soon approach a termination. The Count di Serda explains that he has a son, by a former marriage with a peasant girl, of which his wife knows nothing, and that the youth may be recognised from the unsightly fact that he has one eye black while the other is blue. Krummbein, the erstwhile Austrian major, having developed into an English pantomime policeman, undertakes a mission of discovery, and of course Frivoli turns out to be the long-lost Marquis Gorgonzola. The Chevalier de Ligny is betrothed to Rosella, while Frivoli pairs off with the Marchioness, who, we are naïvely told, "had always loved him." It will thus be seen that originality is not a strong point of the story of the piece, which, as told on the stage, is not particularly intelligible.

A London audience was made acquainted at the Vaudeville Theatre, on the afternoon of the 30th, with the domestic drama called *Hazel Kirke*, which has enjoyed a very remarkable success in America. Produced at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, it there had a long run, and it has been more or less favourably received in every city in the United States. It is a strange play, inasmuch as, although it interests the spectators, it does not bear the slightest analysis. This remark would apply to the work of many a successful dramatist, with Sardou at the head and front of the list. But Mr. Steele MacKaye's play has not the constructive skill generally observable in Sardou's work, and it has nothing of Sardou's epigram. It is a vigorous piece of work, so far as it goes, happily devoid of all ultra realism, and the story is related in forcible, telling dialogue. It repeats, in another form, the story of Farmer Allen and his iron will. Only the Dora of the play suffers much more than Tennyson's heroine, and she is left at the end with the man she loves. The drama, we believe, has been localised, or at least altered, for the English audience. Be this as it may, Dunstan Kirke, as exhibited at the Vaudeville, is a Lancashire farmer and mill-owner, who loves his daughter Hazel with all his being. Hard times have fallen upon Dunstan Kirke in the past, and he has contracted a debt with the squire, Aaron Rodney. He is therefore doubly anxious that an old engagement that Hazel should marry the Squire should be completed now that the girl has grown to womanhood. Unfortunately for his plans, it so happens that a certain Lord Travers, calling

himself plain Mr. Cullingford, has met with an accident, and has been nursed back to life by the gentle Hazel Kirke. He has fallen in love with the girl and she with him. Squire Rodney is a good-hearted fellow, for he breaks off the engagement with Hazel when he learns her secret, and even goes so far as to promise to pacify her father. But Dunstan Kirke is not to be balked of his project. "My will is law," he says in effect. So he waxes wroth and turns his only child and her lover out of doors, cursing his daughter and vowing to see her no more. So ends the first act, a sufficiently telling start to the story. But no sooner has the curtain fallen than the spectator feels that he can have but little sympathy with old Kirke. He cannot even respect his mistaken will, for with it is mixed a feeling of obligation towards Rodney. Dunstan Kirke is not actuated by a feeling of duty alone in wishing his daughter to marry the squire. However, Hazel leaves her home, and when we next see her it is as the wife of Lord Travers, who, from a stupid regard for his mother, has refused to openly avow his wife. He has married Hazel secretly, on the Scottish border. His Irish valet, thinking to do his master a good turn, has selected as the scene for the marriage a place really in England—or at least he asserts as much—and Lord Travers' mother believes that her son is not really married to Hazel Kirke, and tells her as much. She also implores Hazel to leave Lord Travers at once, in order that he might be free to marry his cousin. So off come the diamond rings and bracelets, and away goes Hazel, leaving the man she loves without asking for a word of explanation. This is a singular proceeding, for Hazel and Travers are greatly in love with each other, and Travers is an honourable man, who, as soon as he learns of the deception practised upon him by his valet, is only too anxious to rectify the error by proper, legal ceremony. Hazel loves and trusts and has faith in the man who is her husband in the sight of God and himself. It therefore seems incredible that she could leave him without a single word, and simply at the request of his mother, who is as selfish as she is cruel. If she did not love and believe in him, there would be no further interest in her. The last two acts take place in the interior of the mill-house. Dunstan Kirke, rendered blind after a severe illness, vows that he will never take his daughter to his heart again, and there is a very touching scene in which the distraught woman gazes into her father's sightless eyes while he is unaware of her having returned home. Much time is cut to waste in these two last

acts, and it would be as well to compress them into one should it be contemplated to again act this drama in England. The inevitable reconciliation takes place between father and daughter, and it is proved that the well-meaning valet was thwarted in his evil intentions, since Lord Travers and Hazel Kirke were legitimately married after all. So that the play represents a mere storm in a teacup. No one cares much about Dunstan Kirke, and it is obvious that had husband or wife acted like sensible, not to say living, people a good deal of unnecessary trouble would have been saved. Had they truly loved each other, they would not have been so easily parted, and it cannot be too much insisted upon that had they not done so, there would have been no reason for the play. Their conduct, therefore, becomes inexplicable. But despite the faults, and there are many of them, which this play possesses, the drama is a strong, vigorous work, with many pathetic passages, and it interests the spectator throughout. Added to the characters already enumerated, the drama contains a strange compound called Pittacus Green, an easy-going, good-humoured fellow, constantly pretending to quote Shakespeare and other authors, but really misquoting them. He is a kind of frank, good genius to the piece, always setting everybody right, and constantly interfering in other people's business. Such a character might easily develop into a bore, but in the hands of Mr. Thomas Whiffen he became a very amusing fellow indeed. Mr. Whiffen has an evident sense of humour. He obtains his effects easily, and he does not intrude his personality. His Pittacus Green was an entertaining sketch of character, and he spoke an epilogue with excellent emphasis and earnestness. The Hazel Kirke of Miss Millward was a really clever performance. Her love was prettily expressed in the first act, but she was more than equal to the power of the scene in which Hazel leaves her husband. It was a consistent, intelligent impersonation, as pretty as it was pathetic, and it was also powerful.

VII.

JULY.

The Little Pilgrim and *Love's Martyrdom*.—*Nancy and Co.*—*The Jilt*.—*Blackberries and Turned Up*.

A matinée at the Criterion, on the 3rd, embraced two plays, the first of which was an adaptation, in two acts, by Mr. W. G.

Wills, of Ouida's "Two Little Wooden Shoes," entitled *The Little Pilgrim*. The story does not lend itself to dramatisation. An innocent little flower-girl in the pure, sweet country, falls in love with a wandering artist, who is fascinated with her guilelessness. Bébée has fed on the roses and lilies of life, and has strengthened herself against evil by daily devotion at the Virgin's shrine. When the artist packs up his traps and departs, Bébée nearly dies of a broken heart. She has never felt such a sympathy before. Meanwhile, Bébée swears that she will come to her lover if ever he is ill. And she keeps her word. The artist falls sick. Bébée, in her wooden shoes, tramps two hundred miles to save his life by nursing him; and when arrived at the end of her desperate journey she finds him surrounded by cold, worldly, cruel, and cynical companions. She dies of grief, leaving her lover as a legacy her poor little pair of wooden shoes. "Ouida" probably imagined, and doubtless so did Mr. Wills, that it only needed to tell the story simply on the stage to make it effective. But they reckoned without their host. They did not calculate on a crowd of cockney ballet girls sporting on the floor as unlike village maidens as anything could well be. They did not conceive how three raw, bold, inexperienced, and apparently ill-educated extra ladies could, by appearing as the artist's companions, destroy every gleam of poetry in the romance. Had the actress who personated Bébée been an embodiment of poetry, the play would, nevertheless, have failed, by reason of the singularly prosaic and Philistine nature of the surroundings. It is surprising that Mr. Charles Wyndham should take credit for producing *The Little Pilgrim*, since it was the production, as much as anything, that brought it to grief. Miss Annie Hughes played Bébée in a very winning and childlike manner. Often she surprised her audience by the success of her simplicity; but every note of her pathos was drowned in the hideous roar of folly that surrounded it. In such a play we want everything ideal. The ideal Bébée is not sufficient. Mr. W. E. Gregory was anything but an ideal artist, and the less said the better about the vulgar chatterboxes who crushed every bit of sentiment out of the composition. They could neither speak, walk, talk, nor move so as to be natural. They were as incongruous and out of place as a starched-up masher in a country lane, or a Clapham Common belle in a farm-yard. The idealism of "Ouida" does not mix well with the affectation of Westbourne Grove. Plays of this kind require sensitive care in the casting of every individual character. What would

have become of *L'Ami Fritz*—that gem of Alsatian life—of *Les Rantzau*, of our own *Olivia*—delicious rescript of old English life—had not the preparation of such work been a labour of love to the artists? *The Little Pilgrim* was an attempt to do something pretty and poetical at the Criterion, but it was a sorry failure for all that. The idea of the story was not even fairly understood by those who took it in hand.

The second new piece of the afternoon was a one-act tragedy, by Mr. Alfred C. Calmour, called *Love's Martyrdom*. This is a vigorous, bold, interesting work, dramatic in its main idea, and well executed. It is a literary as well as a dramatic work. A young wife is awaiting the return home of her husband, who has espoused the ill-fated cause of Monmouth. Presently he comes, wounded and worn out from loss of blood and fatigue. He fain would sleep, but he is in dread of being taken a prisoner and ignominiously executed. So he exacts from his wife a terrible promise that, should his pursuers arrive, she will end his life if he has not the strength to do so himself. The soldiers are at the gate; the wife arouses her sleeping lord, whose hand fails him when he would plunge the dagger into his breast. So the wife is bound to fulfil her fearful oath, and she ends the life of her lord. But the tragedy is not yet complete. The soldiers are not enemies, but friends, who bring a pardon for the dead man. Distracted beyond measure at so unexpected an event, the wife stabs herself to death, and falls across the lifeless body of her husband. It was fortunate for Mr. Calmour that his heroine should have been acted by Miss Dorothy Dene, an intelligent and intensely earnest actress, who throws herself thoroughly into her work. She played with surprising strength for one so young, and sustained the interest of the tragedy by her remarkable power of expression, and a voice capable of varied musical tones and well under command. The comparatively small part of the husband was well played by Mr. H. B. Conway.

No farcical piece produced in recent years on the London stage has excelled in whimsical humour, laughable situations, or droll and clever acting, the adaptation made by Mr. Augustin Daly, entitled *Nancy and Company*, and brought out on July 7 at the Strand. The play is purely farcical, and it is as clean in motive as it is amusing in effect. To describe the plot of such a work would be as unsatisfactory as well-nigh impossible. *Imbroglio* follows *imbroglio*, laughable situations are heaped one upon another, and the piece moves so rapidly through such a complex and vastly entertaining succession of scenes that the

spectator has time for little else beyond indulging in genuine mirth. A certain young and charming married lady has become possessed of an uncontrollable desire for play-writing. Unknown to her husband, she has written a piece, which is just on the eve of production, in conjunction with an author of the male sex, who is jealously guarded by a certain old gentleman named Ebenezer Griffing, who thinks his charge rather a flighty young gentleman. A compact exists between the collaborators that the secret of the authorship is not to be revealed until after the play has been produced. Of course, the male author is in love with a pretty girl, and, equally of course, his fair partner is anxious to see the play brought out. So up she comes to town, takes possession of Mr. Kiefe O'Kiefe, and drags him off to her hotel. The apparently guilty, but really innocent, couple are tracked by the irate husband and suspicious guardian, they are found together under compromising circumstances, and there is general confusion and dismay when the curtain falls on the second act. From this point the interest is capitally sustained until the close, when, in the words of the adapter, a conclusion is reached from which it is shown that "love's labour's won

exactly as you like it, and all's well that ends well after the tempest." To describe more minutely the plot of the piece would be as unfair as unsatisfactory. The only cause for regret in connection with this production was the fact that the visit of Mr. Daly's company was nearly at an end. Such a funny piece as this, and such good acting as it affords, are a treat for any playgoer. The fair authoress was admirably impersonated by Miss Ada Rehan, whose droll style has the advantage of never becoming wearisome. On the contrary, it gains in effect and pleasantness upon acquaintance, an advantage which is of invaluable aid to



MRS. G. H. GILBERT AND MR. JAMES
LEWIS.
(*Nancy and Co.*)

the actress. Miss Rehan's Nancy Brasher was as clever and

entertaining as anything I have seen on the comedy stage. Miss Rehan was admirably seconded in her efforts by incomparable Mr. John Drew, an actor who is always a gentleman, and whose appreciation of humour is evident in all that he does. Mr. James Lewis, with his dry, quaint manner, his peculiar vocal organ, and his strange, curious roll of the eye, made wonderful capital out of the suspicious Ebenezer Griffing. Miss Edith Kingdon was a pretty and winning representative of Daisy Griffing, and Mr. Otis Skinner, with Miss Virginia Dreher, are more than agreeable as lovers. A light comedian, Mr. George Parkes, with an odd, squeakish laugh, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Miss May Irwin as a jaunty Irish servant, and Mr. William Gilbert as the authoress's husband, completed a cast of such excellence as is seldom seen on any stage.

The Jilt, a five-act play by Mr. Dion Boucicault, was represented, for the first time in London, at the Prince's Theatre on the 29th, when Mr. Boucicault was pleased to insinuate, in his own delightfully self-possessed and confidential manner, that his new piece was a genuine English comedy. Soon after the first night Mr. Boucicault was moved to advertise the play as the "greatest of modern five-act comedies." As such, he said, the peoples of England and America unite in greeting it, and as such it is worthy, insists Mr. Boucicault, to stand side by side with Mr. Boucicault's *London Assurance*. The esteemed author who has catered, not without some slight advantages pecuniary and otherwise to himself, for nearly half a century for the play-going public who speak the English tongue, is of course entitled to his own opinion. He may, possibly, be quite correct in his own high estimate of his own work. He may, on the other hand, rate his last achievement in the play-writing line a little too highly. In my humble judgment, *The Jilt* is far from being the greatest of modern five-act comedies (true comedy, indeed, appears to be almost dead with us). In fact, Mr. Boucicault's latest production in England is not a comedy at all. Nor is it a drama of any sort. It is a mere piece of patchwork. It is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. It fails to interest because, in the first place, it has no story worth the telling, and in the second, the construction of the piece is flimsy and of an unnatural appearance. The only well-drawn character in the play is our old friend, Myles-na-Coppaleen, in an ill-fitting wig and a light modern walking-coat. To this character, called Myles O'Hara, and described on the programme as "a gentleman rider" and a "prophet of the turf," are ascribed all the good sayings of the

piece. Need one say that this character is allotted to Mr. Dion Boucicault himself? Myles O'Hara predominates in every act, to the exclusion of the development of every other character. The lady who gives the title to the play has little to do with it. The Jilt is Lady Woodstock, the newly-married wife of a Yorkshire baronet, "of great wealth and ancient lineage." In her thirst for admiration she has written some foolish letters to a man who, on his deathbed, has bequeathed "The Jilt's" letters to her husband. Now the lady loved not her husband at the time of her marriage, though she learned to love him afterwards, when she found how good, how generous, how noble he was. Armed with the knowledge of this fact, and being in possession of these compromising letters, a rascally and penniless noble, Lord Marcus Wylye, who is the partner in the firm of Daisy and Co., betting commissioners, seeks to obtain Lady Woodstock's influence with Kitty Woodstock, "the great Yorkshire heiress," whom he wishes to marry, not for any affection he has for her, but simply on account of her enormous wealth. His partner, Mr. James Daisy, "an early bird," holds a bill for a large amount, for which the son of Miss Woodstock's guardian is responsible. So these two rascals plot for the possession of Miss Woodstock and her money, and of course are defeated, in no very ingenious or novel manner, by the cleverness and coolness of Myles O'Hara, who in the end wins for himself the hand and heart of the heiress. Added to this there is an underplot, in which the fortunes of a famous race-horse are discussed, and in which a pair of young lovers occupy a considerable share of attention. There is an impossible scene at a race-course, or rather in a room overlooking a race-course, where the stewards harangue the crowd beneath the balcony, in which people come and go apparently without rhyme or reason, and in which jockeys dress. This scene constitutes an entire act, and is seemingly introduced for the purpose of describing how a girl rode and won a steeplechase in the place of the young man who should have ridden—a ridiculous and impossible circumstance, and an introduction with absolutely no bearing whatever on the subject of the play.

On the 31st, Mr. Willie Edouin and his talented wife, known to the stage as Miss Alice Atherton, commenced a six-weeks' season at the Comedy Theatre, where they appeared in a one-act play called *Blackberries*, and a three-act farcical piece entitled *Turned Up*, both plays being the work of Mr. Mark Melford. The latter piece is distinctly clever and amusing. It was first

acted in London at a Vaudeville matinée on May 27. Its success at the Comedy Theatre led to its being transferred, after the period of Mr. Edouin's stay there, to the Royalty Theatre, where it attained a run of over a hundred nights. It served chiefly as a vehicle for the humour of Mr. Willie Edouin, who appeared as Mr. Carraway Bones, a bibulous undertaker. *Blackberries* was remarkable for the delightful impersonation of a show-girl by Miss Alice Atherton.

VIII.

AUGUST.

Garrick at the Strand.—*A Run of Luck.*

On the evening of the 9th, Mr. Edward Compton commenced, at the Strand Theatre, what proved to be a very entertaining six months' season. The piece chosen by Mr. Compton for his reappearance was William Muskerry's three-act comedy, *Garrick*. There is no necessity at this date to discuss at length a play, which only pretends to present a sketch of an incident in the life of David Garrick. It is not by any means a good piece of work, and no pains appear to have been taken in its manufacture beyond those devoted to making the part of Garrick a prominent and effective one for the actor. In this, however, a fair measure of success has been obtained, and the character of "Davy" Garrick, though more showy than natural, possesses advantages which Mr. Edward Compton well knows how to turn to good purpose. Garrick in this play must look well, dress well, and carry himself with an air; he is sarcastic and polite by turns; and he is occasionally as pathetic as he is polished. Mr. Compton has long ago identified himself with the part, and by the ability with which he fulfils most of its conditions makes a very successful representative of it. So much praise can hardly be fairly accorded to Miss Virginia Bateman (Mrs. Edward Compton), who is not always able to fully realise the romantic young heiress who falls in love with the actor. Happily for the piece, that ripe and experienced actor, Mr. Lewis Ball, was at hand to impart to it, in the person of Alderman Gresham, the true ring of old-fashioned comedy; and Mr. Sydney Valentine was good as the sporting drunkard, the Hon. Tom Tallyhaut. The other parts were not happily cast. The personages supposed to represent wealthy city folk of the

last century, already overdrawn by the author, are further exaggerated by the actors. The repulsively ugly and senile Sowerberry, the over-dressed, vulgar Mrs. Rumbelow, the silly Simpkins, and the sour-faced, stupid Selina Sowerberry here presented cannot possibly be accepted as faithful portraits of the people they are supposed to represent. Individuals so repugnant to fine feelings might possibly have existed, but comedy should portray the types of character, not the possible exceptions in it. Muskerry's piece was preceded by *Blue Devils*, a farce in one act, translated from the French by George Coleman the younger, and first acted at Covent Garden in 1798, for the benefit of John Fawcett, the comedian. The trifle is amusing enough. It represents a misanthrope who, just on the eve of committing suicide, finds the pleasure which may be derived from doing good to his fellow-creatures. This character, James Meagrim by name, was capitally rendered by Mr. Sydney Valentine. The landlord, Denison, and James, the waiter, who loves his master's pretty daughter, were well represented by Mr. Sydney Paxton and Mr. Percy F. Marshall. Miss Margaret Terry made a pretty first appearance on the London stage as Annette. In addition to a nice general appearance, this young lady has a strange, wistful face, a harmonious voice, a good carriage, and last, but not least, an evident intelligence—qualifications as an actress which should make her invaluable in time to come in sympathetic heroines.

In *A Run of Luck*, a new and original drama in four acts, by Messrs. Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris, produced at Drury Lane Theatre on the 28th, the indomitable energy and marvellous ingenuity of Mr. Augustus Harris were once more exemplified. *A Run of Luck* was the greatest success of melodramatic plays produced during 1886. When it was rumoured that horses were to take a part in the piece, that real live hunters were to be seen on the stage, there were many people who held up their hands and prophesied failure—failure absolute and complete. But those who had witnessed the previous efforts of Mr. Harris were more hopeful, and they were not doomed to disappointment. Horses certainly did appear on Old Drury stage in the course of the performance of *A Run of Luck*, but they were by no means the chief attraction in the drama. Messrs. Henry Pettitt and Augustus Harris have brought out another drama which is essentially human. It appeals to all hearts, and wins the sympathies of every spectator. The story is told crisply, and it contains plenty of action.

We feel that the various characters live, and move, and have their being in every-day life, and it is this truth to nature which attracts the public. It goes without saying that Mr. Harris mounted the play in the most complete manner possible. Here is the story of the drama. In the first act we are at the training stables of John Copsley. His daughter, Daisy, is engaged to be married to Harry Copsley, an industrious young fellow who is rapidly making his way in the world. But Daisy Copsley has the misfortune to be loved by George Selby, a reckless young spendthrift, who has got heavily into debt, and given post-obits on the death of his father, Squire Selby. He is in the hands of a couple of rascals, Captain Trevor, an aristocratic villain, and Charles Sandown, a veritable cockney, with a turn for misquoting French and Latin phrases, a character played to the life by Mr. Nicholls. George Selby is engaged to his cousin, Mabel Selby, a wealthy heiress, when it comes to the knowledge of Trevor that Harry Copsley has no claim to the name he bears. He uses this knowledge to force Copsley to resign his claims to Daisy's hand, thus to make room for George Selby, and so to clear the way—as he is in the squire's good graces—for his own marriage with Mabel Selby. Harry Copsley does not retire before the charge of illegitimacy, but boldly faces the matter, and discovers that he is the son of Squire Selby, whom he confronts. The second act brings us to London, where Daisy Copsley is decoyed to a house of ill-repute by Mrs. Willmore, an agent of Captain Trevor's, who pretends that she is taking Daisy as a companion to a lady, when she well knows that she is compassing her moral destruction. An elaborate ball-room, filled with over-dressed females and their lovers, gives place to a boudoir, where Daisy, who has been drugged, is accosted by George Selby, who, half intoxicated with champagne, has been misled by finding the girl in such a house. When the truth is explained to him he boldly rescues the girl from her perilous condition, and the scene again changing, presents the outside of the house and the escape of Daisy. The exterior of Selby Hall is the scene of the third act. Here the machinations of Trevor and Sandown appear to prosper. They make the old squire believe that George is the betrayer of Daisy, but the squire has become aware of his son's connection with the post-obits, and quarrels with him just before starting for the hunt. What follows is almost expected by everyone. The squire is brought home on a hurdle, seriously hurt by a fall from his horse, and is thought

to be on the point of death. Trevor informs George Selby that the documents he had signed were transfers to him of the estate which he seems on the point of inheriting, when Harry Copsley proclaims that he is the heir to Selby Hall. In the fourth and last act the excitement is admirably worked up. George Selby has become owner of a favourite race-horse, "Daisy," which is entered and heavily backed for an important race. Trevor and Sandown have an order to take possession of the horse for a debt of young Selby's, and their endeavours to secure the animal so that it may not run, and that Selby may thus be disgraced, are cleverly checkmated by Harry Selby, who sends the blackguards careering over the country after an old farm horse. "Daisy" is brought safely to Goodwood, saddled and mounted, is just about to start, when Trevor and company arrest her. Happily, old Squire Selby comes to the rescue, borrows the money on the racecourse wherewith to discharge George's debt, "Daisy" is freed, and wins the race in a canter. The honour of the Selby family is retained, and Harry is united to Daisy Copsley. The acting in this play was, as a rule, excellent. Miss Alma Murray is the most sympathetic of heroines, and Mr. E. W. Gardiner was fresh, easy, and agreeable as George Selby. Mr. J. G. Grahame filled the rather unsatisfactory part of Harry Copsley with uncommon ability. He succeeded in making the part acceptable, thanks to his fine style and power of expression, whereas a less superior actor might easily have made Copsley a bore. Mr. Harry Nicholls, the delight of a Drury Lane audience, was immensely amusing as the sporting Charlie Sandown, and Mr. Charles Cartwright was incisive as Trevor. Miss Compton is not well suited as an *ingénue*, and Miss Sophie Eyre was a little too melodramatic in her part. Mr. William Rignold, Mr. John Beauchamp, Mr. Victor Stevens, and Miss Edith Bruce assisted the play by their careful acting.

IX.

SEPTEMBER.

Macbeth at the Olympic.—*The Rivals* at the Strand.—*Curiosity*.—*Harvest*.—Death of Frederick Marshall.—*Dorothy*.

On the 2nd of this month a so-called revival of *Macbeth* was presented at the Olympic Theatre. If the good intentions of those interested in the venture had been carried out all would

have been well, for it was evident that no labour had been spared in the process of preparing the play for the stage. But it unfortunately so happened that what was attempted was a little beyond the reach of those making the attempt. The poetry, the weird significance, the sublimity, and the tragedy were wanting. The production only succeeded in modernising, and, consequently, in lowering the Shakespearean work. Its general tone was essentially colloquial and reminiscent of the second-class drama of to-day. For a lady of Mrs. Conover's limited experience to attempt to act a part which taxed the powers of Sarah Siddons at the same moment that her playing of it had brought her fame, and in which Sara Bernhardt has failed, was, indeed, a bold, hazardous venture. The English tongue is as yet unfamiliar to Mrs. Conover, and this, in itself, would be a great and almost insurmountable drawback to anyone more versed in the ways of the stage and of more conspicuous ability as an actress than Mrs. Conover. This courageous lady was not greatly helped by her companions. They seldom liberated themselves in their parts, and so they did not afford much support to the representative of Lady Macbeth. Mrs. Conover was seen at her best in the sleep-walking scene, where she was calm and impressive enough to thrill her audience. Mr. Barnes made a bluff, burly Macbeth; he spoke his lines broadly and with good effect, but he did not try to reach the subtle underside of the character. Mr. Beveridge, unfortunately, was the most modernised Macduff imaginable. Mr. Palmer as the King and Mr. Dewhurst as Banquo were not strikingly well suited. By far the most attractive feature of the representation was the rendering, under the spirited direction of Mr. W. C. Levey, of Locke's celebrated music by a full band and chorus.

The representation of *The Rivals* at the Strand Theatre on the 6th showed Mr. Edward Compton and several members of his company to much better advantage than did the play of *Garrick*, in which they previously appeared here. It cannot be contended that Sheridan's celebrated comedy, considered as a whole, was well acted, but the representation afforded one or two examples of promise and merit. The bouquet and full, rich flavour of old comedy had an excellent exponent in Mr. Lewis Ball, whose ripe, experienced acting as Sir Anthony Absolute was so admirable that it cast the other players into the shade. In a company such as Mr. Compton's, where so many members are youthful, Mr. Ball is invaluable. He has the traditions of the stage at his fingers'-ends, but he is no

barn-stormer or ranter. The maturity of his acting, which has begotten in him a quiet, natural manner and confidence, affords a good study to all stage aspirants. The production gave Mr. Compton an opportunity of amusing and edifying his audience in the character of Bob Acres. The fault of Mr. Compton's Acres is its heaviness and sententiousness. Bob Acres is a bright, animated fellow. He has not the stilted walk and stereotyped attitudes of a Dr. Pangloss. Mr. Sydney Valentine presented a very earnest, thoughtful study of Jack Absolute, and Mr. C. Blakiston, although a little too peevish, was an otherwise good Faulkland. Mr. Percy F. Marshall had not the weight and balance necessary for Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Mr. Sydney Paxton was an excellent Fag, and Mr. C. Dodsworth as David was characteristic and effective. Miss Elinor Aickin made an acceptable Mrs. Malaprop, but she naturally suffered in the inevitable comparison between such actresses as Mrs. Chippendale and Mrs. Stirling. Miss Margaret Terry was an interesting and sympathetic Julia, and Miss Alice Burton was a bright, spirited Lucy. Miss Dora Vivian was anything but an ideal Lydia Languish.

There is nothing either new or original in *Curiosity*, a "new and original" farcical comedy, in three acts, written by Mr. Joseph Derrick, and acted at a Vaudeville *matinée* on the 14th. It never once enters the domain of comedy, its characters are as feeble as they are familiar, and the foundation of the farce is so utterly impossible that the fabric must totter and fall before even the most credulous spectator. Vulgarity plays no small share in the piece, and suggestiveness is passed off for wit. The idea of the piece may be explained in a few words. Miss Vashti Mole, the keeper of a river-side boarding-house, is angling for the offer of marriage from a tubby "poet," one Francis Bollillery. The versifier has a confirmed horror of any excrescence on the female foot, and, unfortunately, Miss Vashti Mole is cursed with an inconvenient bunion. Then a young married lady, Mrs. Daisy Bangerpush, has secured the affections of her husband because of her beautiful teeth: it so happens that she is troubled with a hollow or bad tooth. The efforts of the two ladies are consequently directed to the concealment of their defects from the respective suitor and husband. This, the main idea of the piece, is not particularly pleasant to the palate, but it is mild compared to the scenes to which it leads. The men are supposed to be away, so a chiropodist and a dentist are sent for. The husband, who has been cad enough to read a letter

addressed in his wife's handwriting, secretes himself, together with the bibulous "poet," in a conservatory attached to the room where the ladies receive the chiropodist and the dentist. Here a scene occurs which, for flagrant vulgarity and double meaning, surpasses anything we have recently witnessed. It will serve our purpose simply to state here that the men are mistaken for lovers, and that the two couples retire to the "snuggery" of Miss Vashti Mole. Suitor and husband get furious, and the innocent corn and tooth extractors are kicked out of the house. The last act presents a delightfully impossible and futile scene, in which a silly police sergeant incarcerates all the characters in the piece, under a suspicion of being dynamitards, in the gim-crack conservatory, seemingly for the purpose of prolonging the action until the inevitable explanation. Mr. Derrick has yet to learn that a farce should at least be based upon some slight shadow of probability, that "construction" is not merely a banging of doors and breaking of glass, and that dull dialogue is no compensation for lack of humour or for suggestiveness. Miss Vashti Mole was acted by Miss Sophie Larkin in her usual simpering, coquettish manner. Miss Tilbury lent a refreshing refinement and much-needed delicacy to the character of Mrs. Bangerpush. Mr. Edward Righton was comic as Bolbillery, the "poet," and Mr. E. J. Henley, as the jealous husband, was exactly the same as he always is on the stage—excited, fidgety, and noisy.

Harvest, a drama in a prologue and three acts, produced by Mr. C. H. Hawtrey at the Princess's Theatre on September 18, is an interesting, but an unsatisfactory and unsympathetic work. Although the play may carry you away for the moment, its one grave defect, apart from its technical imperfections, must be apparent to every thinking person. It is almost entirely unsympathetic. It has no hero, it contains no real heroine. The only natural or truly sympathetic characters in it have little to do with the story. The author appears to have based his drama upon one of two suppositions. In the first place he may have sought for the means of portraying vengeance by a woman for a grievous wrong done to her; or he may, on the other hand, have set himself to evolve this problem: Under what conditions could one woman be separated by another woman from the husband and son she loves? Supposing that Mr. Hamilton has worked upon the latter hypothesis, he can be said to have accomplished his task as successfully as may be, and he may be forgiven for the errors into which the working out of his idea

has led him. His work has not resulted in a pleasant play, or in one that can attract the interest or sympathy of the spectator who regards the drama in a light that searches below the surface. It is, however, a very ambitious attempt by a young author.

To understand its nature and its inefficiency, a rapid sketch of the plot is necessary. Noel Musgrave, his wife, Brenda, and their boy, Geoffrey, attended by a garrulous Scotch servant, Hamish, are living in a cottage in Wales. The union has not turned out happily. The affection of the man for the woman has waned. She sighs for the love of the old days; he regrets a marriage which has precluded him from enjoying a life of ease and comfort which a wife with a heavy dowry would have secured him. The Gordian knot, as far as the husband is concerned, is cut by the arrival of Captain



MISS AMY ROSELLE.
(*Harvest.*)

Tressider (a "swell" of the Captain Hawtree type), who discovers that his friend Noel was married merely in the presence of witnesses, according to Scotch law, on the borderland of England and Scotland. Tressider is anxious, for some purpose never set forth in the drama, that his friend should be wealthy, so inquires more deeply into the marriage, and further discovers (by the aid of a map from a Bradshaw's Railway Guide, *mirabile dictu!*) that the ceremony took place in England, that it was no marriage at all, and that, in fact, Noel Musgrave is free to marry whom he pleases. Musgrave does not long hesitate in his course. Like the cur that he is, he abandons the mother of his child in order to marry a wealthy widow, the prologue ending with Brenda threatening Noel, in language of a rather biblical tone, that he will reap the reward of his ill-doings. Twenty years elapse, and in a glen in Ireland, Geoffrey, grown to man's estate, and distinguished as an artist, meets Lettice Vane, the daughter of the woman for whom Noel Musgrave had forsaken Brenda. During all the years of her separation Brenda has cherished only one hope—vengeance on the man who has wronged her. To this end she has bent all her thought and will. Geoffrey

and Lettice fall sincerely in love with one another, and in their affection the unnatural mother sees her opportunity for the accomplishment of her scheme. She exacts from her son an oath that he will obey her in a certain request, no matter what its nature, and when she finds that Noel Musgrave is willing to marry her—his wife proper being dead—and so legitimatise the son, she exacts from Geoffrey the fulfilment of his oath. He accordingly gives up the girl who loves him, and departs from the scene. We need hardly point out that no man is bound to carry out such an oath as this, nor is there occasion to dwell upon the weakness of a nature which can destroy its own happiness and that of another, because of a foolish, vacuous promise. A mother who is so hard and supremely selfish as to deny to her son a name and to take him from the girl he loves, in order to satisfy an unnatural desire for revenge, is entitled to no obedience whatever, and to little, if any, respect. The chance for the dramatist, we take leave to think, was in the breaking down of the woman's plan, in the giving up of her scheme on learning of her son's love. The very essence of love is self-sacrifice; its foundation is its readiness to abandon everything to the object of its affection. How much more effective, because how much more human, would this play have been had the mother of Geoffrey curbed her pride and will on finding that her son loved the daughter of the woman who had been the innocent cause of her misfortune! But the dramatist must needs let a year go by before the lovers are reunited and before the mother consents to the marriage. Even then the duty is taught by the girl, Lettice Vane, who is unwilling to take the son from the mother who loves him. The hard, cold, relentless, unsympathetic nature of Brenda Musgrave will be apparent to our readers; and Noel Musgrave is a worthless prig, for he is only anxious in the end to marry the mother of his son so that the latter may inherit his baronetcy and estates. Geoffrey is weak to the verge of exasperation, and Tressider—who is cad enough to point the way for the separation of Noel and Brenda—is not a particularly interesting personage. The construction of the piece is extremely feeble. Its chief weakness lies in the fact that the action generally progresses because one character overhears the plans of another. In no other play that I can call to mind is this weakness so noticeable or so frequent. In the prologue, for instance, the servant, Hamish, overhears himself being called ugly names by Noel Musgrave. Tressider hears Brenda speak of him reproachfully to Noel, and Brenda, in her turn,

accidentally learns from the conversation of Noel and Tressider that her marriage is illegal. In the second act the love-making of two couples has unexpected witnesses in Tressider and Brenda respectively. This mode of construction is pushed to a ridiculous limit in the last act. Lettice Vane overhears Geoffrey lamenting his separation from her, rushes to him, is reconciled to him, and, in a scene quite untrue to nature, declares that she will not take him from his mother. This decision is listened to by Brenda, who repents at last, and finds a counsellor in another character who has been an unknown witness of *her* discomfiture. Minor faults might easily be pointed out, but enough has already been said to show that this new work is gravely deficient both from an artistic and a mechanical point of view. The actual writing of the piece shows the author to be possessed of a bright, poetical imagination, and very considerable power of expression. But the dialogue wants pruning by a practised hand. It is occasionally, in dealing with a common-place subject, metaphorical rather than literal. The chief success in the acting was made by the young lady who played the part of Lettice Vane, an *ingénue* of a modest, charming, and delightful type. Miss Edith Chester, young, pretty, and with a harmonious voice, is also intelligent, and of an easy, unaffected style. She played quite engagingly throughout, and with marked delicacy and taste in a scene in which the heiress has to tell her love to the poor artist who dare not confess his passion. Miss Edith Chester has, unfortunately for the stage, retired into private life since the production of *Harvest*. Miss Fanny Brough acted in her own bright manner as a cheery Irish young lady who talks politics and converts an English "chappie"—played by Mr. C. H. Hawtrey—into a lover not only of herself but of her country. Her accent, though, should be amended. Paradoxical as it may seem to say it, the Irish of an educated woman is the best possible English. Mr. Arthur Dacre was a good Noel Musgrave—the character becomes Sir Noel Musgrave, Bart., after the prologue—and Miss Amy Roselle declaimed the lengthy speeches allotted to Brenda with remarkable elocutionary skill and power. It was unfortunate that she had to appear so frequently on the scene like the banshee of Irish folk-lore. It was equally unfortunate for Mr. Brandon Thomas that the character of Colonel Tressider and his acting of it resembled only faintly the parts generally associated with Mr. Bancroft and the style of the latter gentleman. Mr. Yorke Stephens lent neither strength nor distinction to the part of

Geoffrey. Miss Carlotta Addison's ladylike, polished acting was of much service to the character of a gentle-hearted maiden lady, and Mr. W. H. Denny was excellent in the small part of the Scotch servant, Hamish, although his accent, like that of Miss Brough, was frequently at fault.

It is with regret that I have to record the death, at Weybridge Common, on the 21st, of Mr. Frederick Marshall. He was born in Glasgow, on November 5, 1848, so that he was only in his thirty-eighth year at the time of his decease. He may be said to have been educated on the theatrical boards, for, when only a child, he appeared as one of "The Marshall Family" in various dramatic pieces from the pen of his father, Mr. C. F. Marshall. He, however, first entered the dramatic profession proper in an engagement at the New Theatre Royal (now the Prince's), Bristol. His first great success was made at Easter, 1870, in the production, at the Theatre Royal Bradford, of a version by the late Charles Rice of "The Old Curiosity Shop." In this Mr. Marshall acted Quilp, and so great a hit did he make in the part that his success had a considerable deal to do with the prosperity of the production during a long provincial tour. Mr. Marshall afterwards became a member of the company at Nottingham Theatre Royal, and, later on, during the management of Mr. Addison, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, where his vast fund of humour and legitimate style of acting made him a great favourite. His most important characters during his long Liverpool engagement were Biles in *Miriam's Crime*, Peter Probit in *The Chimney Corner*, Daniel White in *Milky White*, and Sampson Burr in *The Porter's Knot*. On March 29, 1875, Mr. Marshall made his first appearance in London at the Philharmonic Theatre (now the Grand, Islington), in the late J. F. McArdle's burlesque, *The Talisman*. At this theatre he also repeated his performance of Peter Probit with great success. On March 6 of the following year he was engaged by Mr. W. S. Gilbert for a lengthened tour throughout Great Britain with *Broken Hearts*, in which he acted Mouston. Of this impersonation, *The Scotsman*, which, as a rule, is not lavish in its praise of acting, was moved to speak thus:—"The best piece of acting in the piece is undoubtedly that of Mr. F. Marshall as Mouston, the dwarf. Highly effective, in a quiet, subdued style, was the expression of feeling in the passages where the deformed creature pleads for the love of the queenly Hilda, and still finer the rendering of utter prostration, physical and mental, as he sinks under her reproaches." In September,

1876, Mr. Marshall became a member of Mr. William Duck's company, playing Perkyn Middlewick in the late H. J. Byron's comedy, *Our Boys*, and Percy Pendragon in the same author's *Married in Haste*. In June of the year following he went on tour with Miss Lydia Thompson in the English provinces, and subsequently in America, where he acted in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities. Returning to England he filled a two months' engagement (June-July, 1878) at the Vaudeville Theatre, where he acted Perkyn Middlewick during the absence of David James. In April, 1879, he left London, under the management of Mr. Garner, for Australia, where he met with distinguished success, took a leading Melbourne theatre, and amassed a considerable sum of money. An exceptionally-gifted comedian, a good son, and a generous friend, his loss will be much felt both in public and private.

Of the music of *Dorothy*, a comic opera, with which Mr. George Edwardes opened the Gaiety Theatre on the 25th, there can be but one opinion, and that is that it is distinctly good, almost too good for the subject. Melody is always present in the work of Alfred Cellier, and the orchestration shows the hand of a skilled musician. But the book of Mr. B. C. Stephenson, it must be candidly confessed, is lamentably weak, lacking in originality of plot and brilliancy or humour in dialogue. What little story the plot contains may be related in a few words. Geoffrey Wilder, a rather rakish young man, is betrothed by his uncle to Dorothy Bantam, a young lady whom he has never seen, and who disguises herself as a barmaid. Of course, Dorothy and Wilder flirt, and so do another couple, Harry Sherwood and Lydia Hawthorne, who are married and made happy in the end. The first act is devoted to the unfolding of this plot and the introduction of a comic writ-server, one Lurcher—played admirably by that capital artiste, Mr. Arthur Williams. The second act presents an elaborate ball-room scene, and the third brings the piece to a conclusion which is satisfactory to everybody—on the stage. The piece is full of suggestions from other plays. The main idea is at least as old as *She Stoops to Conquer*, there are countless imitations from a certain poet-playwright yclept Shakespeare, and there is a mock duel scene very like that in *The Rivals*, in which the challenger is frightened of the challenged. All this could have been forgiven had the end justified the means. Unhappily, the "book" is dull and unprofitable. The piece, nevertheless, ran at the Gaiety until Christmas, when it was transferred to the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where it is still (April, 1887) being played.

X.

OCTOBER.

A Happy Day.—*My Lord in Livery*.—*The Nettle*.—*Indiana*.—Miss Grace Hawthorne.—*The Hobby Horse*.—Elsa Dene.—*The School for Scandal* at the Strand.—*Noah's Ark*.—*Our Diva*.

Three new one-act plays produced at the beginning of this month deserve special notice. *A Happy Day*, a farce by Mr. "Richard Henry," acted at the Gaiety Theatre on the 6th, is an excellent work of its kind. It is homely, it is domestic, it is properly called a "family farce," for it breathes good nature and domesticity in every line of it. Lucky the modern farce-writer who desires to touch on the domestic vein of the lower middle classes to get such capable, able, and appreciative assistants as Mr. Arthur Williams and Miss Harriet Coveney to start the farce merrily and to end it with effect. Jerrymer Jawkins (Mr. Arthur Williams) has determined to give his family a day's outing at Rosherville. The quiver of Jawkins is full. The children extend from a marriageable maiden of eighteen to twins of two. The marriageable maiden of eighteen is in the tantrums and a sulk because she cannot marry the man of her choice, but the autocratic paterfamilias snubs the irrepressible girl, and proceeds with Mrs. Jawkins to review the juvenile army expectant of a holiday treat and of Rosherville. Directly all the domestic preliminaries are over, and they are extremely humorous, at the instant the expectant Jawkinses are off to Rosherville, the wretched paterfamilias is arrested on his own doorstep. He is accused of being a blood-thirsty dynamiter. He has been watched by a too censorious police, and has to confess to hidden debaucheries all unknown to the faithful wife of his bosom. But they consist in nothing worse than a free-and-easy on Saturday night, and a butterfly-hunting excursion on Hampstead Heath on Sunday morning. The detective has bagged the wrong man. The innocent butterflies called "death's heads" and "skeletons" explain the dynamite scare, and the much-maligned Jawkins, having discovered that he has inherited a property through saving the life of a drowning man, departs for Rosherville amidst the cheers of the assembled family and the contented audience. No farce of the kind could have been better played than by Mr. Arthur Williams and Miss Coveney, and, as in addition it had been excellently stage-managed, it gave genuine delight. The secret of success, after all, is to get clever people to interpret an author's ideas. If opening plays got the assist-

ance of such artists as Mr. Williams and Miss Coveney there would be little complaint about the poverty of "curtain raisers," as they are vulgarly called.

My Lord in Livery, by Mr. S. Theyre Smith, acted at the Princess's on the 9th, does not, unhappily, compare at all favourably with the other works of the same writer, either in the skilful management of its plot or the terseness and brilliancy of its dialogue. It is, moreover, extremely improbable in idea and extravagant in execution. Three girls, living at a county mansion, discover that a certain naval officer, Lord Thirlmere, has made a bet that, in the disguise of a footman, he will obtain a ring from one of the young ladies. A footman new to the place is mistaken for the disguised officer, and the girls dress up as servants; considerable fun being thus evolved. Lord Thirlmere arrives, and is supposed—why, we know not—to be a burglar, and he frightens the lady into giving him the ring. The farce would be amusing enough were it not so long drawn out, and if the dialogue were a little less prolix. It was acted agreeably enough at the Princess's, the girls being charmingly represented by Miss Edith Chester, Miss Grace Arnold, and Miss Calhaem. Mr. Stewart Dawson was capital as a cowardly butler, and a Master Thomas played very naturally as a page. Mr. H. Charles gave a good sketch as the footman who is mistaken for a gentleman, and treated at first to the best of everything.

The Nettle, by the late Ernest Warren, played at the Court Theatre on the 13th, is as fresh and charmingly refined a drawing-room comedietta as has been seen for many days on the London, or any other, stage; full of smart sayings and brisk action, and pleasant, healthy fun. The one scene takes place in the editorial chamber of *The Nettle*, a "Satirical Review of Society," in which appears an article entitled "Notable Noodles." Guy Charlton, a young fellow about town, has taken the cap as fitting him, and visits the garret armed with a horsewhip, and with the intention of bestowing condign punishment on the author of the scathing production. But instead of a man he finds Dulcie Meredith, the editor's sister, who takes him for a capitalist that is to assist her brother in establishing a newspaper. Under this impression, Dulcie makes herself very agreeable, and speaks of Guy's good intentions towards her brother, and how grateful he will be for all the marks of kindness bestowed upon him. Guy is charmed with her, and accepts a cup of tea, and at length is so smitten that he snatches a kiss. Dulcie is indignant, and a lover's quarrel ensues, Guy

rushing off in a high state of dudgeon ; but he soon returns to find Dulcie in tears, partly with vexation at having sent him away, as she has discovered that she likes him, and also because she imagines she has ruined her brother's prospects in offending the "capitalist." But, after a very pretty and natural love scene, all is made up, the obnoxious horsewhip is broken up to light the fire to cook the editor's dinner against his return, and the curtain falls on a prospect of happiness for all concerned. Miss Cudmore was delightfully natural throughout, thoroughly bright and unaffected, and proved herself what is so rare—a perfect *ingénue*. Mr. F. Kerr ably seconded her; humorous and gentlemanly, he succeeded in representing the young "man about town" of good society.

Indiana, a "new and original opera comique," in three acts, written by Mr. H. B. Farnie, composed by Audran, was represented at the Avenue Theatre on the 11th, when the following notice appeared in *The Stage* :—"Plots of comic operas become more and more incomprehensible to the outside world and unintelligent reader. Formerly it was only necessary to tell a simple and direct story in as few words as possible, and with as little circumlocution. Not only those who ran, but those who sat, could read, without the investment of sixpence here in the form of a book, or sixpence there in the shape of a libretto. We have changed all that. It may be in the interests of the authors, who secure royalties on books ; or in the interests of managers, who sell books ; or advertisement collectors, who push books. But certain it is that the plots of comic operas become more and more vague and unintelligible without the aid of a slang dictionary or an elaborate argument. Playbills and playbooks are full of closely printed 'argument.' The 'argument' of *Indiana* is almost as lengthy as the opera itself. It is strange on the surface that the dramatist should not require one word or line of explanation before he unfolds his story, but that the librettist should demand sheets of space to explain that which to the end is absolutely unintelligible. *Indiana* is no exception to this rule. The mere title is a misnomer. The heroine is no self-sacrificing creature of the *Green Bushes* order. We had expected in *Indiana* an operatic Madame Celeste ; but instead of her we obtain an American lady with a large assortment of pretty dresses and lace petticoats. What with modern English, and hybrid American, and second-hand Jacobite, we get such a curious assortment of ideas, that, as Lord Dundreary used to say, it is a concentrated essence of everything in general and

nothing in particular that ‘no fellah can understand.’ If, at the conclusion of the performance, one of the puzzle prizes were given to explain what *Indiana* is about, we very much doubt if any one, though fortified with Mr. Farnie’s book and Mr. Farnie’s ‘argument,’ could solve the impenetrable mystery. This is one of Mr. Farnie’s best jokes. He has written a book so mysteriously useless that it is accepted as exceptionally clever. *Indiana* is a triumph of mystification. There is one actor, and one actor of supreme importance, who introduces daylight to this extraordinary complication of exaggerated mystery. Mr. Arthur Roberts has seldom had such a hard task set to him, and has never—we speak without exaggeration—so thoroughly and legitimately distinguished himself. He carried the whole weight of the opera on his shoulders. Without him it could scarcely have lived an act. So plentiful is he in resource, so inventive, so rich in spontaneous talent, that it is refreshing to find there is a sprinkling of salt to enable one to swallow such dull, heavy, and uninteresting food. Mr. Arthur Roberts led the forlorn hope of the opera. He is one of the most unselfish actors on the stage; all that he does is for the good of the piece, not himself. He will help Miss Phyllis Broughton as much in her scenes as he would help himself in his, and we are confident she would be the first to own it. When the opera is flagging, when the scene wants an encore, Mr. Roberts can get it, as the cricketers say, ‘off his own bat.’ His features are so expressive and elastic, his method so quick, his business so exquisitely neat and effective, that the audience watches the actor as it does a conjuror. He magnetises them, for whatever *he* is doing is assuredly worth seeing. Never was a sentence more unfair printed of comic actor than that which has recently said ‘Mr. Arthur Roberts would be perfect as Matt-o’-the-Mill if he would moderate the exuberance of his wit and abstain from the bad habit of gagging.’ If Mr. Arthur Roberts moderated the exuberance of his wit, the opera would be as dead as ditch-water. If he did not suggest fun in his business, the audience would be asleep. We should be the first to protest against gag from Mr. Roberts or anyone else if it destroyed the sequence of the story or interfered with the author’s artistic scheme. But Mr. Roberts’s gag, as it is called, is in this instance perfectly legitimate and admissible. The artist who is prodigal in business, and who can act with his face as well as with his hands and mind, is not to be despised. The next best artist, so far as expression is concerned, in the cast is Miss Mary Duggan. She is a better actress than singer, but as one or the

other she is of great advantage to the working part of the opera. In good looks and personal charm it can hold its own, thanks to Miss Phyllis Broughton, who looks ideal in a Gainsborough hat, and to Miss Wadman, who works with praiseworthy energy and dresses in exquisite taste. Miss Broughton, whenever she gets a chance, dances with her accustomed charm and with a rare sense of delicacy, and if Miss Wadman would be a little less restless and impetuous her success would be greater. She does not lack energy, but she wants repose. In her excitement to express we lose the value of half the words she utters. She is all expression, but no sense. The clever lady is dreadfully in earnest, but, truth to tell, not a tenth of the audience can hear one word that she says. Mr. Ashley, clever actor that he is, who many a time and oft has made bricks without straw, has fallen across what actors call a 'cruel part.' He does his best with it, but it is desperately hard work. Mr. Charles Ryley, Mr. W. T. Hemsley, and Mr. Sam Wilkinson all work bravely and well, and Miss A. Harcourt makes a very charming officer. It is the fate of Miss Ruby M'Neill to play the character of a stupid, bread-and-butter Miss. She does not shirk the responsibility in the least. M. Audran has written far better music. As a rule the score of *Indiana* has no character. The cleverest number is an imitation of an old English rustic song and dance. But, tuneful as is the opera, well dressed and mounted and cleverly acted as it is in certain parts, its success, so far, depends on the individual effort of one actor—Mr. Arthur Roberts as Matt-o'-the-Mill. He wins the best encores of the evening in a perfectly fair and legitimate manner, and mainly on his account *Indiana* is well worth seeing."

Miss Grace Hawthorne, an American lady, appeared at the Olympic Theatre, on the 21st, as Sarah Multon in *The Governess*, an adaptation of "East Lynne." The play was not well chosen, for it is an insipid, monotonous work. Miss Hawthorne, however, contrived to show considerable aptitude for the stage. Her subsequent appearances, at the same theatre, as the heroine of Mr. Frank Harvey's drama, *A Ring of Iron*, and as Marguerite Gautier in *Heartsease*, Mr. James Mortimer's adaptation of *La Dame aux Camélias*, proved that Miss Hawthorne, always earnest, possesses much power and ability.

There is no denying the extreme cleverness of *The Hobby*



MISS GRACE HAWTHORNE.

Horse, an original comedy in three acts, written by Mr. A. W. Pinero, and produced at the St. James's Theatre on the 23rd. But its cleverness is occasionally pushed too far. Mr. Pinero has not been content with inventing an ingenious farcical story,



MRS. KENDAL.
(*The Hobby Horse.*)

but he has endeavoured to engraft upon it a serious interest, which he only introduces in order, apparently, to ridicule. The result is that his play is neither one thing nor the other; it is not a drama, it is not a farce, and it is not, as is claimed for it, a comedy, for comedy must portray the manners of people as they live. The central figures in *The Hobby Horse* are highly improbable; indeed, well-nigh impossible. First of all there is Mr. Spencer Jermyn, a cheery, dapper, precise "patron of the turf"—represented with all the finished art of Mr. John Hare—who has married a second time. He has no children, save a son with whom he has had a dispute about a

race, and who in consequence has run away to sea. So he proposes to found a Home for decayed jockeys and turf tipsters at a vacant farm of his, and advertises for a clergyman of liberal views and in favour of the "national sport," to act as warden of the Home. But it so happens that Mrs. Spencer Jermyn has a hobby. She fills the house with stray children, whom she clothes and feeds, and she proposes to make her husband's empty farm a home for the little waifs. Husband and wife reveal their plans to each other, and then the trouble begins. Mr. Jermyn is firm in his idea, and insists upon Mr. Pinching, a vacillating solicitor, carrying out the scheme. Mrs. Jermyn, still bent on doing good to the poor, is persuaded by her friend, Miss Moxon, a governess, to accept a situation as companion to a girl, the niece of a curate at St. Jacob's-in-the-East. Miss Moxon is anxious to hook Mr. Pinching, so she urges the plan. Mr. Jermyn is on the point of starting for London *en route* for Paris, so Mrs. Jermyn, thinly disguised, accompanies her husband on a car to the railway-station, where Mr. Jermyn purchases his wife's ticket, never suspecting for one moment that the veiled woman is any other than his housekeeper. This improbable

incident may be accepted in farce, and everything up to now has been farcical. But the second act puts quite a different complexion on affairs. It translates us at once to serious drama. Ten days have elapsed, and the Rev. Noel Brice, a good and handsome curate, has fallen in love with Miss Moxon. Instead of going for his holidays he has remained in London, and so got into trouble with his vicar, whose wife, Mrs. Porcher, an arrogant, vulgar old woman, over-acted by Mrs. Gaston Murray, obtains the curate's dismissal in consequence of the parishioners having connected the names of the Rev. Noel Brice and Miss Moxon. Mr. Brice sees the advertisement of Mr. Jermyn, and dictates an answer to it. He is made to doze while the supposed Miss Moxon writes a letter to her husband, of her own making, and couched in very different terms to that dictated by the curate, who is distinctly not in favour of the turf. This letter is signed without being read by Mr. Brice, it falls into the hands of Pinching, the solicitor, and the Rev. Noel Brice obtains the post of warden to the Home for Decayed Jockeys. Mr. Brice, seriously and deeply in love with his niece's companion, has proposed marriage to her, and the proposal has been accidentally overheard by Mr. Jermyn, who, of course, is ignorant that the lady is his wife. In the third and last act matters once more take a lighter tone. The blackguards of the turf turn upon their would-be benefactor, the Rev. Noel Brice is made to cut a ridiculous figure in having proposed to a married woman, young Jermyn mistakes the real Miss Moxon for his father's wife, and so on. Mr. Jermyn discovers the silly business in which his wife has been engaged, a reconciliation is effected, and everyone is made happy save the decayed jockeys, who are banished from Mr. Jermyn's shelter, and the waifs and strays, who are to know the silly Mrs. Jermyn no more. Had Mr. Pinero attacked his scheme boldly and made a broad farce out of his material he would have succeeded. As it is he has failed, because he has endeavoured to put a serious aspect on that which is not serious, and to enlist sympathy—in the person of the Rev. Noel Brice—only to destroy it. Mrs. Kendal acted Mrs. Jermyn in the same style as though she had been playing the most melodramatic of heroines, and this only made the obvious faults of Mr. Pinero's plan appear the plainer. Mr. Herbert Waring was admirable—being gentlemanly, easy in bearing, and impressively earnest—as the Rev. Noel Brice, and Mr. Mackintosh presented an exceedingly clever sketch of a broken-down turf tipster. Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree was incisive

and amusing as Miss Moxon, a lady with an eye to the main chance, who is always breaking off her engagement with the solicitor only to renew it.

A new four-act play, entitled *Elsa Dene*, written by Mr. Alfred C. Calmour, brought out for the first time in London at the Strand Theatre on the afternoon of the 25th, proved a disappointment to those acquainted with the same author's previous work. Possibly *Elsa Dene* may have been Mr. Calmour's first effort, and the play may have lain idle in its author's desk for years. It certainly shows a great want of experience. It belongs to the order of transpontine melodrama, with a dash of Dumas by way of flavour. Its incidents are conventional, loosely thrown together, and improbable. A village school-mistress, Elsa Dene, is in love with Stephen Horsham, and is on the eve of marrying him. Horsham has a wife, from whom he has been separated for a number of years. She hears of Stephen's intended marriage to Elsa, penetrates to the quiet village, comes to warn the girl, meets her husband in the school-room, is cajoled by him into silence, and returns to her hotel. Horsham, having got rid of his wife for the moment, again puts his persuasive powers to good purpose, and arranges with Elsa that she shall go with him to Paris to obtain his mother's consent to the union, which, as Stephen is at least forty years old, and presumably in full possession of his senses, seems rather an extraordinary proceeding. This idea has apparently occurred to Horsham himself, who is surprised at the girl's readiness to accompany him. "I never feared father or mother," she naïvely answers, "when they bade me come and go; why should I fear you who are to be my husband?" Very pretty, no doubt, but had Elsa given the subject a single thought she must have known that there was something wrong somewhere. However, off she goes with her lover, and it is not at all surprising to find, in the second act, Stephen Horsham and Elsa Dene living together—unmarried. Of course Mrs. Horsham number one is again brought on the scene, with solemn walk and deep tones, to unmask her husband. This is done in commendably few words, and Elsa loses no time in plunging a table-knife into the heart of her betrayer. When we next make the acquaintance of this trusting heroine it is as a gambler. She has kindled a passion in the persons of Count Arco, a *very French* count, and Gerald Leigh, a "young poet." Of course she is in love with the poet, and the result is inevitable—the Count receives a slap in the face from Leigh, there is a duel, Leigh is wounded, and

Elsa sickens unto death. Once more we are treated to a curious scene. The "young poet," it turns out, is rather fickle, for he has deserted his affianced bride. The latter pleads to Elsa for the return of her lover, so Elsa tells her lover that she is a murderer (it is also revealed, by the way, that Stephen Horsham was the poet's half-brother, but this is a detail of no consequence), so he, in fine, manly style, gives his heart (!) back to poor little deserted Beatrice, and Elsa conveniently dies of a galloping—nay, a very express—consumption. Had she not done so, the play might have been continued for ever and a day. The acting calls for little comment. Miss Agnes Hewitt was very natural and charming in the early part of the play, but she had not the power or skill for the later scenes. Mr. Beveridge was once more the typical stage-villain, and Mr. Lewis Waller acted so well, and with such evident earnestness and sincerity as Gerald Leigh, that he might well have dispensed with an attempt at "prettiness" in appearance. No one wants a poet to be represented with long hair and baggy trousers. On the other hand, he need not look as though he had been specially prepared for exhibition in a glass case, labelled, "You may look, but you must not touch." Miss Annie Baldwin represented Mrs. Horsham with decorous solemnity.

The evening of the 25th saw *The School for Scandal* revived at the Strand by Mr. Edward Compton and his clever company. Generally well acted and dressed lavishly, Sheridan's comedy was received with such favour and applause that it might have been a new and successful play then first produced. The revival was evidently the outcome of much care and sterling ability. A perfect rendering of the most brilliant comedy of the century could not be expected under the circumstances, but a very acceptable representation was afforded by Mr. Compton's company. Miss Angela Fenton, having wisely abandoned Shakespearean heroines for the time being, was seen to advantage as Lady Teazle. Miss Fenton has many requisites for the part. She is of good expression, with a pleasing voice; she has a fine appreciation of fun, and a pretty pathos. This latter quality was amply exemplified in the screen scene, which she played remarkably well. That sound and tried actor, Mr. Lewis Ball, was once more of the greatest possible assistance to the play, and his Sir Peter Teazle is a ripe, finished performance, abundant in humour, and broadly, firmly drawn. Mr. Sydney Valentine as Joseph Surface was quite good, especially so in the screen scene. Mr. Edward Compton, as

Charles Surface, delighted his audience by his experienced acting. Mr. T. B. Appleby was an effective Moses, though a somewhat exaggerated one. He made the Jew a caricature rather than a character. A very promising first appearance was made by Mr. Harcourt Beatty, who, as Snake, showed considerable aptitude for the actor's art. The Crabtree of Mr. Sydney Buxton, the Sir Benjamin Backbite of Mr. Percy F. Marshall, and the Sir Oliver Surface of Mr. Chas. Dodsworth were all good performances. Mr. Herbert Temple sang Sir Harry Bumper's song very well. Mr. C. Blakiston, as Careless, acted with ease; and Mr. H. H. Morell, as Trip, was most satisfactory; while the Rowley of Mr. F. Hawley Francks was somewhat too modern. Miss Dora Vivian was a handsome Lady Sneerwell, and Miss Margaret Terry made an interesting Maria.

Noah's Ark, a three-act play by Mr. Harry Paulton, presented to a London audience for the first time at the Royalty Theatre on the afternoon of the 27th, is a mystery. It is called by its author a domestic English comedy, and is, therefore, we presume, meant to be taken seriously. It is an odd mixture of laughter and tears. Its homely pathos moves you one moment and its genuine humour arouses your merriment the next. The story presented can hardly be accepted as the basis of a serious work, although the chief idea which it embodies is reasonable and interesting enough. "Noah's Ark," from which the play takes its title, is the home of pretty Jenny Elswick and her guardian, Noah Winter, a gruff, good-hearted manager of a colliery. The "ark" is in the centre of a coal-mining district, from which Miss Elswick is not allowed to go on pain of forfeiting the property left by her father, who made the foolish provision in the will. Consequently the heiress is pent up in the neighbourhood of dust and ashes until such time as her guardian dies. Miss Elswick loves Noah Winter's son, Walter, but she also loves old Winter, who has been more than a father to her, and will not leave the homestead even at the request of Walter Winter, who is a young engineer, ambitious of success in the world. Old Winter overhears a conversation which shows him that Jenny is unhappy, so he resolves to give the girl her freedom. This he purposes doing by the most extraordinary device ever employed by the dramatist. Some one tells him that Miss Norma Carmichael, a massive spinster with a voice resembling the roll of distant thunder, and made up to look as nearly like a murdereress as

possible, would "kill her husband in a month." Noah instantly proposes to her in the hope of meeting a speedy death, and thus leaving the way clear for Jenny Elswick to leave "Noah's Ark," and to be happy with the man she loves. This wonderful plan is in operation when a lying scoundrel, whose face in the dock would be sufficient to commit him, invents a story which drives Walter Winter away from Jenny Elswick. Jenny flies after Walter, and Noah pursues Jenny. There is no marriage, and when we next make the acquaintance of the various characters, we find Noah and Jenny in hiding at Eastbourne. Walter is restored to Miss Elswick, Noah Winter gets rid of the female he calls his "nightmare," and it is found that, by a codicil to her father's will, the property, which Miss Elswick would otherwise have inherited, passes to her future husband, Walter Winter. The improbable nature of this story will be apparent to our readers, but amends for this fault are made, to a certain extent, by the cleverness of the drawing of the characters of Noah Winter and Jenny Elswick. Once you accept the absurdities of the situation these two people become quite interesting, and almost real. Mr. Paulton appeared as old Winter, and made a hit by his good sayings and dry humour. Miss Dorothy Dene also made another success by her impersonation of the heroine. She was quiet but impressive, simple and natural in her acting, and a pretty figure in the play as well.

The last production of the month took place at the Opera Comique, on the 28th, when the following notice of *Our Diva* appeared:—"There are two methods of adaptation practised, that which consists in anglicising scene and characters alike, and that in which the scene and the characters are retained as in the original, subject to certain modifications of treatment supposed to be congenial to English taste. Both ways may be right: it is for the adapter to exercise his discretion in the matter. Mr. Rae has adopted the second course with reference to *Joséphine vendue par ses Sœurs*, and looking at the piece in its French and its English versions as now being played at the Bouffes and the Opera Comique, we are inclined to think that in so doing he has not been altogether well advised. He has done either too much or too little—too much in robbing MM. Ferries and Carré's story of its burlesque spirit, without putting anything in the place of this, and too little in transferring to the English stage a character, or characters, which, being essentially Parisian, lose here all their point and importance. Everybody by this time knows that the parody of the Scriptural nar-

rative of Joseph and his brethren has been eliminated from the piece by the simple process of changing the names of the cast. A parody which is thus easily disposed of is not very deep : it falls into the category of verbal fun, which is hollow and unsatisfactory, at the best. That Mr. Rae, therefore, should change Mother Jacob and her twelve daughters, each bearing Scriptural names, into Mdme. Dubois, and a commonplace family of Adèles, Jeannettes, Louises, Fifines, and Carolines is very well, but it is obvious that if the Scriptural burlesque was not very bright in itself, it at least served to set the action going in a burlesque key, and to help both actors and audience to keep in touch with the fantastic humour of the story. If the burlesque is done away with some suggestion of drollery is surely needed in its place, if only to keep the libretto in harmony with the music, which from beginning to end is a take-off upon grand opera. The force of this objection was felt on the opening night, when the principals, especially Mr. Celli and Miss Clements, actually sang their parts in a thoroughly serious and sober key. They were not to be blamed ; many people in front knew of the burlesque intention of the French authors, but there was nothing on the face of the English book to show that everything was not to be taken *au grand sérieux*. Usually the story of a comic opera is laid in fantastic surroundings—at the court of some impossible grand duke of the fifteenth century, for instance. But here we were dealing with a simple Paris *concierge* and her family of girls, an Egyptian Pasha on the loose, and a pair of ordinary, albeit lyrical, lovers—in other words, with the comedy element pure and simple as opposed to the picturesque absurdity that gives comic opera its *raison d'être*. It may be that *Our Diva* is now being played in the burlesque key intended by the French authors ; if so, it is not with Mr. Rae's assistance, but in spite of him, judging, of course, by his book.

So much for what the adapter has done ! Now for what he has left undone. The success of *Joséphine* at the Bouffes has been made chiefly by one character—the *concierge*, as played by Mdme. Montrouge. Let us think for one moment what the *concierge* is in the daily life of Paris. That pompous, illiterate, unkempt, shambling, nondescript individual, sometimes vile, and always venal, enters into the Parisian life pretty much as Bumble the beadle entered into Oliver Twist's. There is no escaping him or her as the case may be. The *concierge* is a daily and hourly obsession that there is no shaking off. What a subject, therefore, for the satirist ! Mdme. Montrouge has

caught the manner of the typical *concierge* to the life, and her audience roars with laughter nightly at the truthfulness of the sketch, down to such details as her drawing of the *cordon* and her handling of the broom. And this is the character which Mr. Rae has deemed it advisable to place *tel quel* before the London public as his main source of fun! The first elements of success in this matter are wanting. No audience can appreciate the humours of a caricature if they have no acquaintance with the subject of it. Obviously, the only chance for the character was to make her the landlady of a London lodging-house. Mdme. Amadi is, therefore, to be condoled with rather than blamed for the scant success attending her efforts compared with those of her French predecessor in the part. Mr. Celli and Miss Clements sing well, and, for the reasons above stated, it is not surprising that they should sometimes forget to be as funny as they might. Miss Clements is a novice, but she has a sweet, fresh voice, and a skill in using it that ought to enable her to take a conspicuous place on the operatic stage. As Fifine, the tomboy among Mdme. Dubois' daughters, Miss Minnie Marshall is too much impressed with the necessity of making fun after the manner of Mdlle. Mily-Meyer, her French predecessor. She may be counselled to "moderate her transports," which, in the tame and colourless piece that *Joséphine* has become, are rather out of place. Mr. Wyatt, as the pasha who imports *Joséphine* into Egypt for purposes of his own, is grotesque enough; but he is powerless to suggest the sensuality befitting the master of a well-stocked harem, the interior of which, with its score of odalisques, forms the prettiest "set" of the piece. The French actor, Maugé, is, in this respect, superior. *Our Diva*, in short, has been reduced in the English version to the ordinary level of pieces of its class; it retains none of the special features that have made *Joséphine* so successful in Paris. The music, however, is charmingly fanciful and humorous."

XI.

NOVEMBER.

The late T. W. Robertson's comedy, *David Garrick*, was revived at the Criterion Theatre on November 13. The play was alluded to at the time of the revival as though Mr. Charles Wyndham had suddenly plunged into the darkest and gloomiest

recesses of old tragedy, and unearthed some obsolete horror by Monk Lewis. The spectator who goes to the Criterion and finds Mr. Wyndham flinging toasted muffins at the head of a stammering idiot, thrusting lighted candles under old gentlemen's noses, sitting in the laps of elderly spinsters, playing skittles with a dowager's marabout feathers, and chaffing Mr. Blakeley, who stuffs his mouth with plum cake, and chokes thereat, will scarcely think that any such wonderful "new departure" has after all been made from the ordinary course of Criterion farces. Luckily to all this amusing pantomime there is a welcome relief of seriousness, and Mr. Wyndham has certainly done well to cultivate that versatility in his art that is the requisite of the true comedian. *David Garrick* was not only the first play that gave Robertson a name as a dramatist; it was one of the most popular pieces in the *répertoire* of Edward Sothern. He, like Wyndham, in the brilliancy of his career, desired to break away from the fetters of tomfoolery. He was sick to death of Lord Dundreary, and he had a conviction that he should have been a sentimental actor. However, handsome fellow that he was, he had a charming appearance as David Garrick: he looked well, dressed well, had the face and features for powder, and the playgoers of his time forgave his hard and rather raspy sentiment for the sake of the recklessness and humour of the scene where the actor undertakes to disgust the love-sick girl by feigning drunkenness. As everyone knows, the story of *David Garrick* is as old as the hills. This particular version was adapted from a French play called *Sullivan*, but the same story has found its way into several French, German, and English comedies. The direct allusion to David Garrick was objected to at the time as gratuitously misleading. Garrick was nothing like Sothern in face or features, form or limb. Garrick was no gadabout or Lovelace, but a sober, respectable married man at the period of his career illustrated in the play. However, that did not much matter. The name of a typical actor was required for the purpose of the dramatic scheme. So it succeeded at the Haymarket merely through the good acting of Sothern and Nelly Moore. Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal) had nothing to do with it at all. She never played second to Nelly Moore at any time at the Haymarket, but joined the company some years later. It has, unluckily, been thought advisable to alter and edit Robertson's *David Garrick*. The author's name is retained, but his play has been handed over to some amateur playwright to botch and spoil. Apparently,

with the view of suiting the requirements of Mr. Wyndham's company, the comedy has been subjected to alteration that is not always judicious. Mr. Wyndham played David Garrick remarkably well. His appearance was just what it ought to be, his business in the drunken scene, mainly borrowed from Sothern, was neat, and cleanly executed, and his sentiment was evidently heartfelt. The well-known scene, where Garrick implores the stage-struck girl, who has rashly come to his apartments, to return to her father, created a very deep impression. But here, of course, the actor was severely handicapped. Miss Mary Moore is a very charming and unquestionably a very promising actress, but she has not yet the experience or the force requisite for Ada Ingot. The actor must find it difficult to be sincere when the object of his sincerity is apparently indifferent. Miss Moore looked Ada to perfection, but scarcely felt either the enthusiasm or the grief of the excitable, sentimental girl. No light came to her face, no throb to her voice, no tears to her eyes. Ada Ingot is not a pretty *ingénue*, but a very interesting character. But if the new David Garrick was hampered with a pretty but colourless Ada, he was even more put on his beam ends by old citizen Ingot, as played by Mr. David James. There is no purpose whatever in playing a comic part seriously merely because the actor has a reputation. There is nothing of the "heavy father" about old Ingot. It was curious to observe how Mr. David James, an admirably comic actor, avoided all suspicion of fun. There was not a smile on his face. He was as serious as a mute at a funeral. The first scene with Garrick entirely missed fire because Mr. James refused to be fussy. The second important scene with Squire Chivy, when he lets out Garrick's secret in the presence of Ada, was taken without a spark of humour. Old Ingot listened to the tale as if it was the most ordinary circumstance in the world. To make up for this, however, unwarrantable as it was, we got a truly humorous rendering of citizen Smith from that excellent actor, Mr. Blakeley, who was exceedingly droll at the tea-table and comically testy. Mr. George Giddens gave a very clever rendering of Squire Chivy, a very difficult part to



DAVID GARRICK.

play when there is so much comic drunkenness to portray. The following interesting and valuable information on the subject of this play is reproduced from *The Daily News* :—“The history of the late Mr. Robertson’s *David Garrick* is curious enough to deserve a note. The play is an acknowledged version of De Melesville’s *Sullivan*, one of a long series of dramas turning upon the same idea, which was described by Théophile Gautier as ‘the everlasting story of Garrick, Talma, or Kean curing some foolish girl of a passion for them as actors by exhibiting themselves in private life under the most repulsive conditions.’ This description occurs in a criticism by Gautier in 1842 on a vaudeville called *Le Docteur Robin*, which happens to be the original of the little piece called *Doctor Davy*, in which Mr. Hermann Vezin has won renown. Gautier further tells us that this piece was based on a story by his friend and comrade of the famous ‘Gilet-rouge’ fraternity, Joseph Bouchardy, and that seven or eight playwrights had at that time already laid their hands upon it. We have been at some pains to trace the story here referred to, and have found it in a novelette entitled ‘*Garrick Médecin*,’ published in Paris in an obscure weekly paper, called ‘*Le Monde Dramatique*,’ in April, 1836. Somewhere about the same time M. Fournier produced a one-act piece called *Tiridate*, which is founded on the same notion; the only difference being that in this case it is not an actor, but an actress, who, at the sacrifice of dignity and personal inclinations, undertakes the weaning process. It was in this piece that Mr. Charles Reade found the substance of his novelette and play entitled *Art*, wherein Mrs. Stirling has so often played the part of the heroine, Mrs. Bracegirdle. Several other versions of *Tiridate* hold the stage, thanks to the energies of Mrs. John Wood, Miss Geneviève Ward, and other impersonators of the heroine; and traces, more or less distinct, of the dramatic idea worked out in *Garrick Médecin* are to be found in numerous modern pieces. Mr. Robertson’s play was produced at the Haymarket in the summer of 1864, with Mr. Sothern as Garrick, Miss Nelly Moore as the love-sick and stage-struck heroine, and Mr. Buckstone as Squire Chivy. It has, we are aware, been said that *Sullivan*, the direct original of *David Garrick*, was itself merely a translation of a German play; but in this there is, we believe, some confusion of fact. The German play referred to is probably Deinhardstein’s *Garrick in Bristol*. Of this piece we are not able, unfortunately, to give any account; but it is certain that there is an acknowledged translation

of Melesville's *Sullivan*, by the dramatist Edouard Jermann, which is well known on the German stage—a fact which would be hardly possible if *Sullivan* had been only a Frenchman's version of a German play."

With the 244th representation of *Faust* at the Lyceum Theatre on November 15, Mr. Henry Irving introduced into his production the scene of the "Witches' Kitchen." It will be remembered



MISS ELLEN TERRY AND MISS ALEXES LEIGHTON.
(*Faust.*)

that when the students of Goethe protested against Mr. Irving's sins of omission in his first production of the tragedy, he took the very logical and sensible standpoint that his reason was to make an acting and a popular play out of the central idea in Goethe's *Faust*. This he certainly succeeded in doing. There were manifestly certain scenes in the original that could not possibly be transferred to the stage with safety. Interest has to be considered as well as philosophy. It is an unfortunate

circumstance, no doubt, that the "Witches' Kitchen" comes where it does in the original story, for it necessarily delays the interest of the drama, which does not really start until Margaret issues from the cathedral after confession. Love is the essence of all good plays, and the longer you delay the entrance of Margaret the worse it is for the well-being of the drama. The "Witches' Kitchen" is inevitable where it is. The stage, unfortunately, cannot be so arranged as to interpolate the Auerbach cellar between Faust's study and the "Witches' Kitchen;" the consequence is that two long dark scenes immediately follow



MR. HENRY IRVING AND MR. T. MEAD IN "THE WITCHES' KITCHEN."
(*Faust.*)

one another—scenes in which Faust and Mephistopheles keep up the same kind of argument—scenes in which Margaret does not appear. From the point of view of the student all this is correct and admirable. The philosopher is satisfied if not the playgoer. We now see the witches' incantation and the manufacture of the hellish compound that is to rejuvenate Faust and endow him with abnormal passion. We are now presented with the fatal mirror into which Faust gazes and beholds the form and embodiment of earthly beauty and sensuality. One more link is added to the chain of symbolic mystery that antici-

pates the rejuvenescence of the old sceptic and philosopher. Mephistopheles takes the old fellow to a drunken orgie. He is disgusted at it. That, at least, has no pleasure for him. He leads him on to the foulness of sorcery. That does not enchant him. He must drink of the cup of death before he becomes young again, and enters upon his new career of destruction. The scene could not possibly be better done than it is at the Lyceum. It is absolutely awe-inspiring. The Cat-Apes, male and female, gibbering over the cauldron, the passionate Witch, who attacks Mephistopheles, and discovers her master, the mystical incantation, which is a parody of religious ritual, are all very weird, and exceedingly picturesque into the bargain.

XII.

DECEMBER.

My Bonny Boy.—*A Brave Coward*.—*The Butler*.—*The Coming Clown*.—*The Noble Vagabond*.—*Monte Christo*.—*Robinson Crusoe*.—*Alice in Wonderland*.

Much of the merriment caused by the single representation—Criterion Theatre, December 2—of *My Bonny Boy*, a farcical play in three acts, by Mr. T. G. Warren, the author of *Nita's First*, was distinctly due to the droll acting of Mr. William Blakeley, but the farce, be it stated, is amply amusing in itself. There are clever people to point to a certain French play as its source, but in reality the farce resembles, in its chief idea, scores of other plays. It is a “comedy of errors,” a play of mistaken identity. A son who has been absent from home since early childhood is anxiously expected by the parents from whom he has been separated so long. He comes home, accompanied by his young wife, but, alas! his arrival is a little late, for a needy piano-tuner has been mistaken for the long-absent son and treated accordingly. The red-nosed, bibulous servant of Messrs. Brinswood and Broadmeed has a short but merry life at Mr. Benjamin Boulter’s house, Bunkum-on-the-Hill. He eats and drinks well, frolics with the parlour-maid, kisses pretty girls, and generally has a pleasant holiday, while the real son is taken to the lock-up as a burglar. After three acts of confusion and laughter, the farce is brought to a peaceable conclusion. This is not very high-class work, it must be admitted, but taken for what it is worth it is excellent. It is simply meant to provide a hearty and honest laugh, and it amply fills this purpose.

Nothing could have been better than the droll impersonation of Mr. Blakeley as the pompous father who is horrified at his supposed son. Mr. George Giddens as the perplexed piano-tuner was eminently well suited. These two comedians had the piece to themselves, and they kept it alive and caused incessant laughter by their comic representation of their respective characters.

A Brave Coward, a new and original play in three acts, brought out at a Strand matinée on the 3rd, is the first ambitious attempt at play-writing of Mr. J. S. Blythe, who may be, perhaps, congratulated on the result of his efforts. Mr. Blythe has erred in not treating his subject broadly. If argued upon technical points, it would be seen that the piece presents a mere storm in a tea-cup. It lacks reality and true impressiveness. It gives the spectator the idea that he is listening to a story all about nothing at all. The story is briefly this. Mrs. Hardy is the young widow of an officer, son of Lord Valadare, who has been killed in action. She has been married in India, and she is now in England with her son, the only child of the marriage. Her slender means are exhausted, and she seeks help from old Lord Valadare, who offers, through Julian Valadare, to make the mother a handsome yearly allowance, provided that she shall hand over her child entirely to his care. Failing this, he threatens to make the child a ward in Chancery and so prevent the mother from ever seeing him again (an empty threat, because the mother, if respectable, as Mrs. Hardy is in this play, would not be entirely separated from her son). Mrs. Hardy, fearing to be separated from the boy, is urged by Julian Valadare to declare that she was not married to the child's father, and the child, being illegitimate, is therefore under the control of his mother. Mrs. Hardy is also urged by Julian Valadare to give into his keeping the wedding certificate. This she does, after declaring that she was never married. A great deal too much is made of these "marriage lines," which become a positive nuisance to the play. Of course, when Mrs. Hardy's son reaches manhood, and the mother, feeling the wrong she has done him, wishes to restore him to his proper position, she finds Julian Valadare, hard and heartless, seeking to obtain the title and estates for himself. He refuses to give up the marriage certificate; the clergyman who officiated at the marriage is dead; the church in India and its registers are destroyed; and the only available witness of the marriage is imbecile. In the end the rascally Julian (who has not destroyed the evidence

which he possesses of the marriage) dies by his own hand, the idiot witness is restored to reason, and that very troublesome certificate comes to light. The defects of the play are chiefly on the surface, and might with care be remedied. The piece is fairly well put together, and the story is interesting. The dialogue, unhappily, is a little too highly flown, and should be rendered into simple and fitting language. Miss Alma Murray played the heroine prettily, pathetically, and powerfully. Miss Annie Hughes was charming as a high-spirited girl who rejects the advances of the gentlemanly villain; and Mr. T. B. Appleby was genuinely amusing in a small part. Mr. George Giddens acted extremely well in the rather risky part of the crack-brained witness. Mr. Robert Courtneidge made up admirably as a doctor.

The Butler, a “new and original domestic comedy,” with which, on December 6th, Mr. J. L. Toole commenced his winter season, is the work of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale. It has at least two strong points in its favour; it is laughter-provoking, and it provides Mr. Toole with a capital part, in which he may be said to fairly revel. In fact, Mr. Toole has seldom of late been seen to so much advantage as in the character of David Trot, the butler, who has been so long in the service of Sir John Tracey, retired mustard manufacturer, that he has come to regard Sir John and his family as persons to whom he is absolutely indispensable. It will be hardly necessary to state that the dialogue is always pleasant and concise: it flows easily, and it is free from word-twisting. The new piece has its merits, then, but it likewise has its faults. It is described as a “domestic comedy,” and it therefore is laid open to criticism which could not have been applied to it had it been announced as what it really is, a farce, pure and simple. Comedy is hardly the word to denote the doings of the exaggerated, overdrawn character of the butler, who is essentially a creature of farce. In the first act there appears to be an attempt at comedy in the love-making of a rich young man and a poor dependent girl, but as it is impossible to carry out this serious vein throughout the play, these scenes were better omitted. Their value is lost when they are followed a few minutes later by the curtain descending on a tableau depicting the mistake of the butler, who has administered to a decrepit member of the aristocracy a dose of embrocation instead of paregoric. The story of the play may be here indicated. The central figure of the play is, of course, David Trot, who is a fixture in the Tracey mansion.

He is invaluable to his master, and he has never been caught even winking at one of the maid-servants until the arrival of Lavinia Muddle, the new cook. Lavinia, who is as bouncing as she is buxom, takes the fancy of David, who proposes to her and is accepted. Then there is a love affair between young Tracey and his mother's poor companion, Alice Marshall, while Lady Anne Babicombe, who is in love with a gentleman of the "haw-haw" type, is destined by her father to marry Tracey jun. There is a very nice game at cross purposes between Trot



MR. J. L. TOOLE, MISS MARIE LINDEN, AND MISS KATE
PHILLIPS.
(*The Butler.*)

and his prospective bride, the young couples, and the parents of the latter, which ends by the three pairs of lovers being married on the same day, in the same church, and by special license, much to the astonishment of the retired mustard-maker and the stiff-backed lord. As already suggested, Mr. Toole has a very excellent character in David Trot. It is not only a capital part for him, but it is obviously one which is more than usually congenial to him, for this favourite comedian has seldom acted with so much evident enjoyment and unflagging spirit as in this piece. Miss Kate Phillips, merriest of soubrettes, made

her first appearance at this theatre as Lavinia Muddle, and is an invaluable acquisition to the company. A very successful *début* was made by Miss Violet Vanbrugh, a tall and graceful young lady of the Ellen Terry school, with a delightful appreciation of humour. Mr. John Billington was of great service to the play as the moneyed knight, and Miss Marie Linden and Mr. E. D. Ward as the more sentimental of the lovers, together with Mr. G. Shelton, Mr. C. Lowne, Mr. W. Brunton, and Miss Emily Thorne ably completed a very good cast.

That Mr. Edward Terry has a large following in London was very amply proved on December 16, when a full audience gave him a most enthusiastic and gratifying reception on his return to town. Mr. Terry had not to test the patience of his many friends by appearing in an indifferent play, for the piece in which he once more



MR. EDWARD
TERRY.
(*The Churchwarden.*)



MR. EDWARD TERRY AND MISS MARIA JONES.
(*The Churchwarden.*)

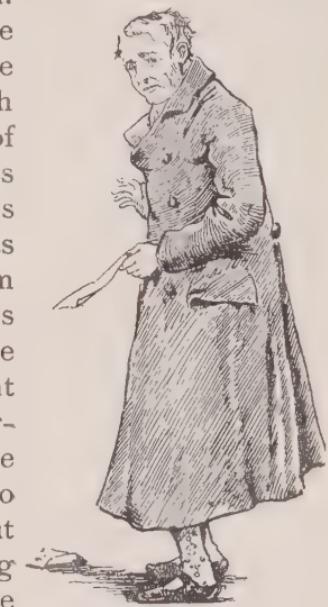
delighted his admirers was chosen wisely and well. It is a

farce, pure and simple, a bright, lively, exhilarating, thoroughly amusing play. I have seen nothing of the kind better than *The Churchwarden*. It is, of course, a one-part play, but it is so neatly constructed that the principal character is never too much in evidence. Its plot may be described in a breath: Mr. Daniel Chuffy, the senior churchwarden in a little village on the Thames, has been to London on some business, and has apparently fallen into the snares of a yellow-haired siren, who has gone with him to a notorious restaurant, from which he had to fly without eating the supper or paying the bill in consequence of meeting someone to whom he introduced his companion as his wife. The complications which ensue may be more easily imagined than described. Of course, Mr. Chuffy's friend turns up at the churchwarden's house, mistakes Mrs. Chuffy for an unmarried lady and proposes to her, while the unfortunate victim of recklessness has to pay several times for the supper he never ate. Mr. Terry was the very embodiment of the character—nervous, fidgetty, and in a perpetual state of fabrication and bewilderment. Mr. Terry has seldom acted so well as in this play; his impersonation was vastly entertaining, and proved immensely popular. Mr. Terry was capitally supported by Mr. Alfred Bishop, one of the best of our modern actors; by Mr. J. G. Taylor, and others.

Admirers of that sprightly and deservedly popular actress, Miss Alice Atherton, are well aware of her remarkable versatility, but even these probably will have difficulty in imagining her as a clown, revelling in all the depredations and outrages of which this chartered libertine is capable. Yet this is in reality one of her best impersonations. Not that *The Coming Clown*, produced at the Royalty on the 18th of this month, bears any resemblance to the harlequinade, which nowadays forms so subordinate a feature of pantomime. It is a genuine little tragi-comedy, in which the sympathies of the spectator are enlisted on behalf of the poorer sort of performers, who toil for the amusement of a rather fickle public. It is an old observation that our tears and laughter are nearly allied, and that this is especially the case with the actor, who may have to struggle and repress a private grief all the while that he is setting his audience in a roar. This is exactly the experience of old Macovey, the clown, whose son, Tommy, finds so admirable an exponent in Miss Atherton. The old man is very severe upon the perverted tastes of the present degenerate age, and looks forward, in spite of his years and infirmities, to the

Christmas season to earn sufficient money by his profession to pay off a long outstanding debt which has brought upon him the unwelcome visit of a broker's man.

A private rehearsal takes place at the old man's humble abode, much to the annoyance of the bailiff, who views with unconcealed disgust the short skirts of columbine in the person of Tommy's sweetheart. Matters have reached this stage, and the old clown, determined, as he puts it, that no one shall say to him that he is "resting" until he is in his grave, has successfully performed some of his acrobatic feats in spite of frequent rheumatic twinges, when, to the consternation of the little household, a missive comes from his manager ordering him to find a substitute, as he is no longer fit for his business. It is thus that young Tommy gets his chance. He will take his father's part, and forthwith Miss Atherton appears in the traditional suit of motley, and goes through an improvised rehearsal, to the unbounded applause of a limited audience. To say that Miss



MR. WILLIE EDOUIN.
(*The Coming Clown.*)



MISS ALICE ATHERTON AND MISS EMILY DOWTON.
(*The Coming Clown.*)

Atherton kept a still larger gathering on the other side of the footlights in a constant roar of laughter is only to state what is a literal truth. Nor was Mr. Edouin less successful as the old father, who struggles so manfully to conquer his infirmities, a part in which he displayed, in a very diverting manner, his grotesque and original humour. The only person by whom the entire proceedings are viewed with a jaundiced eye is the broker's man, who sternly refuses to "make believe," as children say, that the pantomime poker is really red-hot.

Mr. Mark Melford is to be congratulated on the success of his little play.

In *The Noble Vagabond*, a romantic drama in four acts by Mr. Henry A. Jones, produced at the Princess's Theatre on the 22nd, a disappointment was felt by those who had seen Mr. Jones's other stage-work. In respect to novelty of idea Mr. Jones can hardly claim much credit. The story told by Mr. Jones in his last play is familiar to every frequenter of the melo-dramatic theatres. It is, in point of fact, a very old story indeed, and it portrays most rigidly the old stage maxim that virtue is always rewarded, and villainy as surely punished. This, however, is not of so much consequence as the carrying out of the dramatic scheme and the depicting of the various characters. Let us, then, see how far Mr. Jones has succeeded in this respect. We are in the morning room of Maplebury House, the residence of Sir Godfrey Deveson, the local magistrate. A strolling player, Ralph Lester, has been very properly arrested for entering a tradesman's shop, and walking off with a loaf and cheese. A romantic interest has been suddenly awakened by him in the breast of Sir Godfrey's daughter, Maude, who pleads with her father and obtains the vagabond's release. Ralph, it then transpires, is Sir Godfrey's nephew, and is supposed to be illegitimate. He is set free, and Sir Godfrey tells his child that he is mortgaged up to the hilt, and that there is no means of averting his financial ruin save one—she must marry Ralph Scorier, the son of Joseph Scorier, an old fellow who is drinking

himself to death in a lonely house near the Black Copse. As Sir Godfrey explains the situation, he sees its horror, and leaves his daughter in order to visit Scorier. Maude, fearing some trouble, follows him and, after a front scene introducing Dick Vimpany, the manager of the booth to which Ralph Lester belongs, we pass to "Joseph Scorier's den." Here old Scorier, more nearly resembling a beast than a man, is visited, first of all, by Sir Godfrey Deveson, who leaves him after vainly pleading with him, and then by Lester, whom he mistakes for his own son.



THE NOBLE VAGABOND.
(Act III.)

In his delirium he tells Lester that his mother was married to Sir Godfrey's brother, and that he is not Ralph Lester, but Ralph Deveson, the heir to the Maplebury estates.

Then Ralph Scorier arrives, quarrels with his father, and shoots him, the murder having an unknown witness in the person of Ralph Deveson's mother, who has been confined for years by Scorier, who keeps her in a hole in his cottage. The murderer escapes, taking with him his father's money. Maude Deveson, in search of her father, then enters, and finds the lifeless body of old Scorier. She immediately concludes that her father is the murderer, and she is still in the dark-room when Ralph Deveson returns. She escapes, but not before she is recognised by Ralph, whose hands she has smeared accidentally with blood, and who thinks she has done the vile deed. This act, it will be seen, is not lacking in incident or surprise. Whether such incident and surprise are quite allowable is another question. But there is no denying the theatrically effective conclusion to this act. The opening of the second act shows the yard of the Dewdrop Inn, where a set of impertinent bumpkins determine to "rout out" old Scorier. Their intention is learned by Ralph Deveson, who gets his friend, the showman, to stay the visit of these fellows until he can see Miss Deveson and invent a plan to prevent the discovery of the murder. When the gang arrive at Scorier's den they break open the door and call lustily for the old man, who appears and rates them pretty roundly for their untimely visit. Of course, the old man is no other than Ralph Deveson, who has disguised himself, a ruse which presents a good opportunity for the actor, but which is tricky and commonplace at best. The third act opens with a very good scene, in which hero and heroine declare their love for each other, and in which Ralph Deveson learns that his cousin is innocent of the murder of which she suspects her father to be guilty. Ralph's mother, having escaped from Scorier's clutches, is harboured by the show folk, to whom she relates her wrongs. The concluding scene of this act is the representation of a country fair, with all its paraphernalia of jugglers, acrobats, swings, and even a realistic fight between men armed with boxing-gloves. Old Scorier reappears, and is hustled by the crowd. To make matters worse, the showman urges the people to lynch the man for his cruelty to Mary Lester—Ralph's mother—and, in the struggle, the disguise is



THE NOBLE VAGABOND.
(*Act III.*)

torn from Ralph Deveson, who is charged by the real murderer, Ralph Scorier, with Joseph Scorier's death, and handed over to the police. The manner in which this conclusion is brought about is not only ineffective but highly improbable, since no man who is playing for a great stake would venture into a crowd disguised in wig and beard, powder and paint. The last of the four acts presents the inevitable conclusion in plays of this class. Sir Godfrey Deveson, who has been absent from Maplebury since the murder, returns, and makes restitution to his nephew, while the murderer is found in possession of some bank-notes which belonged to his father, and is handed over to justice. From this detailed account of the story it will be seen that the play contains little originality of invention, and that its incidents are greatly exaggerated. Its hero is nothing if not blustering, and the other characters are not much better than the ordinary conventional type to be found in dozens of melodramas. *The Noble Vagabond* is not an artistic play.

Monte Christo Jr., a burlesque melodrama in three acts, by

Mr. "Richard Henry," produced at the Gaiety Theatre on the 23rd, is a distinct advance upon anything of the kind that has lately been seen. It is no ordinary show of shapely girls or a repetition of the latest music-hall tunes, but an entertainment as light, bright, exhilarating, and harmless as could be desired. It is of too fanciful a nature to be classed with ordinary burlesque, but all the same it is vastly amusing and commendably clever. Miss E. Farren and Mr. F. Leslie are happily provided with parts which suit them wonderfully well, but these able artists act with unwonted energy, resource, and complete success. The scenery of Messrs. Beverley, Perkins, Banks, and Telbin, is as magnificent as need be, and the costumes, designed by Mr. Percy Anderson, are triumphs of elegance in every respect. It is impossible to judge the exact value of the



MISS NELLY FARREN.
(*Monte Christo Jr.*)

"book" as yet, since the author's text was not printed on the first night, and it is beyond the bounds of possibility for the

most practised ear to detect what is said on the stage on the first night of a production like this. But it may safely be said of Mr. "Richard Henry" that he has provided an extravaganza of unusual brilliancy of idea and construction, which affords ample opportunity for the exhibition of the talents of the actor and singer, the dancer, the scenic artist, and the costumier. Mr. Geo. Edwardes may be congratulated on the success which he has secured for the Gaiety Theatre by courage and a liberal expenditure of money, and Mr. Charles Harris, who has produced the piece, has once more proved himself a more than ordinarily efficient stage-manager. Miss Nelly Farren as the hero has seldom been seen to so much advantage. Her reception on the first night was enthusiastic in the extreme, and went far to prove the great esteem in which she is held by her audience. Miss Farren more than justified the good opinion in which she is held by her indefatigable energy, her genuine humour, and, occasionally, the intensity of her acting. There was a Robsonian touch about her performance at the conclusion of the first act, when Dantes is arrested on his wedding morning, and carried off to the dungeon of the Chateau d'If. Miss Farren's Monte Christo is one of her cleverest and most successful impersonations. Great praise is also in store for Mr. Fred Leslie, whose Noirtier, the conspirator, places him in the very first rank of burlesque artists. His impersonation throughout is conceived in the best spirit of fun. Mr. Leslie is especially successful in a dance with Miss Farren in the second act, and



MR. FRED. LESLIE AND MR. E. J. LONNEN.
(*Monte Christo Jr.*)

in a song, in the last act, in which he imitates, with a striking and marvellous fidelity, and exquisite suggestion, several popular actors. The genuinely comic acting of Mr. E. J. Lonnén also assists the success of the piece in a great degree.

Robinson Crusoe, described as an entirely new colonial and



"THAT DIRTY BOY."
(*Robinson Crusoe*.)

sub-tropical burlesque pantomime, written by Robert Reece, was the Christmas entertainment produced by H. B. Farnie at the Avenue Theatre on the 23rd for the delectation of his audiences. I may at once say that very little of Defoe's original story appears. The uninhabited island on which the runaway was thrown is there, but is inhabited by very exquisitely dressed and charming characters, who sing and dance and make merry. And the hut which it cost poor Robinson so much trouble to build is made a very comfortable

place replete with all the "evidences of civilization." But after all, people who go to the Avenue go there for the sake of seeing and hearing Mr. Arthur Roberts, and as *Robinson Crusoe* he was fitted with a part in which he could display his comical bent and introduce his own peculiar whimsicalities to the utmost; and in the harlequinade which followed the burlesque portion of the evening he distinguished himself mightily as the policeman. His *Man Friday* was Mr. Charles Sutton, who was agile and amusing. Miss Wadman had some pretty airs to sing as *Jenny Jones*, and did them thorough justice; and clever Miss Lydia Yeamans quite hit the public taste by the very charming and piquant manner in which she gave "*Sally in our Alley*." I need only mention that Miss Phyllis Broughton had some dances, to convey that they were gracefully performed, and that Mr. F. Storey was eccentric and nimble in his steps. For sheer fun the harlequinade was conspicuous, though the old fashion of it was grotesquely



MISS LYDIA YEAMANS.
(*Robinson Crusoe*.)

burlesqued by Mr. Sam Wilkinson as clown, Mr. Henry Ashley as pantaloons, and pretty Phyllis Broughton as columbine. The

scenery by Albert Calcott, W. Keith, &c., was very beautiful, the dresses designed by Lucien Besche charming in richness and harmony of colour, and the music was appropriately composed and adapted by Mr. John Crook.

On the afternoon of the 23rd, a delightful entertainment, in the form of an adaptation of Mr. Lewis Carroll's "*Alice in Wonderland*," was presented at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. It is a matter for surprise that Mr. Lewis Carroll's charming stories, "*Alice in Wonderland*" and "*Through a Looking-Glass*" have not hitherto been adapted for stage purposes; but Mr. Carroll was, doubtless, fortunate in the delay, since few writers



ALICE AND THE CAT.
(*Alice in Wonderland*)

could have done so much justice to his work as Mr. Clarke, who has a fanciful imagination and a happy ability to write with more than ordinary grace. Few authors that I can call to mind would have succeeded so well as Mr. Savile Clarke in setting Mr. Lewis Carroll's stories for the stage without robbing them of their grace and significance. Mr. Clarke has accomplished his task with a success that is quite perfect and well worthy of the subject. He has been happily assisted by Mr. Walter Slaughter, who has either composed new music for Mr. Clarke's lyrics, or set the words to tunes familiar to young ears. For simplicity and charm the first of the two acts, depicting Alice's adventures in Wonderland, must be awarded the prize of merit. This, with its grinning Cheshire cat, its mad hatter, its dormouse, its white rabbit, and its king and queen of hearts, is as pretty



THE DOORMOUSE.
(*Alice in Wonderland*)

in its way as anything we have seen. The second act, "Through the Looking-Glass," is chiefly concerned with the comical carryings-on of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and Humpty-Dumpty, all very interesting, but not quite so alluring as Alice's adventures in the earlier part. Mr. Clarke was fortunate in securing the services of that clever child-actress, Miss Phœbe Carlo, as the heroine. Miss Carlo was safe and reliable in the part, and, by her acting, made up for her not very good singing voice. Mr. Sidney Harcourt, as the hatter, and as Tweedledum, were exceedingly comical. The success of the piece was largely contributed to by the piquant humour of the child who appeared as the dormouse. The dresses were from designs by Lucien Besche from John Tenniel's illustrations.

NEW PLAYS AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS,

FROM DECEMBER 31ST, 1885, TO DECEMBER 31ST, 1886.

WITH THE DATES OF PRODUCTION AND CASTS OF CHARACTERS.

JANUARY.

2nd. Haymarket. First Performance.

NADJEZDA.

A Play, in a Prologue and Three Acts, by MAURICE BARRYMORE.

Characters in the Prologue.

<i>Nadjezda</i>	Miss Emily Rigl.
<i>Praxedes</i>	Miss Lydia Foote.
<i>Janoush</i>	Mr. Robert Pateman.
<i>Khorvitch</i>	Mr. Mackintosh.

Characters in the Play.

<i>Prince Zabouroff</i>	{ Mr. H. Beerbohm-	
	Tee.	
<i>Khorvitch</i> (under the name of "Baron Barsch")	{ Mr. Mackintosh.	
<i>Lord Alsager</i>	.. { Mr. Edmund Maurice.	
<i>Paul Devereux</i>	.. { Mr. Maurice Barry-	
	more.	
<i>Janoush</i> { Mr. Robert Pateman.	
<i>The Hon. Dennis O'Hara</i>	.. { Mr. Forbes Dawson.	
<i>Eureka Grubb</i> { Miss Georgina Drew.	
<i>Nadine</i> { Miss Emily Rigl.	

12th. Vaudeville. First Performance.

PLEBEIANS.

A New and Original Comedy, in Three Acts, by JOSEPH DERRICK.

<i>The Hon. Danby</i>	{ Mr. Thomas Thorne.	
<i>Cleeve</i> { Mr. W. Lestocq.	
<i>Jabez</i> { Mr. Charles Groves.	
<i>Israel Ferguson</i> { Mr. F. Fied. Thorne.	
<i>Basil Brown</i> { Mr. F. Meilsh.	
<i>Columbus Brown</i> { Mr. H. Akhurst.	
<i>Mr. Seldon</i> { Mr. F. Grove.	
<i>Pritchard</i> { Miss Kate Phillips.	
<i>Miranda Ferguson</i> { Miss Maude Millett.	
<i>Grace Wentworth</i> { Miss Lavis.	
<i>Mrs. Basil Brown</i> { Miss Kate Rorke.	

19th. Court. Revival.

SECRET LOVE; or, the Maiden Queen.

DRYDEN'S Tragedy.

<i>Prince Lysimantes</i>	Mr. W. T. Lovell.
<i>Philocles</i> { Mr. Bernard Gould.
<i>Celadon</i> { Mr. C. Hayden Coffin.
<i>Queen of Sicily</i> { Miss Webster.
<i>Princess Candiope</i> { Miss Rose Dearing.

<i>Asteria</i>	Miss A. Belmore.
<i>Florimel</i>	Miss Noireys.
<i>Flavia</i>	Miss Byron.
<i>Olinda</i>	Miss Stephanie Baring
<i>Melissa</i>	Miss Neva Bond.
<i>Sabina</i>	Miss Lilian Cair.

23rd. Criterion. First Performance.

THE MAN WITH THREE WIVES.

A Farce, in Three Acts, adapted by C. M. RAE from the French.

<i>Jack Howard</i>	Mr. George Giddens.
<i>Ralph Newcombe</i>	Mr. Lytton Sothern.
<i>Peter Mullins</i>	Mr. W. Blakeley.
<i>Cornelius Greenwood</i>	Mr. Alfred Maltby.
<i>Silas Troutenwetter</i>	Mr. Harry St. Maur.
<i>Job</i>	Mr. F. G. Daubshire.
<i>Adam</i>	Mr. J. R. Sherman.
<i>Mrs. Greenwood</i>	Miss Fanny Coleman.
<i>Violet Greenwood</i>	Miss Mary Moore.
<i>Mrs. Boffin</i>	Miss Emily Vining.
<i>Caroline Boffin</i>	Miss Annie Hughes.
<i>Mary</i>	Miss Helena Lacie.
<i>Carlotta</i>	Miss Isabelle Evesson.
<i>Polly Pidgeon</i>	Miss Rose Saker.

28th. Prince's (now Prince of Wales'). First Performance.

ENEMIES.

<i>A</i>	New Comedy-Drama, in Five Acts,
	adapted by CHARLES F. COGHLAN from
	the French.
<i>Lord Dunderby</i> { Mr. H. Kemble.
<i>The Hon. Athur Blake</i> { Mr. J. Carne.
<i>Sir Manvers Glenn Bart.</i> { Mr. F. Everill.
<i>Colonel Anderson</i> { Mr. J. R. Crauford.
<i>Captain Percival Glenn</i> { Mr. J. G. Grahame.
<i>Peter Darvel</i> { Mr. J. Fernandez.
<i>Richard Darvel</i> { Mr. Coglan.
<i>Mr. Dornton</i> { Mr. Perceval-Clark.
<i>Daft Willie</i> { Mr. R. Pateman.
<i>Marsh</i> { Mr. B. Holmes.
<i>Owler</i> { Mr. H. Crisp.
<i>Shaw</i> { Mr. R. Raimond.
<i>A Yeoman</i> { Mr. Weatherby.
<i>Sheriff's Officer</i> { Mr. H. Chambers.
<i>Head Waiter</i> { Mr. Macnamara.
<i>1st Waiter</i> { Mr. G. Doirell.
<i>2nd Waiter</i> { Mr. H. Wilshaw.
<i>Footman</i> { Mr. H. Brunel.

<i>Joe Heeley</i>	Mr. S. Caffrey.
<i>Coot</i>	Mr. Frank Seymour.
<i>Margaret Glenn</i> ..	Mrs. Langtry.
<i>Aunt Anne</i>	Miss R. Erskine.
<i>Mrs. Lawler</i>	Miss Bowering.
<i>Rose Heeley</i>	Miss Clitherow.
<i>Martha</i>	Miss A. Hardinge.
<i>Jane</i>	Miss Burton.

30th. Globe. First Performance.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

A Drama, in One Act, by W. LESTOCQ.	
<i>Mr. Markby</i>	Mr. Stewart Dawson.
<i>George Jordan</i>	Mr. Wilfred Draycott.
<i>Tim Lurigan</i>	Mr. W. Lestocq.
<i>Lucy</i>	Miss Kate Tyndell.
<i>Mrs. Bocket</i>	Miss Florence Haydon

FEBRUARY.

4th. Haymarket. First Performance.

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

A Comedy, in Three Acts, adapted by B. C. STEPHENSON from the German.	
<i>Mrs. Mandeville</i>	Miss Helen Barry.
<i>Beatrice Norton</i>	Miss Helen Forsyth.
<i>Miss Gushman</i>	Miss Maud Merrill.
<i>Miss Martingale</i>	Miss Gertrude Tempest
<i>Mrs. Templeton</i>	Miss Steele.
<i>Pauline</i>	Miss Tempest.
<i>Herr Slowitz</i>	Mr. Beerbohm-Tree.
<i>Mr. Dudley Chalmers</i>	Mr. Charles Brookfield
<i>Mr. Norton</i>	Mr. H. Kemble.
<i>Sir Godfrey Chalmers</i>	Mr. Arthur Elwood.
<i>Mr. Percy Bubington</i>	Mr. Gilbert Farquhar.
<i>Mr. Lindley Smart</i>	Mr. F. Gerard.
<i>Mr. Alfred Mufleton</i>	Mr. U. Winter,
<i>Mr. Washington Mivarts</i>	Mr. Arthur Darwin.
<i>Melton</i>	Mr. Ulick Winter.

13th. St. James's. First Performance.

ANTOINETTE RIGAUD.

A New Comedy, in Three Acts, written by RAYMOND DESLANDES, translated by ERNEST WARREN.	
<i>General de Prefond</i>	Mr. John Hare.
<i>Rigaud</i>	Mr. J. H. Barnes.
<i>Henri de Tourvel</i>	Mr. W. H. Kendal.
<i>Paul Sanney</i>	Mr. Herbert Warren.
<i>Bernardet</i>	Mr. Hendrie.
<i>Mons. de Rochard</i>	Mr. F. M. Paget.
<i>Corporal Pierre</i>	Mr. R. Cathcart.
<i>Jean</i>	Mr. De Verney.
<i>Antoinette Rigaud</i>	Mrs. Kendal.

<i>Marie de Prefond</i>	Miss Linda Dietz.
<i>Madame Bernardet</i>	Miss Webster.
<i>Madame Rochard</i>	Miss Rose.

17th. Haymarket. Revival.

ENGAGED.

W. S. GILBERT's Comedy.

<i>Cheviot Hill</i>	Mr H. Beerbohm-Tree
<i>Belvawney</i>	Mr. Barrymore.
<i>Mr. Symperson</i>	Mr. Mackintosh.
<i>Angus Macalister</i>	Mr. C. Brookfield.
<i>Major McGilli-cuddy</i>	Mr. Ulick Winter.
<i>Belinda Treherne</i>	Mrs. H. Beerbohm-Tree.
<i>Minnie</i>	Miss Augusta Wilton.
<i>Mrs. Macfarlane</i>	Mrs. E. H. Brooke.
<i>Maggie</i>	Miss Norreys.
<i>Parker</i>	Miss Russell Huddart.

18th. Princess's. First Performance.

THE LORD HARRY.

A New and Original Romantic Play, in Five Acts, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES and WILSON BARRETT.	
<i>The Lord Harry</i>	
<i>Bendish</i>	Mr. Wilson Barrett.
<i>Esther Breane</i>	Miss Eastlake.
<i>Captain Ezra Promise</i>	Mr. E. S. Willard.
<i>Colonel David Breane</i>	Mr. J. H. Clynde.
<i>Mike Seccombe</i>	Mr. Charles Hudson.
<i>Tribulation Tyzack</i>	Mr. George Barrett.
<i>Gilead Tyzack</i>	Mr. H. Bernage.
<i>Captain Christian Rust</i>	Mr. W. A. Elliott.
<i>Master Mansty</i>	Mr. P. Barrington.
<i>Shekeniah Pank</i>	Mr. Charles Coote.
<i>Sergeant Wilkins</i>	Mr. H. De Solla.
<i>Sir Humphrey Hinton</i>	Mr. C. Fulton.
<i>Colonel John Wingrove</i>	Mr. H. Evans.
<i>Captain Valentine Damerel</i>	Mr. S. Carson.
<i>Sentry</i>	Mr. Field.
<i>Dorothy</i>	Miss Lottie Venne.
<i>Dame Tillett</i>	Mrs. F. Huntley.

MARCH.

8th. Theatre Royal, Brighton.

First Performance.

SISTER MARY.

A New Play, in Four Acts, by WILSON BARRETT and CLEMENT SCOTT.	
<i>Captain Leigh</i>	Mr. Leonard Boyne.

"Sandy" Dyson	Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe.
Colonel Malcolm	Mr. William Holman.
Harry Reade ..	Miss Phoebe Carlo.
Jack Maddison	Mr. A. T. Darwin.
Jack Davis ..	Mr. H. Fenwick.
Bill Dredge ..	Mr. H. V. Lawrence.
Corporal Molloy	Mr. R. Dalton.
Miss Mary Lisle	Miss Lingard.
Rose Reade ..	Miss Maggie Hunt.
Miss Kate Malcolm	Miss Blanche Horlock.
Miss Lucy Carroll	Mrs. Augustus M. Moore.
Miss Arabella Perkins ..	Miss Marie Fraser.
Miss Agatha Malcom ..	Mrs. Canninge.
Charity Binks ..	Miss Retta Walton.
Susan	Mrs. Carlo.

11th. Vaudeville. First Performance.

DOO, BROWN, & CO.

An Original Farce, in Three Acts, by C. M. RAE.

Montague Doo ..	Mr. Thomas Thorne.
Major Rufus Peppercorn ..	Mr. Charles Groves.
Indigo Leo ..	Mr. Charles Glenny.
John Dobbins ..	Mr. Fred. Thorne.
Philander Spiffkins	Mr. E. M. Robson.
Paolo Romboli ..	Mr. J. Wheatman.
Pounds	Mr. Fuller Mellish.
Mrs. Peppercorn	Miss Sophie Larkin.
Lily Forrester ..	Miss Helen Foisyth.
Eveline Doo ..	Miss Maude Millet.
Susan	Miss Louisa Peach.

18th. Prince's (now Prince of Wales'). Revival.

THE LADY OF LYONS.

LORD LYTTON'S Play.

Claude Melnoite ..	Mr. Coghlan.
Colonel Damas (afterwards General)	Mr. F. Everill.
Beauseant	Mr. J. Carne.
Glavis	Mr. J. R. Crauford.
M. Deschapelies	Mr. Perceval-Clarke.
Landlord of the "Golden Lion"	Mr. G. Raiemond.
Gaspar	Mr. Weathersby.
First Officer ..	Mr. H. Crisp.
Second Officer ..	Mr. Doirell.
Third Officer ..	Mr. Henderson.
Notary	Mr. Stevens.
Pauline Deschapelles ..	Mrs. Langtry.
Madame Deschapelles ..	Miss Roberta Erskine.
Widow Melnotte	Miss A. Bowering.

27th. Court. First Performance.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

An Original Farce, in Three Acts, by A. W. PINERO.

The Hon. Vere Queckett ..	Mr. Arthur Cecil.
Rear-Admiral Archibald Rankling, C.B. ..	Mr. John Clayton.
Lieut. John Mallory	Mr. F. Kerr.
Mr. Saunders ..	Mr. Edwin Victor
Mr. Reginald Paulover	Mr. H. Eversfield.
Mr. Otto Bernstein	Mr. Chevalier.
Goff	Mr. Fred Cape.
Tyler	Mrs. W. Phillips.
Jaffray	Mr. Lugg.
Mrs. Rankling ..	Miss Emily Cross.
Miss Dyott	Mrs. John Wood.
Dinah	Miss Cudmore.
Gwendoline Hawkins	Miss Viney.
Ermyntrude Johnson	Miss La Coste.
Peggy Hesselrigge	Miss Norreys.
Jane Chipman ..	Miss Roche.

APRIL.

3rd. Haymarket. First Performance.

JIM, THE PENMAN.

An Original Play, in Four Acts, by Sir CHARLES L. YOUNG, Bart.

James Ralston ..	Mr. Arthur Dacre.
Louis Percival ..	Mr. Barrymore.
Baron Hartfeld ..	Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree.
Captain Redwood	Mr. Charles Brookfield.
Lord Drelincourt	Mr. Edmund Maurice.
George Ralston ..	Mr. Frank Rodney.
Mr. Chapstone, Q.C.	Mr. Forbes Dawson.
Mr. Netherby, M.P.	Mr. Ulick Winter.
Dr. Pettywise ..	Mr. P. Ben Geet.
Butler	Mr. Ba il West.
Agnes Ralston ..	Miss Helen Leyton.
Lady Dunscombe	Miss Henrietta Lindley.
Mrs. Chapstone ..	Mrs. E. H. Brooke.
Mrs. Ralston ..	Lady Monckton.

12th. Vaudeville. First Performance.

SOPHIA.

A New Comedy, in Four Acts, founded on "Tom Jones," by ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Tom Jones	Mr. Charles Glenney.
Mr. Allworthy	Mr. Gilbert Farquhar.
Blifil	Mr. Royce Carleton.
Square	Mr. H. Akhurst.

Squire Western ..	Mr. Fred Thorne.
George Seagrim ..	Mr. Fuller Mellish.
Copse ..	Mr. J. Wheatman.
Partridge ..	Mr. Thomas Thorne.
Sophia ..	Miss Kate Rorke.
Miss Western ..	Miss Sophie Larkin.
Honour ..	Miss Lottie Venne.
Susin ..	Miss Louisa Peach.
Molly Seagrim ..	Miss Helen Forsyth.
Lady Bellaston ..	Miss Rose Leclercq.

24th. *Globe*. First Performance.

THE PICKPOCKET.

A New Farcical Comedy, in Three Acts and Four Scenes, adapted by G. P. HAWTREY from the German.

Gregory Grumble- don ..	Mr. W. J. Hill.
Frederick Hope ..	Mr. E. J. Henley.
Osmond Hewett ..	Mr. C. H. Hawtrey.
Mr. Walter Johnson ..	Mr. T. Squire.
Dr. Shaw ..	Mr. A. G. Andrews.
Andrew ..	Mr. W. S. Penley.
Inspector ..	Mr. Norman Bent.
James ..	Mr. Hider.
Freda Grumbledon ..	Miss V. Featherstone.
Mrs. Hope ..	Miss Cissy Grahame.
Annette ..	Miss Garcia.
Miss Maria Num- per ..	Mrs. Leigh Murray.

MAY.

1st. *Princess's*. First Performance.

CLITO.

An Original Tragedy, in Five Acts, by SYDNEY GRUNDY and WILSON BARRETT.

Clito ..	Mr. Wilson Barrett.
Helle ..	Miss Eastlake.
Glaucias ..	Mr. E. S. Willard.
Critias ..	Mr. Charles Hudson.
Theramenes ..	Mr. Austin Melford.
Xenocles ..	Mr. J. H. Clyndes.
Dares ..	Mr. C. Fulton.
Atys ..	Mr. S. M. Carson.
Corax ..	Mr. W. A. Elliott.
Ælius ..	Mr. H. De Solla.
Irene ..	Miss Carrie Coote.
Chloe ..	Miss Eva Wilson.
Selene ..	Miss Garth.
Neone ..	Miss Alice Belmore.
Libya ..	Miss Byron.

7th. *Grand* (Islington). First Performance.

THE CENCI.

SHELLEY'S Tragedy.

Beatrice Cenci ..	Miss Alma Murray.
Lucretia, Countess ..	Miss Maude Brennan.
Cenci ..	Miss Maude Brennan.

Count Francesco Cenci ..	Mr. Hermann Vezin.
Orsino ..	Mr. Leonard S. Outram
Cardinal Camillo ..	Mr. W. Farren, jun.
Giacomo Cenci ..	Mr. R. de Cordova.
Bernardo Cenci ..	Mr. Mark Ambient.
Svelta ..	Mr. Philip Ben Greet.
Marzio ..	Mr. G. R. Foss.
Olimpio ..	Mr. W. R. Staveley.
Andrea ..	Mr. Cecil Crofton.
Orsino's Servant ..	Mr. Cecil Ramsev.
Prince Colonna ..	Mr. J. D. Bouvierie.
First Guest ..	Mr. Fred. Westwood.
Second Guest ..	Mr. Harry Gratton.
Third Guest ..	Mr. H. Linton.
A Guest ..	Mr. E. H. Paterson.
Judge ..	Mr. F. Hope Meriscord.
Second Judge ..	Mr. A. J. Matthews.
Officer ..	Mr. W. T. Percyval.
Noble Ladies ..	Mrs. Compton Read. Miss Byron, etc.

25th. *St. James's*. First Performance.

THE WIFE'S SACRIFICE.

A Drama, in Five Acts, adapted by SYDNEY GRUNDY and SUTHERLAND EDWARDS from the French.

Julien, Count de Moray ..	Mr. W. H. Kendal.
Admiral de la Marche ..	Mr. Clifford Cooper.
Mr. Drake ..	Mr. John Hare.
Palmieri ..	Mr. Chas. Brookfield.
Robert Burel ..	Mr. Herbert Waring.
Maltar ..	Mr. R. Cathcart.
François ..	Mr. E. Hendrie.
Muller ..	Mr. F. M. Paget.
Isabelle, Countess de Moray ..	Mrs. Kendal.
Madame de la Marche ..	Mrs. Pauncefort.
Mlle. Palmieri ..	Miss Vane.
Pauline ..	Miss Webster.

27th. *Strand*. First Performance in England.

A NIGHT OFF.

An Eccentric Comedy, in Four Acts, by AUGUSTIN DALY, founded on the German of FRANZ von SCHONTLAN.

Justinian Babbit ..	Mr. James Lewis.
Harry Damask ..	Mr. Otis Skinner.
Jack Mulberry ..	Mr. John Drew.
The MacMulberry ..	Mr. William Gilbert.
Marcus Brutus ..	Mr. Charles Leclercq.
Snap ..	Mr. F. Bond.
Prowl ..	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert.
Mrs. Zantippa ..	Miss Virginia Dreher.
Babbit ..	
Angelica Damask ..	

Susan Miss May Irwin.
Maria Miss May Sylvie.
Nisbe Miss Ada Rehan.

29th. Criterion. Revival.

WILD OATS.

O'KEEFE'S Comedy.

Rover Mr. Charles Wyndham.
John Dory Mr. David James.
Sir George Thunder Mr. Edward Righton.
Ephraim Smooth Mr. William Blakeley.
Camp Mr. Alfred Maltby.
Sim Mr. George Giddens.
Harry Thunder Mr. W. E. Gregory.
Bunks Mr. W. Barron.
Farmer Gammon Mr. A. Bernard.
Trap Mr. J. R. Sherman.
Twitch Mr. F. G. Darbshire.
Landlord Mr. F. M. Stanley.
Ruffians { Messrs. Emery, Percy,
 and Jones.
Amelia Miss Ffolliott Paget.
Rachel Miss May Scarlett.
Jane Miss Annie Hughes.
Lady Amaranth Miss Mary Moore.

29th. Opera Comique. First Performance in England.

OUR STRATEGISTS.

A Farical Piece, in Four Acts.

Jack Rutledge Mr. Henry B. Bell.
Major Howard Mr. Henry Linden.
Arthur Rutledge Mr. John T. Burke.
Sergeant Gumble-don { Mr. Henry Pincus.
Capiscum Pepper Mr. Harry Trevor.
Terence O'Flam Mr. H. Collier.
Rev. John Mildman Mr. Leighton Baker.
Nellie Howard Miss Katie Gilbert.
Mrs. Major Howard Miss Lizzie Creese.
Araminta Miss Lottie Harcourt.

31st. Gaiety. First Performance in England.

ADONIS.

An "American Eccentricity," in Two Acts, by GILL and DIXEY.

Adonis Mr. Henry E. Dixey.
Marquis de Bac-carat { Mr. H. Gresham.
Bunion Turke { Mr. George W. How ard.
Tulamea Miss Lillie Grubb.
Artea Miss Emma Carson.
Duchess of Area Miss Annie Alliston.
Lady Mattie Miss Billie Barlow.
Lady Nattie Miss Ida Bell.
Lady Hattie Miss Emma Hanley.
Lady Pattie Miss Jennie McNulty.
Rosetta Miss Amelia Somerville

JUNE.

8th. Theatre Royal, Birmingham. First Performance.

BY LAND AND SEA.

A New and Original Drama, in Four Acts, by J. R. CAMPBELL and J. L. SHINE.

<i>Harry Oakley</i> . . .	Mr. J. H. Barnes.
<i>Major Oakley</i> . . .	Mr. John Rowan.
<i>Dudley Grimshaw</i> . . .	Mr. J. H. Darnley.
<i>Herbert Redcliffe</i> . . .	Mr. H. J. Lethcourt.
<i>John Stackpole</i> . . .	Mr. Walter Capon.
<i>Joe Hardcastle</i> . . .	Mr. Harry Fischer.
<i>Dr. Joshua Slider</i> . . .	Mr. Wilfrid E. Shine.
<i>George Hargreaves</i> . . .	Mr. Bayne.
<i>Walter Brookes</i> . . .	Mr. Alfred Harding.
<i>Terence Kerry</i> . . .	Mr. J. L. Shine.
<i>Captain Hawkins</i> . . .	Mr. W. H. Thorne.
<i>Paul Randolph</i> . . .	Mr. J. Malone.
<i>Ben Mauldrick</i> . . .	Mr. A. Pennett.
<i>Dr. Allerton</i> . . .	Mr. J. R. La Fane.
<i>Mortimer Ranger</i> . . .	Mr. Breton.
<i>Grace Oakley</i> . . .	Miss Florence Cowell.
<i>Nancy Lovegrove</i> . . .	Miss Fanny Marriott.
<i>Miss Marsden</i> . . .	Miss Abington.

14th. Royalty. First Performance in England.

JACK.

A Comedy, in Four Acts.

<i>Jack Beamish</i> . . .	Mr. Eben Plympton.
<i>Noel Blake</i> . . .	Mr. E. J. Henley.
<i>Major Spotewhite</i> . . .	Mr. C. A. White.
<i>Sebastian Smythe</i> . . .	Mr. M. Crackles.
<i>Mr. Smilie</i> . . .	Mr. M. Drew.
<i>Bertie Ffolliott</i> . . .	Mr. P. Cunningham.
<i>Withers</i> . . .	Mr. Francis.
<i>Teddy Sprott</i> . . .	Mr. W. Compton.
<i>Williams</i> . . .	Mr. Burton.
<i>Lady Blanchmayne</i> . . .	Miss Carlotta Leclercq.
<i>Baby Blanchmayne</i> . . .	Miss Marie Williams.
<i>Mrs. Bunn</i> . . .	Miss M. A. Giffard.
<i>Madge</i> . . .	Miss Dorothy Dene.

16th. Crystal Palace. Revival.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

SHAKESPEARE'S Comedy.

Mortals :

<i>Theseus</i>	Mr. John Beauchamp.
<i>Egeus</i>	Mr. George Ward.
<i>Lysander</i>	Mr. William Herbert.
<i>Demetrius</i>	Mr. J. G. Grahame.
<i>Philostrate</i>	Mr. A. C. Lilly.
<i>Quince</i>	Mr. T. P. Haynes.
<i>Bottom</i>	Mr. James Fernandez.
<i>Flute</i>	Mr. Fred Thorne.
<i>Snout</i>	Mr. Philip Ben Greet.
<i>Snug</i>	Mr. Reuben Inch.
<i>Starveling</i>	Mr. Victor Stevens.
<i>Hippolyta</i>	Miss Gladys Homfrey.

Hermia	Miss C. Houlston.
Helena	Miss Fanny Enson.
Fairies :	
Oberon	Mr. Mark Quinton.
Titania	Miss Alma Murray.
Puck	Miss Addie Blanche.
A Fairy	Miss Ruby Maude.
First Singing Fairy	Master Harry Davey.
Second Singing } Fairy	Master Max Toop.
Peas Blossom .. .	Master C. Calhaem.
Cobweb	Master L. Calhaem.
Moth	Miss Annie Boxale.
Mustard Seed .. .	Miss Alice Osmond.

19th. **Globe.** First Performance.**BARBARA.**

A Play, in One Act, by JEROME K.
JEROME.

Barbara	Miss Cissy Grahame.
Lillie Lealand .. .	Miss Kate Tyndell.
Cecil Norton .. .	Mr. F. H. Laye.
Mr. Finnicum ..	Mr. Norman Bent.

29th. **Drury Lane.** First Performance.**FRIVOLI.**

A New Comic Opera, in Three Acts, English words by WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON, music by HERVÉ.

Frivoli	Madame Rose Hersee.
Chevalier di Ligny .. .	Mr. A. D. Pierpoint.
Count di Serda .. .	Mr. Thorndyke.
Duke di Begonia .. .	Mr. Harry Nicholls.
Krummben .. .	Mr. Robert Pateman.
Lorenzo	Mr. S. W. Gilbert.
Pietro	Mr. Victor Stevens.
Sergeant	Mr. Forbes Drummond
John	Master Davenport.
Rosella	Miss Marie Tempest.
Harriet	Miss Martin.
Duchess di Begonia ..	Miss Emily Soldene.
Marchioness di Piombino ..	Miss Kate Munroe.
Nina	Miss Edith Vane.
Lauretta	Miss Clara Graham.
Pierrette	Miss Marion Grahame.
Lieutenant	Miss Maud Roderick.

30th. **Vaudeville.** First Performance in England.**HAZEL KIRKE.**

A Domestic Drama, in Four Acts, by STEELE MACKAYE.

Dunstan Kirke ..	Mr. James Fernandez.
Lord Travers ..	Mr. J. G. Grahame.
Pittacus Green ..	Mr. Thomas Whiffen.
Aaron Rodney ..	Mr. J. D. Beveridge.
Terence O'Leary ..	Mr. Forbes Dawson.
Jem	Mr. Lawrence.

Lady Carrington ..	Miss Maria Davis.
Mercy Kirke ..	Miss Blanche Galton.
Dolly Dutton ..	Miss Fanny Brough.
Clara	Miss Lillian Warde.
Hazel Kirke ..	Miss Millward.

JULY.

3rd. Criterion. First Performance.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

An Adaptation, in Two Acts, by W. G. WILLS, of Ouida's "Two Little Woodoo Shoes."

Arthur Blair ..	Mr. W. E. Gregory.
Jacques	Mr. Fred Emery.
Bertha Blair ..	Miss Ffolliott Paget.
Lucy	Miss M. Morris.
Ellen	Miss V. Vanbrugh.
Dora	Miss M. Aubrey.
Lisette	Miss M. Scarlett.
Rose	Miss M. B. Kennedy.
Barbara	Miss Carleton.
Little Flower Girl ..	Miss Tucker.
Bébée	Miss Annie Hughes.

LOVE'S MARTYRDOM.

A Tragedy, in One Act, by ALFRED C. CALMOUR.

Lord Archibald ..	Mr. H. B. Conway.
Marston	Mr. F. G. Darbieshire.
Reuben	Mr. Fred Emery.
Soldier	Mr. Fred Emery.
Lady Winifred ..	Miss Dorothy Dene.
Marston	Miss Ffolliott Paget.
Marie	Miss Ffolliott Paget.

7th. **Strand.** First Performance in England.**NANCY & CO.**

A New Farcical Piece, in Four Acts, "Adapted and Augmented" from the German of JULIUS ROSEN, by AUGUSTIN DALY.

Mr. Ebenezer Griffins ..	Mr. James Lewis.
Kiefe O'Kiefe, Esq.	Mr. John Drew.
Captain Paul Renseller ..	Mr. Otis Skinner.
Mr. Sykes Stockslow ..	Mr. George Parkes.
Tippy Brasher ..	Mr. William Gilbert.
Julius	Mr. John Wood.
Mrs. Huldah Dangery ..	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert.
Oriana	Miss Virginia Dreher.
Daisy Griffins ..	Miss Edith Kingdon.
Betsy	Miss May Irwin.
Nancy Brasher ..	Miss Ada Rehan.

29th. Prince's (now Prince of Wales'). First Performance in England.

THE JILT.

An Entirely New English Comedy, in Five Acts, by DION BOUCICAULT.

<i>Myles O'Hara</i> ..	Mr. Dion Boucicault.
<i>Sir Budleigh</i> ..	Mr. J. G. Grahame.
<i>Woodstock</i> ..	
<i>Lord Marcus Wylie</i> ..	Mr. H. J. Lethcourt.
<i>Colonel Tudor</i> ..	Mr. John Billington.
<i>Geoffrey Tudor</i> ..	Mr. Frank Rodney.
<i>Mr. James Daisy</i> ..	Mr. J. G. Taylor.
<i>Rev. Mr. Spooner</i> ..	Mr. E. W. Gardiner.
<i>Wilcox</i>	Mr. Sydney Harcourt.
<i>Cripps</i>	Mr. Belton.
<i>Kitty Woodstock</i> ..	Miss Thorndyke.
<i>Lady Millicent</i> ..	Miss Myra Holme.
<i>Mrs. Welter</i> ..	Miss Mary Barker.
<i>Phyllis Welter</i> ..	Miss Webster.
<i>Mrs. Pincott</i> ..	Miss Le Thiére.

<i>Charlie Sandown</i> ..	Mr. Harry Nicholls.
<i>Jim Ladybird</i> ..	Mr. Victor Stevens.
<i>Lord Earlswood</i> ..	Mr. Basil West.
<i>The Duke</i>	Mr. Arthur Yates.
<i>Joe Bunny</i>	Mr. Alfred Balfour.
<i>Sam Tomkinson</i> ..	Mr. Napier Barry.
<i>Station-master</i> ..	Mr. W. T. Elworthy.
<i>Lawyer Parsons</i> ..	Mr. Louis Calvert.
<i>Judge Parke</i> ..	Mr. J. Ridley.
<i>E. S. Chown</i> ..	Mr. Parker.
<i>The Auctioneer</i> ..	Mr. Marshall Moore.
<i>Tom Catchpole</i> ..	Mr. L. Merrick.
<i>Hughie Hawthorn</i> ..	Mr. E. Powell.
<i>Cerberus</i>	Mr. Russell.
<i>The Railway Porter</i> ..	Mr. Arthur St. George.
<i>Daisy Copsley</i> ..	Miss Alma Murray.
<i>Lucy Byefield</i> ..	Miss Sophie Eyre.
<i>Mabel Selby</i> ..	Miss Compton.
<i>Aunt Mary</i> ..	Miss M. A. Victor.
<i>Phæbe Wood</i> ..	Miss Edith Bruce.
<i>Mrs. Willmore</i> ..	Miss Marie Daltra.
<i>Mrs. Seymour</i> ..	Miss Lizzie Byron.
<i>Maud de Lacy</i> ..	Miss Lillian Millward
<i>Mary</i>	Miss Lydia Rachel.

AUGUST.

9th. Strand. Revival.

GARRICK.

MUSKERRY'S Comedy.

<i>Davy Garrick</i> ..	Mr. Edward Comp-ton.
<i>Alderman Gresham</i> ..	
<i>Hon. Tom Tally</i> ..	Mr. Sydney Valen-haut ..
<i>Rumbelow</i>	
<i>Sowerberry</i> ..	Mr. Sydney Paxton.
<i>Simpkins</i>	Mr. Percy F. Mar-shall.
<i>John</i>	
<i>Davis</i>	Mr. C. Blakiston.
<i>Violet</i>	Mr. F. H. Franks.
<i>Mrs. Rumbelow</i> ..	
<i>Selina Sowerberry</i> ..	Miss Virginia Bate-man.
	Miss Elinor Aickin.
	Miss Alice Burton.

28th. Drury Lane. First Performance.

A RUN OF LUCK.

A New and Original Sporting Drama, in Four Acts, by HENRY PETTITT and AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

<i>Harry Copsley</i> ..	Mr. J. G. Grahame.
<i>John Copsley</i> ..	Mr. J. Beauchamp.
<i>Squire Selby</i> ..	Mr. William Rig-nold.
<i>George Selby</i> ..	
<i>Captain Trevor</i> ..	Mr. E. W. Gardiner.
	Mr. Chas. Cartwright.

SEPTEMBER.

2nd. Olympic. Revival.

MACBETH.

SHAKESPEARE'S Tragedy.

<i>Duncan</i>	Mr. T. A. Palmer.
<i>Malcolm</i>	Mr. Rothbury Evans.
<i>Donaldbain</i>	Miss Ethel Verne.
<i>Macbeth</i>	Mr. J. H. Barnes.
<i>Macduff</i>	Mr. J. D. Beveridge.
<i>Banquo</i>	Mr. J. Dewhurst.
<i>Lennox</i>	Mr. H. Ferrand.
<i>Rosse</i>	Mr. P. C. Beverley.
<i>Fleance</i>	Miss L. Lonsdale.
<i>Seward</i>	Mr. T. Ashcroft.
<i>Seyton</i>	Mr. Hubert Byron.
<i>First Murderer</i> ..	Mr. Frank Collings.
<i>Second Murderer</i> ..	Mr. F. Paul.
<i>First Officer</i> ..	Mr. Glyndon.
<i>Second Officer</i> ..	Mr. Arthur.
<i>Physician</i> ..	Mr. Ellis Pride.
<i>Hecate</i>	Mrs. B. M. De Solla.
<i>First Witch</i> ..	Mr. C. W. Somerset.
<i>Second Witch</i> ..	Mr. Stanislaus Cal-haem.
<i>Third Witch</i> ..	
<i>First Singing Witch</i> ..	Mr. G. B. Phillips.
<i>Second Singing Witch</i> ..	Miss Jessie Mayland.
<i>Third Singing Witch</i> ..	
<i>Fourth Singing Witch</i> ..	Miss Fanny Heath.
<i>Lady Macbeth</i> ..	
<i>Gentlewoman</i> ..	Mr. Frederic Wood.
	Mr. Muller.
	Mrs. Conover.
	Miss Helen O'Malley.

6th. Strand. Revival.

THE RIVALS.

SHERIDAN'S Comedy.

<i>Bob Acres</i>	Mr. Edward Compton
<i>Sir Anthony Absolute</i>	Mr. Lewis Ball.
<i>Captain Absolute</i>	Mr. Sydney Valentine.
<i>Faulkland</i>	Mr. C. Blakiston.
<i>Sir Lucius O'Trigger</i>	Mr. Percy F. Marshall.
<i>David</i>	Mr. Chas. Dodsworth.
<i>Fag</i>	Mr. Sydney Paxton.
<i>Thomas</i>	Mr. F. Hawley Franks.
<i>Servants</i>	Messrs. Beatty and Tylor.
<i>Mrs. Malaprop</i>	Miss Elinor Aickin.
<i>Julia Melville</i>	Miss Margaret Terry.
<i>Lucy</i>	Miss Alice Burton.
<i>Lydia Languish</i>	Miss Dora Vivian.

14th. Vaudeville. First Performance.

CURIOSITY.

A Farcical Comedy, in Three Acts, by JOSEPH DERRICK.

<i>Francis Bolbillery</i>	Mr. Edward Righton.
<i>Reginald Banger-</i>	Mr. E. J. Henley.
<i>push</i>	
<i>Nettley</i>	Mr. C. H. Stephenson.
<i>Slattery</i>	Mr. Frank Wood.
<i>Whittaker</i>	Mr. Hal Lowther.
<i>Dobson</i>	Mr. Stephen Caffrey.
<i>Robert</i>	Mr. Fred Desmond.
<i>Harry</i>	Mr. J. C. Buckstone.
<i>Inspector Tiptoe</i>	Mr. Herbert Alhurst.
<i>Miss Vashti Mole</i>	Miss Sophie Larkin.
<i>Phæbe</i>	Miss Rhoda Larkin.
<i>Mrs. Daisy Ban-</i>	Miss Zeffie Tilbury.
<i>gerpush</i>	
<i>Fanny</i>	Miss Kate James.

18th. Princess's. First Performance.

HARVEST.

A New and Original Play, in a Prologue and Three Acts, by H. HAMILTON.

<i>Sir Noel Musgrave</i>	Mr. Arthur Dacre.
<i>Colonel Tressider</i>	Mr. Brandon Thomas.
<i>Bevil Brooke</i>	Mr. C. H. Hawtrey.
<i>Roy Marston</i>	Mr. Yorke Stephens.
<i>Hamish</i>	Mr. W. H. Denny.
<i>Nora Fitzgerald</i>	Miss Fanny Brough.
<i>Lettice Vane</i>	Miss Edith Chester.
<i>Miss Macleod</i>	Miss Carlotta Addison.
<i>Mrs. Marston</i>	Miss Amy Roselle.

25th. Gaiety. First Performance.

DOROTHY.

A New and Original Comic Opera, in Three Acts, written by B. C. STEPHENSON, composed by ALFRED CELLIER.

<i>Dorothy Bantam</i> ..	Miss Marion Hood.
<i>Lydia Hawthorne</i>	Miss Florence Dysart.
<i>Phyllis Tuppitt</i> ..	Miss Florence Lambeth.
<i>Mrs. Privett</i> ..	Miss Harriet Coveney.
<i>Lady Bettie</i> ..	Miss Jennie McNulty.
<i>Geoffrey Wilder</i> ..	Mr. Redfern Hollins.
<i>Harry Sherwood</i> ..	Mr. C. Hayden Coffin.
<i>Squire Bantam</i> ..	Mr. Furneaux Cook.
<i>John Tuppitt</i> ..	Mr. Edward Griffin.
<i>Lurcher</i>	Mr. Arthur Williams.
<i>Tom Strutt</i>	Mr. John Le Hay.

OCTOBER.

6th. Gaiety. First Performance.

A HAPPY DAY.

A Family Farce, by RICHARD HENRY.

<i>Jerrymer Hawkins</i>	Mr. Arthur Williams.
<i>Mrs. Hawkins</i>	Miss Harriet Coveney.
<i>Angelina</i>	Miss Florence Beale.
<i>Sophonisba</i>	Miss Terriss.
<i>Edwin</i>	Mr. B. P. Seare.
<i>Kewton</i>	Mr. J. Le Hay.
<i>Ethelburga</i>	Miss Rose Silvester.
<i>Ethelinda</i>	Miss Florence Silvester.
<i>Montmorency</i>	Master S. Bishop.
<i>Montague</i>	Master W. Antilffe.
<i>Montgomery</i>	Master S. Watson.

9th. Princess's. First Performance.

MY LORD IN LIVERY.

A New and Original Farce, by S. THEYRE SMITH.

<i>Lord Thirlmere</i>	Mr. Wilfred Draycott.
<i>Spiggott</i>	Mr. Stewart Dawson.
<i>Hopkins</i>	Mr. H. Charles.
<i>Robert</i>	Master Cooper.
<i>Sybil Amberley</i> ..	Miss Edith Chester.
<i>Laura</i>	Miss Grace Arnold.
<i>Rose</i>	Miss Fanny Calhaem.

11th. Avenue. First Performance in London.

INDIANA.

Comic Opera, in Three Acts, words by H. B. FARNIE, music by AUDRAN.

<i>Matt o' the Mill</i>	Mr. Arthur Roberts.
<i>Aubrey, Lord Dayrell</i>	Mr. Charles Ryley.

<i>Philip Jervaulx</i>	Mr. W. T. Hemsley.
<i>Captain Happe-</i>	
<i>Hazard</i>	Miss A. Harcourt.
<i>Peter</i>	Mr. Sam Wilkinson.
<i>Sir Mulberry</i>	
<i>Mullitt</i>	Mr. Henry Ashley.
<i>Indiana Greyfaunt</i>	Miss Wadman.
<i>Nan</i>	Miss Mary Duggan.
<i>Annette</i>	Miss Clara Graham.
<i>Maud Cromartie</i>	Miss Ruby McNeill.
<i>Lady Prue</i>	{ Miss Phyllis Broughton.

13th. Court. First Performance.

THE NETTLE.

Comedietta, in One Act, by ERNEST WARREN.

Dulcie Meredith . Miss Cudmore.
Guy Charlton .. Mr. F. Kerr.

23rd. St. James's. First Performance.

THE HOBBY-HORSE.

An Original Comedy, in Three Acts, by A. W. Pinero.

<i>Rev. Noel Brice</i>	Mr. Herbert Waring.
<i>Mr. Spencer Fer-</i>	
<i>myne</i>	Mr. Hare.
<i>Mr. Pinching</i> ..	Mr. C. W. Somerset.
<i>Mr. Shattock</i> ..	Mr. Mackintosh.
<i>Mr. Pews</i>	Mr. Hendrie.
<i>Mr. Lyman</i> ..	Mr. W. M. Cathcart.
<i>Mr. Moulder</i> ..	Mr. Thomas.
<i>Tom Clark</i> ..	Mr. Fuller Mellish.
<i>Hewitt</i>	Mr. Albert Sims.
<i>Tiny Landon</i> ..	Master Reed.
<i>Mrs. Spencer Fer-</i>	
<i>myne</i>	Mrs. Kendal.
<i>Mrs. Porcher</i> ..	Mrs. Gaston Murray.
<i>Miss Moxon</i> ..	Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree.
<i>Bertha</i> ..	Miss Webster.
<i>Mrs. Landon</i> ..	Miss B. Huntley.

25th. Strand. First Performance in London.

ELSA DENE.

A New Drama, in Four Acts, by ALFRED C. CALMOUR.

<i>Stephen Horsham</i>	Mr. J. D. Beveridge.
<i>Gerald Leigh</i> ..	Mr. Lewis Waller.
<i>Dr. Edmunds</i> ..	Mr. Charles Sennett.
<i>Herbert Curtis</i> ..	Mr. G. P. Palson.
<i>Count Arco</i> ..	Mr. Rothbury Evans.
<i>Adolphe</i> ..	Mr. Henry.
<i>George Heslop</i> ..	Mr. Percy Everard.
<i>Daniel Hobbs</i> ..	Mr. Compton Coutts.
<i>Elsa Dene</i> ..	Miss Agnes Hewitt.
<i>Kate Horsham</i> ..	Miss Annie Baldwin.
<i>Beatrice Ferrars</i> ..	Miss Lucy Buckstone.

<i>Mrs. Leigh</i> Mrs. Mackay.
<i>Polly Martin</i> ..	Miss May Audley.
<i>Old Sarah Hodges</i>	Miss Clara Nicholls.

25th. Strand. Revival.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.
SHERIDAN'S Comedy.

<i>Sir Peter Teazle</i> ..	Mr. Lewis Ball.
<i>Sir Oliver Surface</i> ..	Mr. Chas. Dodsworth.
<i>Joseph Surface</i> ..	Mr. Sydney Valentine.
<i>Charles Surface</i> ..	Mr. Edward Compton.
<i>Crabtree</i> ..	Mr. Sydney Paxton.
<i>Sir Benjamin</i>	
<i>Backbite</i> ..	Mr. Percy F. Marshall.
<i>Careless</i> ..	Mr. C. Blakiston.
<i>Moses</i> ..	Mr. T. B. Appleby.
<i>Sir Harry Bumper</i>	
<i>Sir Toby</i> ..	Mr. Herbert Temple.
<i>Rowley</i> ..	Mr. George Adams.
<i>Snake</i> ..	Mr. Edwin Heyrick.
<i>Trip</i> ..	Mr. F. Hawley Francks.
<i>Servant to Lady</i>	
<i>Sneerwell</i>	Mr. H. B. Tylor.
<i>Servant to Joseph</i>	
<i>Lady Teazle</i> ..	Mr. W. F. Gosnan.
<i>Lady Sneerwell</i> ..	Miss Angela Fenton.
<i>Maria</i> ..	(Mrs. Colonel Greenall)
<i>Mrs. Candour</i> ..	Miss Dora Vivian.
	Miss Margaret Terry.
	Miss Elinor Aickin.

27th. Royalty. First Performance in London.

NOAH'S ARK.

A "Domestic English Comedy," in Three Acts, by HARRY PAULTON.

<i>Pharaoh Swagger-</i>	
<i>ton</i>	Mr. Chas. Ashford.
<i>Mr. Gillot</i> ..	Mr. M. Bentley.
<i>Joseph Steppani</i> ..	Mr. Ed. Barton.
<i>Walter Winter</i> ..	Mr. C. B. Bedells.
<i>Oxley Chaffinch</i> ..	Mr. Laurence d'Orsay.
<i>Noah Winter</i> ..	Mr. Harry Paulton.
<i>Norma Car-</i>	
<i>michael</i>	Miss Julia Seaman.
<i>Nina Carmichael</i>	Miss Marion Morris.
<i>Susannah</i> ..	Miss Lalor Shiel.
<i>Nettie Gray</i> ..	Miss Marie Lewis.
<i>Jenny Elswick</i> ..	Miss Dorothy Dene.

28th. Opera Comique. First Performance.

OUR DIVA.

Comic Opera, English Version by C. M. RAE, music by VICTOR ROGER.

<i>Montosol</i>	Mr. Frank Celli.
<i>Abdallah</i>	Mr. Henry Beaumont.

<i>Mourzouf</i>	Mr. Leahy.
<i>The Postman</i>	Mr. Hendon.
<i>Alfred Pasha</i>	Mr. Frank Wyatt.
<i>Madame Dubois</i>	Madame Amadi.
<i>Caroline</i>	Miss Effie Clements.
<i>Fifine</i>	Miss Minnie Marshall.
<i>Fatima</i>	Miss Bennett.

NOVEMBER.

13th. Criterion. Revival.

"DAVID GARRICK."

T. W. ROBERTSON'S Comedy.

<i>David Garrick</i>	Mr. Chas. Wyndham.
<i>Simon Ingot</i>	Mr. David James.
<i>Squire Chivey</i>	Mr. George Giddens.
<i>Smith</i>	Mr. Will. Blakeley.
<i>Brown</i>	Mr. A. Bernard.
<i>Jones</i>	Mr. J. R. Sherman.
<i>George</i>	Mr. W. E. Gregory.
<i>Groom</i>	Mr. F. G. Darbshire.
<i>Thomas</i>	Mr. F. Emery.
<i>Mrs. Smith</i>	Miss Ffolliott Paget.
<i>Miss Araminta Brown</i>	Miss Emily Miller.
<i>Ada Ingot</i>	Miss Mary Moore.

DECEMBER.

2nd. Criterion. First Performance.

MY BONNY BOY.A Farical Comedy, in Three Acts, by
T. G. WARREN.

<i>Benjamin Boulter</i>	, {	Mr. William Blakeley.
<i>Esq.</i>	
<i>George Boulter</i>	Mr. J. H. Darnley.
<i>George Mildacre</i>	Mr. George Giddens.
<i>Harry Hoppleton</i>	Mr. J. C. Buckstone.
<i>John</i>	Mr. W. Staveley.
<i>X 92</i>	Mr. E. Percy.
<i>Dumper</i>	Mr. J. R. Sherman.
<i>Mrs. Benjamin Boulter</i>	, {	Mrs. Bickerstaff.
<i>Mrs. George Boulter</i>	, {	Miss Ffolliott Paget.
<i>Hetty</i>	Miss Annie Hughes.
<i>Mary</i>	Miss Scotti.

3rd. Strand. First Performance.

A BRAVE COWARD.A New and Original Play, in Three Acts,
by J. S. BLYTHE.

<i>Lord Valadare</i>	Mr. John Beauchamp.
<i>Julian Valadare</i>	Mr. Bassett Roe.
<i>Dr. Goodchild</i>	Mr. R. Courtneidge.

<i>Mr. Crisp</i>	Mr. H. H. Morell.
<i>Herbert Hardy</i>	{ (the child)	Miss Queenie Norman.
<i>Herbert Hardy</i>	Mr. Matthew Brodie.
<i>Peter Scrubbin</i>	Mr. T. B. Appleby.
<i>Sam</i>	Mr. George Giddens.
<i>Mrs. Hardy</i>	Miss Alma Murray.
<i>Mrs. Wood</i>	Mrs. Ernest Clifton.
<i>Edith Valadare</i>	Miss Annie Hughes.
<i>Priscilla Stripling</i>		Miss E. Brunton.

6th. Toole's. First Performance in
London.**THE BUTLER.**A New and Original Domestic Comedy,
in Three Acts, by Mr. and Mrs. HER-
MAN C. MERIVALE.

<i>David Trot</i>	Mr. J. L. Toole.
<i>Sir John Tracey</i>	{	Mr. John Billington.
<i>Kt.</i>	
<i>Laurence Tracey</i>	Mr. E. D. Ward.
<i>Lord Babiccombe</i>	Mr. G. Shelton.
<i>Frank St. John</i>	Mr. C. Lowne.
<i>A Deaf Flyman</i>	Mr. W. Brunton.
<i>Lady Tracey</i>	Miss Emily Thorne.
<i>Alice Marshall</i>	Miss Marie Linden.
<i>Lady Anne Babi-</i>	combe { Miss Violet Vanbrugh.
<i>Lavinia Muddle</i>	Miss Kate Phillips.

16th. Olympic. First Performance
in London.**THE CHURCHWARDEN.**A New Farce, in Three Acts, translated
from the German by Messrs. OGDEN
and CASSELL, and adapted for the Eng-
lish Stage by Mr. EDWARD TERRY.

<i>Daniel Chuffy</i>	Mr. Edward Terry.
<i>Nathaniel Gad-</i>	dam	{ Mr. T. C. Valentine.
<i>Mr. Bearder, M.P.</i>	Mr. Alfred Bishop.
<i>Frank Bilton</i>	Mr. Wm. Calvert.
<i>Alfred</i>	Mr. J. G. Taylor.
<i>Mrs. Amelia Chuffy</i>	{ Miss Maria Jones.
<i>Kate</i>	Miss Clara Cowper.
<i>Amanda</i>	{ Miss Florence Suther- land.
<i>Jane</i>	Miss Lottie Harcourt.

18th. Royalty. First Performance.

THE COMING CLOWN.A New "Christmas Number," in One Act,
by MARK MELFORD.

<i>Teddy Macovey</i>	Mr. Willie Edouin.
<i>Tommy Macovey</i>	Miss Alice Atherton.
<i>Mrs. Macovey</i>	Miss Emily Dowton.
<i>Nellie</i>	Miss Rosie Laurie.

Mr. Matlock .. Mr. Edward Thirlby.
Burrows .. Mr. Stephen Caffrey.
Young Marsh .. Master G. Gamble.

22nd. Princess's. First Performance.
THE NOBLE VAGABOND.

A New and Original Romantic Drama, in Four Acts, by HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

<i>Ralph Lester</i> ..	Mr. Charles Warner.
<i>Sir Godfrey Deveson</i> ..	{ Mr. John Beauchamp.
<i>Joseph Scorier</i> ..	
<i>Ralph Scorier</i> ..	Mr. Julian Cross.
<i>Dick Vimpany</i> ..	Mr. C. Cartwright.
<i>Alfy Baldock</i> ..	Mr. George Barrett.
<i>Asaph Prospect</i> ..	Mr. Alfred B. Phillips.
<i>Jarnabel Prospect</i> ..	Mr. Fujion Dowse.
<i>Toby Sprout</i> ..	Mr. L. Merrick.
<i>Tuffin</i> ..	Mr. E. Turner.
<i>Hawker</i> ..	Mr. A. Holles.
<i>Blind Billy</i> ..	Mr. E. W. Thomas.
<i>Grandfather</i> ..	Mr. Walters.
<i>Corry</i> ..	{ Mr. Henry Esmond.
<i>Busby</i> ..	
<i>Mr. Spudge</i> ..	Mr. R. Shaw.
<i>Mr. Pawkins</i> ..	Mr. M. Byrnes.
<i>Hop-o'-my-Thumb</i> ..	Mr. C. East.
<i>Maude Deveson</i> ..	Master Tucker.
<i>Mary Lester</i> ..	Miss Dorothy Dene.
<i>Dinah Vimpany</i> ..	Miss Bella Titheredge.
<i>Mrs. Vimpany</i> ..	Miss Annie Hughes.
<i>Servant</i> ..	Miss C. Ewell.

23rd. Gaiety. First Performance.

MONTE CHRISTO JR.

A Burlesque Melodrama, in Three Acts, by RICHARD HENRY.

<i>Edmund</i> ..	<i>Dantes</i> ..	Miss Nelly Farren.
<i>Fernand</i> ..		Miss Fay Templeton.
<i>Mercedes</i> ..		Miss Agnes Delapore.
<i>Albert</i> ..		Miss Jenny McNulty.
<i>Valentine</i> ..		Miss Birdie Irving.
<i>Bahette</i> ..		Miss Lizzie Wilson.
<i>Carconte</i> ..		Miss Billee Barlow.
<i>Mariette</i> ..		Miss Lottie Collins.
<i>Victorine</i> ..		Miss Sylvia Grey.
<i>Noirtier</i> ..		Mr. Fred Leslie.
<i>De Villefort</i> ..		Mr. E. J. Lonnen.
<i>Danglars</i> ..		Mr. George Honey.
<i>Caderousse</i> ..		Mr. George Stone.
<i>Morel</i> ..		Mr. W. Guise.
<i>Old Dantes</i> ..		Mr. Alfred Balfour.
<i>Boy at the Wheel</i> ..		Charlie Ross.
<i>Captain of Hussars</i> ..	{ Miss Florence Beale.	

23rd. Avenue. First Performance.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Burlesque, in Three Acts, by R. REECE.

Robinson Crusoe Mr. Arthur Roberts.

<i>Will Atkins</i> ..	Mr. C. W. Bradbury.
<i>Old Hopkins</i> ..	Mr. R. Harris.
<i>Rev. Wankey Fum</i> ..	Mr. Sam Wilkinson.
<i>Friday</i> ..	Mr. Charles Sutton.
<i>Tappe</i> ..	Mr. F. Storey.
<i>Grabbe</i> ..	Mr. J. Atkins.
<i>Vavasour</i> ..	Mr. Henry Ashley.
<i>Jenny Jones</i> ..	Miss Wadman.
<i>Princess Bamboula</i> ..	Mrs. Mackintosh.
<i>Fam-Fam</i> ..	Miss Janette Steer.
<i>Omiki</i> ..	Miss Clara Graham.
<i>Guff</i> ..	Miss Lydia Yeamans.
<i>Britannia</i> ..	Miss E. Grahame.
<i>Polly Hopkins</i> ..	Miss Phyllis Broughton

23rd. Prince of Wales's. First Performance.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

A Musical Dream Play, in Two Acts, by H. SAVILE CLARKE, music by WALTER SLAUGHTER.

Act I.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.

<i>Alice</i> ..	Miss Phoebe Carlo.
<i>White Rabbit</i> ..	Master D. Abrahams.
<i>Caterpillar</i> ..	Master S. Solomon.
<i>Duchess</i> ..	Miss Florence Levey.
<i>Cook</i> ..	Miss Anna Abrahams.
<i>Cheshire Cat</i> ..	Master Charles Adeson.
<i>Hatter</i> ..	Mr. Sidney Harcourt.
<i>Hare</i> ..	Master Edgar Norton.
<i>Dormouse</i> ..	Miss Dorothy D'Alcourt.
<i>King of Hearts</i> ..	Master Stephen Adeson.
<i>Queen of Hearts</i> ..	Mdlle. Rosa.
<i>Jack of Hearts</i> ..	Miss Kitty Abrahams.
<i>Executioner</i> ..	Mr. H. H. H. Cameron.
<i>Gryphon</i> ..	Mr. Charles Bowland.
<i>Mock Turtle</i> ..	Mr. William Cheeseman

Act II.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS.

<i>Alice</i> ..	Miss Phoebe Carlo.
<i>White King</i> ..	Miss Anna Abrahams.
<i>White Queen</i> ..	Miss Kitty Abrahams.
<i>The Carpenter</i> ..	Mr. H. H. H. Cameron.
<i>White Knight</i> ..	Master Stephen Adeson.
<i>Lily</i> ..	Miss Florence Levey.
<i>Rose</i> ..	Miss Mabel Love.
<i>Red Queen</i> ..	Mdlle. Rosa.
<i>Red King</i> ..	Master D. Abrahams.
<i>Red Knight</i> ..	Master C. Kitts.
<i>Tweedledum</i> ..	Mr. Sidney Harcourt.
<i>Tweedledee</i> ..	Mr. John Ettinson.
<i>Humpty Dumpty</i> ..	Mr. William Cheeseman
<i>The Walrus</i> ..	Mr. C. Bowland.
<i>Lion</i> ..	Master Chas. Adeson.
<i>Unicorn</i> ..	Master S. Solomon.
<i>Hare</i> ..	Master Edgar Norton.
<i>Leg of Mutton</i> ..	Master Hood.
<i>Plum Pudding</i> ..	Miss D. D'Alcourt.

“THE RED LAMP.”

The first provincial tour of this highly successful play will commence at the PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM, on September 5th, 1887, and will terminate on December 24th. This tour, which will be under the personal direction of Mr. AUSTIN BRERETON, will be confined to the principal midland and northern cities.

Princess Claudia Morakoff . . . Mrs. AUSTIN BRERETON.

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